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ROUGH WEATHER AT SEA—A BIG TRANSATLANTIC STEAMER ON A WINTER VOYAGE.
DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRIS—[SEE PAGE 72]

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DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN—SEE PAGE 73.

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DANGEROUS PARTY SPIRIT.

A FREE people whose government is habitually carried on through political parties, and whose political life consists mainly in the struggles of political parties for power, will under ordinary circumstances look with jealousy, and even with a certain pleasurable appreciation, upon those marches and countermarches of political strategy, those manoeuvres for position, by which skillful party leaders seek to secure an advantage with a view to coming contests. Nor is there any harm in such maneuvering, unless it be positively dishonest, or in its effects detrimental to the public interest. But when in a situation fraught with serious danger to the public well being, party leaders think of nothing but how they may embarrass or injure the opposite party, no matter how their political strategy may affect for real or was the general interests of the country, they cease to be patriots, and the public judgment should visit them with the severest reprobation. There is at present no most important case in point before the American people.

The glaring failure of the International Monetary Conference at Brussels to come to an agreement concerning the restoration of silver as a part of the world's commercial money, and the evident certainty that if the conference should reassemble on the day to which it has adjourned its prospects of success would be as hopeless as they were in the beginning, have put the American government under the necessity of deciding without delay whether it will continue to attempt that alone which other civilized nations refuse to attempt together, and which it is at least doubtful whether they could permanently accomplish, even if they jointly attempted it. Since 1878 our government has asserted itself to keep up the price of silver by monthly purchases of the metal, first at the rate of two millions a month, and since the passage of the law of 1890 at the rate of four and one-half million ounces a month. The experiment has proved a most dismal failure. In stead of rising, the price of silver has enormously fallen. It is evident that nothing can stop this downward tendency so long as the production of

in to seek investment in proportion to the opportunities offered. Our exports are paid for to an abnormal extent in returning American securities. Gold is flowing in large streams from here to Europe at a time when, under ordinary circumstances, it would flow from Europe toward this country. In short, we are suffering from that infectious disease, a lack of confidence; and that lack of confidence arises from the single fact that while we know what our money is worth to-day, we do not know what it may be worth in the near future if our present financial policy be continued. The remedy is obvious. It is to remove from our financial policy this threatening element of uncertainty, and the first step toward this end is to stop the monthly silver purchases by the government. In other words, the law imposing on the government the duty to make these purchases should forthwith be repealed. The necessity of this repeal is recognized not only by every sound business man in the country, but also by the first financial authority in the Senate of the United States, Senator JOHN SHERMAN, who introduced a bill of repeal at the last session.

While the situation is growing more critical from day to day, the news comes from Washington that the Republicans in Congress have agreed among themselves not to press now or ever to favor any step toward the repeal of the silver-purchase laws. Their reason for this agreement is said to be that they wish to leave all there is of discomfort, embarrassment, and difficulty in the present condition of things undisturbed to the incoming Democratic administration. This would not be a motive to be proud of even if the problems to be solved were of minor importance. But in the face of the dangers hanging over the country such a motive is positively disgraceful. A hearty co-operation of Republican and Democratic sound money men would probably insure the passage of a repeal bill in the Senate, and it would also in the House of Representatives give such a bill a fair chance of success. To throw away such a possibility for mere reasons of party advantage would be no less than a political crime. It is reported that even Senator SHERMAN is inclined to let his own repeal bill, as well as Senator McPHERSON'S joint resolution, which has the same object in view, die in the Senate Committee on Finance, of which he is the leading spirit. We hesitate to believe this. But if Senator SHERMAN should fail, under whatever pretext, to press the matter for action in the Senate as vigorously as he can press it, he would certainly give color to a suspicion very dangerous to his reputation as a patriot and a statesman.

The diplomat, in a word, stands on his own merits in the latter years of the republic. Very young girls, coming from rural communities, or new to the world of fashion, flatter about the foreigners because they are the friends and accomplices of royalty, but most American men, who are accustomed to the ways of the world, ask a diplomat in his evaluations of character just as they ask them of other strangers, and the women, too, are growing particular.

The drags of the shoulder with which the diplomat enters Washington society is making a magnificent survival of a past that has gone. In the list of English ministers he who fills the post at Washington is regarded as entitled to the most unambiguously, and the Frenchman, German, and Italian find that our relations with their respective countries are sufficiently important to make their posts of some importance. As a rule, the foreign diplomat has a somewhat different standard of manhood and gentlemanhood from the American's as he has different social and domestic customs. One can not faultable people tried to be like him, and they are not only content to be different, but most of them think that their own way is best. Society has its social faults, no doubt, but the apothecary of the foreign diplomat does not remain one of them.

NATIONAL PARK VANDALISM.

TWENTY years ago the Yellowstone National Park was set apart by Congress for public use as "preserving ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people." At every meeting of Congress since then one effort and another have been made to convert some part of this great domain to private uses. These efforts have so far been defeated, but always with difficulty, for private reasoning for private ends very frequently seems more potent to our national legislators than sentimental considerations for the public welfare. Last spring two National Park bills were introduced in Congress. One of these provided for a right of way for a railway through the park, and the other proposed to cut off some 84,000 acres from the park, while adding about 100,000 acres to the park in another part. The part to be added would be taken from the public domain, and that taken away be returned to the public domain and be open to settlement. The proposed railway is to give an outlet to Cooke City, a small mining camp located just within the northern corner of the National Park. The second proposition, known as the segregation bill, is to provide a railway route from Cooke City without the park boundaries. By one of these measures are dangerous, and neither has any merits whatever. Last year when these measures were introduced, "A Friend of the Park" contributed an article in the Washington Post in which he pointed out the evils of both. He said that the passage of one bill or another are still active in Washington, and are begging that something be done for the relief of Cooke City. When Mr. DAKOTA, the president of the Northern Pacific Railway, was asked if he had any need of a railroad to Cooke City, he said that he had none as "there is nothing there for a railroad." The OAKS reports reported that the railroad company large open spaces, and are begging that something be done for the relief of Cooke City. When Mr. DAKOTA, the president of the Northern Pacific Railway, was asked if he had any need of a railroad to Cooke City, he said that he had none as "there is nothing there for a railroad." The OAKS reports reported that the railroad company large open spaces, and are begging that something be done for the relief of Cooke City.

OUR FOREIGN DIPLOMATS.

THE social festivities at Washington will accommodate at Washington.



M. CLEMENCEAU



CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES



M. SCHOULLER



M. DUPIER



M. COURTAIS



PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON



PRESIDENT CARNOT



PRINCE VICTOR



M. F. DE LESSEPS



DUK ORLEANS



COMTE DE PARIS



CONNORS.

BY FRANCIS PARSONS.

"The child, putting her hand to his, laid him gently away."

CONNORS, the Lieutenant told during their momentary interview, "here you never know any one who was always interested in what you did, who was sorry when you got into trouble, and glad when you behaved yourself!"

"No, sir," he said, "I don't know friends. I don't seem to make friends easy. I had a good girl once in Chicago, but she didn't give me—she didn't care anything about my going into trouble."

"Connors," said the Lieutenant, and he looked thoughtfully at a silver-framed photograph on his desk that Connor now was a picture of a little girl with long tresses of wavy hair, "I've a little daughter back in St. Paul. I hope she will come out here sometime. More than anything else I should like to have in her the memory of her father as an upright and I hope, a brave soldier and if I have any aspirations for good deeds in this profession of mine, it is because I want her to be proud of me when she grows older. I think it helps me in the night if we sometimes think of the sorrow we bring to those who love us and to our friends when we are wrong and, if you're an obedient Connor, I should like you to think of me as your friend, if you will, for I take more of an interest in you than in most men I've known in the ranks, and nothing would do me more good than to see you bring credit on yourself and your regiment, and hardly anything would give me more than to see you go to the devil, as you will if you don't stop now. But I think you will stop, and if you will let me, I should like to shake hands with you."

Connors had suddenly found the picture of the little girl grow either dim before his eyes, and something felt unpleasant in his throat, but he managed to mutter a "Thank you, sir," and showed that he had been drunk only once, and the lie (he believed when he heard that the Lieutenant had heard of that he had never appeared before).

And now he was standing on the edge of the parade ground looking out on the future prison over which the cool autumn wind was steadily sweeping, and wishing he had been a better man. Far away the curious peaks and rocks of the Bad Lands rose like the spindles of some silent city. The scene was a picture of desolation, not a living or moving object in sight. If Connors had been imaginative he might have believed he was a lonely mortal looking out on the principal world. But his weary familiarity with these surroundings prevented their assuming any unusual feelings. He was thinking of his wretched husband and youth, and of the vice and crime he had seen and taken part in, of the year's sentence he had served, and how he had enlisted under an assumed name like the regular captain for deserting Sandy Peters in Fagan's company in Chicago. It was true that, if he had not shot Sandy, Sandy would have shot him, but he knew very well that the pity of self-defense would

have smiled him little with its past record, and with any sense of Sandy's friends ready to testify against him. He had sometimes wished since then that he had not dodged the tough's pistol, but had stood up and made a fitting end to his youthful but precocious career in the appropriate sitting of the rifle down in Chicago, and given to the history of that city's crime as a terror to the police and an object of worthy emulation to every young tough. What made this all the more pitiable was that Connor, with all his knowledge of evil and unpopularity, was a little more than a boy in years, the time when hope should seem brightest and life most full of promise. But of late, since that talk with the Lieutenant and especially since the little girl had come out to join her father, life had seemed more hopeful somehow—he had not exactly felt why. "They're the only friends I ever loved—him and the little 'un," said Connor to himself, "and I want to go back on 'em. I'll be a cad to 'em yet—if I can."

A great intimacy had arisen between the little girl and Connor from the moment when the Lieutenant had introduced them and the child had said, in a polite little grown-up manner, "I'm very happy to meet you, Mr. Connors," and had refused on making friends with the orderly, near to his confusion, for he did not know exactly what to do with the soft little hand she held out to him, and his emotions were evident as he looked into the great brown eyes she so lightly tilted to him.

"I think Connor will excuse your calling him sister," said the Lieutenant, with a smile.

She had at once taken a great fancy for her father's orderly, and whenever she expressed the eagerness of the feet induced on having him with her to explain things and answer questions. She was passionately fond of horses, and would always watch the drill with great interest, sitting beside Connor as the steps of the quarters on the occasion when he was excused on account of his extra duties, and getting him to explain to her the movements. His charger was a great favorite with her. The great bay horse seemed always to expect an apple or a bit of sugar whenever he saw his master, holding the little girl's hand, appear at the door of the stables.

As Connor looked out on the prairie and thought in his way about all these things, he was conscious that he had changed very much in the last few weeks. If he could have analyzed his feelings he would have said that he had more self-respect than ever before, for he had been more upright, as he would have expressed it. He had a distinct longing to do something in the world, and to bring some new order to his life. As he stood there he heard his own creaking boots, and turning, saw the little girl running toward him across the parade ground, without her

hat, the wind waving her brown hair back from her forehead. When she came up to him she caught his hand in one of her own, resting the other confidently on his coat sleeve, and, as she looked up at him, Connors saw that her eyes were brimming over with tears, and a frightened little quaver sounded in her voice as she said:

"Connors, they're—they're going off to fight the Indian Wars will have to leave me, won't they? and he may be killed too, Connors, do you think he'll be killed?" and she bent her head over Connor's blue sleeve and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Connors felt strangely. He had never learnt to comfort any one before, and did not know how to begin. He looked back toward the buildings of the fort, and saw that his emotions had led him to forget his surroundings, for near headquarters stood two horses covered with foam, the stream rising from them in the cool air, and on one of them sat a lion slowly man dressed in buckskins, his hat pushed far back on his head, wiping his forehead with the sleeve of his tunic as he talked to some of the men standing around him. Unusual activity was noticeable everywhere. Men were hurrying to and fro of the barracks, and a belated officer was running toward headquarters.

"Don't cry, now," said Connor. "Killed? Why, he couldn't get killed if he wanted to. Paddy? he couldn't, grandly. I hope, in all conscience—they'll run if you want your hand of 'em." He knew that, and tried to give a pat on the back, but he was lying outright, but he told himself that he was kind to it, and ought not to mind it now.

"You see, I'd feel more comfortable if I knew you were looking out for him."

"I'll take care of him all right, now," said Connor. "Don't you worry. Why, in a few days he'll be back here same as today."

"Connors," said the little girl, suddenly, in a rush of childish gratitude, "you're—you're so good."

"Me good?" grunted Connor, inwardly, as they turned back toward the fort.

Four days afterward all that was left of a detachment of twenty officers and men from X Troop, Fifth United States Cavalry, were grouped in an irregular circle on a small hill back in Devil's Creek Cañon, surrounding their remaining cartridges, and sometimes wondering whether they would escape the howling howlings of the feet again—a hypothesis that seemed extremely apprehensible even to the most sanguine. They knew that two of their number had been killed when the hell-horses were captured, and the bodies of two men were lying side by side in the center of the group, while three were wounded, one of whom was slowly dying behind a protecting rock. The men were crouching or lying behind the rocks and rubbing their heads hurriedly, seeking



BISHOP POTTER



DR. McCLELLAN



THE ACCEPTED DESIGN



LAYING THE CORNERSTONE.—DRAWN BY T. DE TULLOCH.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE.—(See Page 7.)



THE GREAT NORTHERN SPHINX.—DRAWN BY F. S. CURCH.

MADISON SQUARE.



BY A. E. WATBOUR.—ILLUSTRATED BY F. V. DU MOND.



H184 FLORA McFLINSEY, who nowadays must be a patriarch of some thirty-five seasons' standing, now begins to hear the cry of "nothing to wear" ascend from the slim, high-laced throng of her fair granddaughters, much have moved to London by this time, where she doubtless finds the society of her creator and estirior more amusing than she did in the days when "she quite turned the head of the nation."

For in the year 1855, almost which time Miss Flora McFlinsey's circumscribed and westered through Madison Square in that curious belated way that circumscribed and, and the Du Mauriers of its day need to love to picture, the square which is now most nearly the heart of Manhattan of any of the squares was nearly as far up town as is to-day the pretty suburban quarter which Miss Flora's creator, now

the head of a great law firm, makes his home. Therefore we may presume that Miss McFlinsey still retains a penchant for being a little farther up town than most other people who are of the "upper ten," as the slang of Miss McFlinsey's day had it, or, "in the swim," as the slang of so day for it that now the slang of yesterday) has it, and that Mr. William Allen Butler has her for a neighbor.

Fashion, to be sure, is not to-day, and never has been in New York, as arbitrary as to the locality of residence as it has been made out to be, and I do not doubt that there are plenty of old bucks who take their constitutional to-day on the north side of the square who can remember and will say that "there were plenty of much better people than the McFlinseys living north of Twenty-third Street even then, as." So, doubtless, there were, but the majority of them lived below it. Madison Square, which is to-day, with its great hotel, its Wonderful Garden, its barometer shops, and, above all, its constant parade of people who make so much of the passing there that all the world looks at, the essentially metropolitan square of the city, had in Miss McFlinsey's time decidedly "objectionable" features.

There was the Harlem Railroad station, for instance, now the site of the great Madison Square Garden, but then, and for years afterwards, a neighborhood swimming. Then there was the House of Refuge, for dead boys to observe; and almost up to Miss McFlinsey's time had boys

beginnings of the Crystal Palace of the first of American world's fairs—that of 1853—beside it; and further north, quite in the wilds at that time, showing the brick and stone which the commissioners had valued at \$2,000,000 for the city's use as a Central Park. All within thirty-five years, since Miss Flora McFlinsey, who should be no more than a sprightly young grandmother by this time, got enough to wear to get married to.

One remembering these things, and seeing that he most travel miles above Madison Square to find a new or new look on things, robs his ryan, and feels inclined to doubt his action, as he does when he meets a vigorous graybeard who in his boyhood used to play about the fields of Tremor's farm, which was the square before there was a square. Hot answers are equally on Manhattan, as most men do. The dignity of age is only too easily acquired.

Squares of the Strangers one might aptly call this one of the city's open places. Here the distinguished visitor loves to plunge its surface on Manhattan. For that have tried high leading place in other cities have echoed and echo still after that so coming pavement. Long-tailed foreign delegations to scientific congresses, railway barons and mining peers investigating American securities, gorgeous swarms of barbaric foreign powers, first find their way from the streamer or docks to the big showy white marble hotels along the

(Continued on page 16.)



NO. 14, 1855.



"MISS FLORA McFLINSEY'S CHILDREN STAYED AND TETHERED THROUGH MADISON SQUARE."



"A SOLITUDE FROM ANOTHER WORLD."

(Continued from page 11.)

guy's western rage. I have seen Bonheur's ability as a rolling about one of those big fellows, when he was a poor French general officer, part of the delegation to the Yorktown celebration of ten years ago. I have twice heard Bonheur play the Mandrake scene in Fifth Avenue and once in Twenty-fourth Street with a masquerade that seemed to start in the bottom of Bonheur's soul, and seemed to give until it reeled the souls of the whole of Bonheur's people. Once it was played for Sarah Bernhardt, when Sarah just arrived, was so an actor, but a divinity recently alighted from another planet, and once it was for Bartlett, when his state was set up on a stumpy pedestal which has belittled it ever since.

Everybody knows how the great political battles in State and nation are fought from similarly courageous leadership on the square. Sometimes the Republican general gets as far away as a round house a block or two up Fifth Avenue. Sometimes the Democrats go as far west as three doors out Twenty-fourth Street. But usually the whole mobile battle in the western side, where Broadway and Fifth Avenue meet, contains the players in the great game of universal suffrage, with as 12,000,000 voters on the continental board, every every few years. Everybody knows these things, but few are aware of what was the first event there of national political significance—the first after that meeting in the war time of the war time of the various States at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, to which Governor E. B. Morgan invited on taking his young staff officer and confidential adviser, Chester A. Arthur. That was a dinner given on March 21, 1867. Hamilton Fish was the host, and General and Mrs. U. S. Grant the guests whom the other guests were asked to meet. Edwards Pierpont was one of these guests; so was Theodore Tilton, the agent as well as the oldest counsel of the victorious young party, so was Henry J. Raymond, fast elbowing into Greeley's place as the newspaper agent of the Union; so was Edward Everett, the aged high priest of Boston Brahminism. There were not many

others. The meeting was one of those small but intensely focused groups of power which afterwards sprang into great many national conventions, and greater still national elections. About the gorgeous Louis Quinze dinner service, in a private dining room of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, there was much that informal but of a kind much more pregnant than the windy resolutions of party platforms and caucusing speeches which are written out long for the public eye, which caused read between the lines the cryptographic notes of proceedings taken at such meetings as this.

When the party rose, Mr. Fish, in a half-jocular but significant style, invited the quiet little general of the army to "Mr. President." We may not be sure that this was the such an crystallization of the movement to make Grant President. The "central Great man," is probably excessive enough still, despite the passage of nearly a quarter of a century, to fill a good portion of Madison Square, but we can probably be sure that from the origin of this the great city of New York was unconsciously assured to the candidacy of the "little Western man," and also, doubtless, that on Madison Square that evening the great man's name was made sure of its long incumbency of the Department of State.

It was fitting, therefore, that when New York's Convention rose was virtually removed to Grant, when the resolution of his career with the greatest of the cities and States which he defended began—that there the end or the beginning of the end of his connection with New York and all the earth, save the little plot at Riverside, should be. For on Madison Square, from the Fifth Avenue Hotel again, began the passage of the part of the great conflict of August, 1862, which contained the chief moments for the country dead, and also contained the mightiest living in the land. The widow who as happy wife had feasted in that same place, with her pride which her imperishable husband would not show at the salutation of the highest of titles that the highest integrity of the people can bestow, came down those Twenty-third Street steps, looking as made with pride, but veiled in the weeds of grief. And what men of war were there? Grilled old Tecumseh, with his thousand wrinkles and his constant badge of wry, Abraham, who in



"OLD MEN WHO TAKE THEIR CONSTITUTIONAL TO-DAY ON THE NORTH SIDE."

one distinguished by the glory "title" of a New York colonel, and the other by the untended sear of a country lawyer. All these, and the courage-laden of diplomats, some gay fluttering silken woman in tangles in their Oriental stuffs—all seemed men of little mark or moment beside this handful of gray soldiers, each with a shadowy corpse of tens of thousands of the ghosts of soldiers manifested at his back.

Six years only, and every one of the gray commanders who rolled or rode through Madison Square that day has joined that shadowy host. What men to remember and what a day to recall! A half-million people living the events and no sound but two: one the incessant rattle and rattle of that high car wheeling away of the purple hue; the other the long sedge tall of bells, which began far down at Trinity and rolled from steeple to steeple above the heads of the silent folk rolling up to far St. Thomas, or the highest of Murray Hill, and on and on till the church bells of Harlem caught and sent it up the sparkling Hudson, mingled with the roar of the steam of a trolley from the door of the Riverside park.

Madison Square shall never see again such a pageant, though it is the place of pageants, where the reviving wind crops up below the World Monument whenever great occasions are men marching up the avenue where the Look has awayed that day. No other here can command that silence, to be broken only by that rattle and that roll.

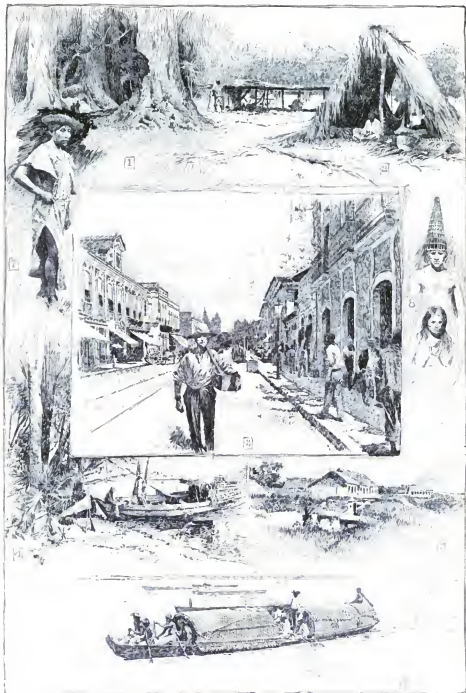
But, look! what does a Madison Square crowd mean for great men, dead or living? How were what it thronged to see that week, for the week before, days this week—horses and dogs and flowers and pretty women in tulle and long-haired German pianists or that is what it constantly came to see. What it really points out to each other in the gorgeous bery and what really attracts his attention is the extraordinary length of this year's frock-coats. And all its confusion with things that are it would feel, could it analyze itself, to be in the fact that its confusion are prepared directly in and out of the great fervent heart of New York, the Madison Square over which Miss McPherson rises much more absolutely than she did in the days of her reinvention. For Frederick's Hypochondria failed (after 72) in Madison Square because there was no public school to the point of going to see Miss McPherson's patriotic Protestants. In the education of that public lies the secret in day of the home and the dog, the pretty woman is light, and the long-haired pianist whom Miss McPherson goes to see, while the public goes to see Miss McPherson.



"WHERE THOUGHT WAS FURNISHED BY THE DIRT OF THE ROAD FOR UNCONSCIOUSNESS."

he had engaged in war in the far South, and there been captured by its expedition making, Sheridan, the gray warlike man in the middle of the line, but we can probably be sure that from the origin of this the great city of New York was unconsciously assured to the candidacy of the "little Western man," and also, doubtless, that on Madison Square that evening the great man's name was made sure of its long incumbency of the Department of State.





THE AMAZONIAN RUBBER COUNTRY.—DRAWN BY F. V. DE MORAES.—[SEE PAGE 15.]

1. Immense Trees. 2. Fishing Hut. 3. Rua Conselheiro João Alfredo, Pará, Brazil. 4. Canoe on Rio Negro. 5. Tabatinga Military Post. 6. Native Boat.
7. A Rubberer. 8. Indian Types.

[illegible][illegible]

Among such arms dwell the earliest Americans, not
 moved by any inspiration from these wonderful nations.
 They *stay* they *stay* in their hammocks, smoking
 incessantly, and indulging in endless talk. Indolence is their
 chief infirmity; the cause of their poverty, and the
 cause of their crime, and the cause of a great part
 of the misery they endure. It is sloth that deprives them of
 the nourishing food they need, and drives their children to
 the *cutting* of *slaves*; sloth that harbors them in wretched
 hovels, and makes them breathe the pestilential air
 of swamps; sloth that makes them neglect the
 means of the merchant, who further impoverishes them by
 his extortion. They are as reckless and indifferent as the
 children of the *Caribbean* wilderness. Like him, also,
 they are without religion, and without any other
 proceeds of their sense of *right* and *wrong*.

The rubber is not obtained from cultivated orchards, but is taken from the trees which grow wild, as previously explained, in low lying areas or baidas. Such areas are a striking feature of the valley of the Amazon. They are not marshes, but are the perfect analogues of the baidas existing in the flood plain of the Mississippi. The rubber trees are found in the greatest abundance along the tributaries and the smaller streams which feed there. At the beginning of the rainy season the long stems in the *farallones* come to an end.

the Indians and others who live in a state of dependency on the *Arakoes* are sent out regularly into the woods, where they are given a certain number of arrows and a bow, and are expected to return that journey of several days or a week must be made to procure a plentiful supply. In this case great canoes, sometimes forty feet in length, are fitted out with provisions, and the hunters are supplied with all the necessary and elaborate preparations are made for camping. A blanket and hammock for each of the whites, and a multi-colored covering for each of the Indians, are placed in the canoe, and several bags of *Arakoes* and rice, salt, *Doh*, and a plentiful store of *coucou*, or roots of sugar-cane, with arms and ammunition, are considered a sufficient equipment. The canoe is paddled by a single Indian, and the hunter is kept in a log construct a palm shafted tent for their abode which will prove water tight for a week. The *Arakoes* then sit in a group on land, one man can tap from forty to fifty *Arakoes* in a day.

The whole party sallies forth in the morning, each provided with a quantity of little tin cups and a narrow bladed hatchet. An incision, merely penetrating the water bark, being made with the latter instrument, one of the cups is so-



THE NEW YORK POST-GRADUATE MEDICAL SCHOOL AND HOSPITAL.—WILLIAM B. TRUANT, Assistant.—(See Page 20.)

stirred beaters with a bit of melted glycerol, but without the thick white milk at once begins to flow. The rubbery gelatinous masses from tree to tree could have consumed half the forest. This is taken to the camp where it is "smoked." There the milk allowed to stand for a period of twenty-four hours, and then poured into a large vat. It is then stirred with some hot water, which produces a very inferior grade of manufactured rubber. The coarse material, known as "smoked sheet," is then pressed into sheets, and is then hung upon the trees, where it has cured through a crack in the bark, or from the end of a fractured limb. If, however, the rubber is to be made into a sheet, it is pressed into a stick, and held for a few moments in the steam from a fire. It is then pulled out, and is then rolled into the flaky sheets which are used for all our tinware.

It is necessary to separate the latex from the bark, and to do this the half is cut to make the hole, or pelt, from fifteen inches to two feet in diameter, a practice which is not only wasteful, but also causes the death of the subsequent drying of the rubber. Defects may readily occur in this curing process by making the succession of holes too close, or by making the holes too large, or by the exposure of various parts of the ball to the sun. Such deterioration is easily discoverable by cutting the ball in two, and the interior will be found to be of a dark color. The condition of the rubber, the occurrence of which reduces the whole lump to the sticky gummy *tree-tar*, between the

The nuts which, according to native experience, yield uniformly the best results are those from the well known palm *Beadl*. This does not usually grow in great abundance in the neighbourhood of the *Afron*, so that the nuts of the palm *Crosey* are frequently substituted; and failing an adequate supply of these, resort is had to the nuts of the palm known as *Twonen* (pronounced *son and-soon*). The rubber after being "steaked" is still white, only becoming black by prolonged exposure to the air. It has, however, acquired the

characteristic elasticity, and an odor exactly similar to that of steamed ham. The smoke from other sorts, or from a simple wood fire, will not produce the desired result. But I have been unable to ascertain, although extensive investigation has been made to identify the volatile ingredients which accomplish this remarkable physical change, in the rubber, which, previous to curing, is present in the sap or latex of the rubber tree. It is possible that some of the important modifications of the present treatment, for if means could be found to cure the rubber of the *Hevea* by the addition of some liquid or powder to the milk, it would not only prevent entirely the formation of a smokable grade, but would enable the rubber to be prepared in a better form for shipping.

At the end of the last vest, if such a term is allowable, the owner takes with him a piece of the *forado*, and then follows many workings, goes to end in a wild debate. The careful creditor now looks out for the crowd of his indebtedness, constantly seeking his record of debts in a storehouse capable of carrying from ten to fifty tons of salable. After his collections are finished he forwards the product to Madrid or Paris, where it is boxed for final shipment to the United States and Europe.

The conditions of life and commerce in Eastern Peru are similar to those in the Brazilian portion of the basin of the Amazon. The river winds around an alluvial plain for a thousand miles after bartering through the Andes before quitting Peruvian territory. It is a vast region since the world supposes, larger by many thousand square miles than the whole of New England. Its physical aspects are similar to those of the Amazon. The general level of the country is not more than 120 feet above the sea, although the Atlantic is ten thousand miles away in aerial distance. Still, there are differences also. The influence of the neighboring Andes towers and the returns of the climate. This fact is most strikingly shown by the circumstance that the Rio Negro, which is the largest tributary of the Rio Jentery, the boundary line between Brazil and Peru, and are separated by the Cordillera, these great rugged



THE NEW ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL.—EIGHTH FLOOR, ARCHITECT.—[SEE PAGE 30]

THE SECOND NATIONAL CONFERENCE ON UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

The gathering of educators in Philadelphia last week was of peculiar interest. University extension is a new movement in America, but it is not yet three years since Dr. William Pepper, former president of the educational life of Pennsylvania, gave the first efficient impulse in this direction. The large scale of public education and interest which the lectures of Professor Richard G. Mottow won in the winter of 1900-1901 have been crystallized by the administrative ability of Professor Edmund J. James, of the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, into a national society, which for two years has been quietly but effectively promoting this work in every part of the country.

The success of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching is an excellent proof in favor of the plasticity of our system of higher instruction, and of the need of correlating influences in American education. The brilliant and unobtrusive success of the extension work in Philadelphia gives evidence of the existence of an unperceived educational power in the old Quaker city. The recent rapid growth of such institutions as Bryn Mawr, Haverford, Swarthmore, the University of Pennsylvania, the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, and of such associations as the American Academy of Political and Social Science, the founding of such great educational centers as the Bryn Mawr Institute, Temple College, Wagner and Strickland Institutes, all testify to the new spirit which seems to have entered the city of Penn. and is contributing powerfully to make a new Philadelphia along educational lines.

The Second National Conference on University Extension brought together delegates from half a hundred colleges and from scores of active extension societies. The discussion of this year was practical, dealing with the pressing questions of local and general organization and administration, the supply of lecturers, sequences in courses and other problems which have been emphasized by the expansion of the movement. The work is now in active progress in Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Kansas, and especially in the Eastern Middle States under the direct supervision of the American Society. The general secretary, George F. James, reported nearly two hundred extension centers, at which probably fifty thousand people will pass in this winter the educational work laid out in the system. The sessions of the conference have testimony to the real operation of university extension by the active minds in our higher institutions.

A close connection between the American and the English extension movements has been established by the frequent visits of English leaders to this side, and by the invitations extended last summer by the Oxford and Edinburgh universities to two staff lecturers of the American Society, Mr. Deane and Mr. Rolfe, to lecture at three summer meetings. This sympathetic and helpful relation will be strengthened by the visit of Mr. Hudson Shaw, the most brilliant of the Oxford extension staff, whom it is expected, will reach New York shortly, and who comes to lecture during a period of three months under the auspices of the American Society. Mr. Shaw is one of the best examples of the successful Oxford and Cambridge men, who, jobbing the immediate opportunity of high position in the church, in politics, or in business, are doing themselves to furthering that democracy in culture which has long been the heart of our American spirit of enterprise, and which the untried extension movement is now bidding fair to make still more real and potent.

ST. LUKE'S NEW HOSPITAL.

The managers of St. Luke's Hospital have adopted the plan prepared by Ernest Flagg, the architect, for the new hospital which is to be erected on Morrisville Avenue, between 125th and 14th streets, on the height of Bloomsburg. The new building, as shown by the plans, will be an imposing structure five stories in height, in the style of the French Renaissance. It will consist of five buildings, four of which are pavilions, and a central or administration building.

MELVIL BEEBE,

HOSPITAL COMMISSIONER OF NEW YORK.



EDMUND J. JAMES, PRES.
PRESIDENT AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE EXTENSION OF
UNIVERSITY TEACHING.



W. HUDSON SHAW,
PRESIDENT OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY
EXTENSION SOCIETY.

The order on which the pavilions have been arranged is similar to that of the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, which is undoubtedly the finest hospital in America to-day. The new St. Luke's, however, will be a notable improvement over the Baltimore institution, and will be, when completed, the finest hospital, without exception, in the world.

The buildings will have a frontage on 125th Street of 800 feet, and cover the entire plot. The main or central structure is to be arranged for administrative purposes, and will contain all the business offices, the dispensary, treasurer's room, a chapel seating 300 people, under which in the basement or sub-story will be located the mortuary chapel. It will also contain the main entrance, the main lobby, the main building will be two pavilions. These are to be so arranged that when emergency demands it they can be quickly isolated in such a manner from the main building. Three of the pavilions will be used for patients, and the fourth is to be set apart as living quarters for the nurses and the training school for nurses.

The apartments reserved for patients will be on the south, east, and west fronts of the building, so as to have a sunny exposure at some hours during the day. All of the wards will be laid toward the south. There will also be accommodations for at least 1000 patients, should such an emergency ever arise, but the ordinary accommodation capacity will be less than half of that number. There will also be necessary wards for 250 nurses. Each building will contain independent living rooms and quarters for the nurses and will be complete in itself. They will all be connected with the administration building by a covered way, which can be closed when it is necessary to isolate any of the buildings. The arrangement of the buildings is such as to leave a permanent street fronting the administration building, and between the pavilions at the side opening on 14th Street. A separate entrance will be designed and erected later for the consultation and the chaplain of the hospital.

In adopting the plan of Architect Flagg the managers of St. Luke's have without doubt made a wise selection. His

plans have that appearance of symmetrical perfection so sought by the French Renaissance, and a homogeneity in the rendering of detail, which two months ago all the other plans submitted in competition lacked. Mr. Flagg is a young architect, and with the exception of the two buildings of the National Academy of Design, this is his first great success. His opportunity came early in life, and he rose rapid to the occasion. With his grand creative standing before him, the great and magnificent Cathedral of St. John the Baptist and the new building of Columbia College, which undoubtedly will be beautiful, he will have no need to blink at the comparison, because it is hard to conceive a structure more beautiful than Ernest Flagg's St. Luke's. He has outlined nothing that modern ingenuity could suggest in the way of modern improvements, and he has conceived a complete and a situation a model after which other hospitals will be designed. Work on the new structure, which will cost in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000, will be pushed at once, looking forward to an early completion of the building.

THE POST-GRADUATE MEDICAL SCHOOL AND HOSPITAL.

The New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital began a new era in the history of that institution on November 20, 1902, by the laying of the cornerstone of its handsome new school and hospital building at Tenth Street and Second Avenue. For several years the faculty, students, and patients have been less happily cramped for space in the old school building at 226 East Twenty-third Street, and every physician who applied for instruction had to be turned away for want of accommodation. He expected that the new building, which is now well under way, will answer all demands made upon both school and hospital.

The new building was designed by Architect William B. Tuthill, is of the modern Renaissance, and especially of large office building. That it is admirably planned for the purposes for which it is intended there can be no doubt. The first story will be built of Indiana limestone, above which the remaining four stories will be of white brick with limestone and terra-cotta trimmings. The hospital will contain one hundred and eighty beds for patients, and room for the two hundred and fifty physicians who are connected with the school as students and faculty to move about and practice without being cramped for room.

The Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital was organized ten years ago, and has passed a most decided success in every particular. Previous to its organization physicians from all over the American were flocking to New York for the purpose of getting advanced practice and instruction in surgery and medicine.

Up till that time, however, no provision had been made for the instruction of these scholars after knowledge further than an attempt by one of the medical colleges to inaugurate what they called post-graduate lectures in 1874. The lectures were few and far between, however, to be of any practical service to those seeking advanced instruction. The post-graduate society of this institution resumed its work on April 4, 1902, they withdrew from that institution and founded the Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital. They found thousands of practitioners all over the continent hungry for experience advanced beyond what they could get in their regular practice toward getting human use, and from the day the school opened its doors to the present day there have been more applications for membership than could be cared for. It is hoped that with the completion of the new building, which will be ready for occupancy by next September, neither student nor patient will have to be turned away.

It was in this school that the question and advocacy of establishing a national quantitative convention started, and also the idea of a National Public Health, to be added to the roster of the President of the United States, suggested. Dr. D. B. St. John Brown is president of the institution.

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A STORY BY A. CONAN DOYLE. COMPLETE IN THIS NUMBER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1893.

THIS PAPER SENTS A COPY
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



A FAIR PETITIONER—A SCENE AT THE CAPITOL.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—(SEE PAGE 31.)

CAPTAIN MCEVE, OF THE "UMBRIA."
First a Passenger at Falm.

THE "UMBRIA'S" LONG VOYAGE.

THE steamship *Umbria*, of the United Line, finished on the morning of the last day of the year the longest and most exciting voyage in her history. Many of her passengers had stopped on her in the confident hope that they would spend Christmas day at home, and participate with their families in the festivities of that much-cherished holiday-time. When the ship did not arrive two or three days after Christmas, and no news was received of her, there was much public anxiety felt for her welfare and those who had friends and relatives aboard a ere more than anxious for the *Umbria* but only relief came in the last in a year landing her passengers on Saturday.

The *Umbria* steamed out of Queenstown a Harbor and passed Foster Light on her trip here at 3:20 on the afternoon of December 19th. The weather was murky, but there was a fresh breeze, and up to noon of the next day she had steamed 465 miles. Heavy weather was encountered, with frequent hail and snow squalls for the next four days. On the afternoon of December 23d, in latitude 42° 40' and longitude 27° 17', or about 125 miles due east of Sable Island, an accident happened to the shaft of the *Umbria*, the result of which has made Chief Engineer Tomlinson famous. In three days he repaired the shaft, and succeeded in bringing the disabled ship into port on slow speed without outside help. A description of the nature of this break and how it was mended is printed, with explanatory cuts, on page 46 of this paper.

No unusual noise attended the cracking of the shaft, and nobody except the engineer and his assistants knew what had happened, until Captain McKay reported to the gentlemen in the smoking-room the cause of the delay. While the engineer was trying to mend the shaft, the *Umbria* American steamship *Belmont*, eastward bound, came jolting through the sea, and Captain McKay signalled her for assistance. After much difficulty a steel cutting hammer was dragged aboard the *Umbria* ship and made fast. The *Belmont* heaved to the westward in the berth of a steam with the *Umbria* in tow. The snow was so thick at times that the *Belmont* was almost invisible from the *Umbria* bridge. At a quarter before eleven on the night of Christmas eve the hammer snapped, and the *Belmont* disappeared in the night and the storm. The *Umbria* had towed the *Belmont* thirty-six miles towards New York. Christmas day the *Umbria* drifted about in a disabled condition, throwing oil on the water and putting out three sea anchors to steady her. That night the *Umbria* of the Wilson Line, exchanged signals with the *Umbria*. At noon the next day the tank-steamers *Green* passed to the westward.

Later on the big freight steamer *Washburn* came in sight, and delayed for something more than an hour, during which time the *Washburn* heaved what was wrong with the *Umbria*. Before anything was done towards getting to the assistance of the disabled *Umbria*, her master ship, the *Umbria*, New York to Liverpool, was sighted. Then the *Umbria* signalled to the *Washburn* to go ahead. The *Umbria* exchanged up and exchanged signals with the *Umbria*. What those signals were is only known to the officers of the ship and of the *Umbria* company. Passengers aboard the *Umbria* were astonished to see the *Umbria* sail on to the east, instead of waiting until the next day to learn the result of the experiment on the shaft.

Among the passengers on the *Umbria* there were a few who were somewhat alarmed at the situation, but the great majority were content in the belief that the captain was one of the best navigators afloat, as well as a cool and experienced officer, and would do all that could be done for the best interests of his ship.

Meanwhile the anxiety of the people on shore was allayed by the arrival of the *Washburn*, whose captain reported her



LAWRENCE TOMLINSON, CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE "UMBRIA."

meeting with the *Umbria*, and testified to the disabled ship's ability to cope with all dangers. The *Umbria* came in sight and brought further reports which caused many hearts. The *Umbria*, after parting with the *Belmont*, drifted back to about the place where the *Belmont* had parted her up. There the shaft was repaired, and she slowly made her way into port about midnight, December 26th. The anxious do- server at Five Island sighted the inland ship as she was creeping in. Instantly the news was sent to the mainland, and the good tidings communicated to all who had friends or relatives aboard. On Saturday morning she passed the Narrows, and came up the bay, receiving her first about ten o'clock, where an immense crowd awaited her, greeting her arrival with cheers of joy.



THE SHAFT OF THE "UMBRIA."—DRAWN BY OLIVER HERFORD, ONE OF THE PIONEERS.

AN UP-HILL RACE AT THE ROOSEVELT STREET FERRY.—DRAWN BY LOUIE LOCK.

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

THIS ADVENTURE OF THE CARD-BEARD BOX.

It choosing a few typical cases which illustrate the remarkable mental qualities of my friend Sherlock Holmes, I have endeavored, so far as possible, to select those which presented the minimum of sensationalism, while offering a fair field for his talents. It is, however, unfortunately, impossible to entirely dispense with sensationalism from the criminal, and a character is left in as dilemma that he must either sacrifice details, which are essential to his statement, and so give a false impression of a problem, or he must use matter which choice, and not better, has pardoned him with. With this short preface I will turn to my notes of what proved to be a strange, though a perfectly terrible, chain of events.

It was a bitter low day in August. Baker Street was for an hour, and the glare of the sunlight upon the yellow rock-work of the houses across the road was painful to the eye. It was hard to believe that there were the same walls which looked so gloomily through the fog of winter. Our clocks were half-dark, and Holmes lay curled upon the sofa, reading and re-reading a letter which he had received of the morning post. For myself, my term of service in militia and found me to stand half better than cold, and a thermometer of sliver was no hardship. But the morning sport was uninteresting. Parliament had risen. Everybody was out of sorts, and I gazed for the glades of the New Forest or the shadows of Southsea. A depleted bank account and ruined me to postpone my holiday, and in my excitement, neither the country nor the sea presented the slight of attraction to him. He bowed to me in the very center of the millions of people, with his flannels strutting out and crawling through them, responsive to every little cause or caprice of unsteady crisis. Appreciation of nature found its place among his many gifts, and his only change was when he turned, as mist from the evidence of the town to turn down his brother of the country.

Finding that Holmes was too absorbed for conversation, I sat myself beside the lounge (after, and looking back to my chair, I felt into a brown study. Suddenly my companion's voice broke in upon my thoughts.

"You are right, Watson," said he. "It does seem a most grotesque way of settling a dispute."

"Most grotesque?" I exclaimed, and then, suddenly realizing that he had related the innocent thought of my mind, I sat up on my chair and stared at him in blank amazement.

"What is this, Holmes?" I cried. "This is beyond anything which I could have imagined."

He laughed heartily at my perplexity.

"You remember," said he, "that some time three years ago, when I read you the romance of the case of the shrike in which a chess romance follows the wretched thought of his imagination, you were inclined to treat the matter as a mere bit of the level of the author, the my remarking that I was necessarily in the habit of doing the same thing, you expressed indignation."

"Oh, no?"

"Perhaps not with your tongue, my dear Watson, but certainly with your eyes. So when I now you sit down your paper and enter upon a train of thought, I was very happy to have the opportunity of reading it off, and eventually of looking into it, as a proof that I had been in respect with you."

But I was still far from satisfied. "In the example which you read to me," said I, "the monster drew his conclusions from the action of the man whom he observed. If I remember right, he wandered over a long of stones, looked up at the stars, and so on. But I have been seated quietly in my chair, and what does this have given you?"

"You do yourself an injustice. The features are given to me as the means by which he shall express his emotion, and yours are faithful servants."

"He goes even to say that you read my train of thoughts from my features?"

"Your features, and especially your eyes. Perhaps you cannot yourself recall how your ironic comment?"

"No, I cannot."

"Then I will tell you. After throwing down your paper, which was the action which drew my attention to you, you sat out for half a minute with a vacant expression. Then your eyes fixed themselves upon your newly framed picture of General Gordon, and I saw by the alteration in your face that a train of thought had been started. But I did not wish to try for. Your eyes looked across in the unfocused portrait of Henry Ward Beecher which stands upon the top of your bookcase. You then glanced up at the wall, and, of course, your meaning was obvious. You were thinking that if the portrait were framed, it would just cover that bare space, and correspond with Gordon's picture there."

"You have followed me wonderfully," I exclaimed.

"So far I could hardly have more money. But now your thoughts went back to the letter, and you looked back across at it as you were studying the character in its features. Then your eyes turned to the picture, but you continued to look across, and your face was thoughtful. You were recalling the incident of Beecher's career. I was well aware that you could not do this without thinking of the action which he undertook on behalf of the North at the time of the civil war."

"For I remember your expressing your passionate indignation at the way in which he was received by the most bigoted of our people. You felt so strongly about it that I knew you could not think of Beecher without thinking of that also. When, a moment later, I saw your eyes wander away from the picture, I suspected that your mind had now turned to the civil war, and when I observed that your lips set, your eyes opened, and your hands clenched, I was positive that you were indeed thinking of the military which was shaken in both sides in that desperate struggle. But that, again, your face grew sadder, you shook your head, you were as willing upon the subject of honor and useless waste of life. Your hand stole towards your own old sword and a smile appeared on your lips, which showed me that the ridiculous side of this method of settling one's

animal question had forced itself upon your mind. At this point I agreed with you that it was preposterous, and was glad to find that all my deductions had been correct."

"Absolutely," said I. "And now that you have explained it, I confess that I am as amazed as before."

"It was very superficial, my dear Watson. I assure you, I should not have minded it upon your attention had you not shown some incredible ability on other day. But I have in my hands here a little problem which may prove to be more difficult of solution than my small essay in thoughtfulness. Have you observed in the paper a short paragraph referring to the remarkable contents of a packet sent through the post to Miss Susan Cushing, of Cross Street, Croydon?"

"No, I saw nothing."

"Miss Susan Cushing, living at Cross Street, Croydon, has been made the victim of what must be regarded as a particularly revolting practical joke, unless some more sinister meaning should prove to be attached to the incident. At two o'clock yesterday afternoon a small packet, wrapped in brown paper, was handed in by the postman. A card-board box was inside which was filled with coarse silk. On emptying this, Miss Cushing was horrified to find two boxes each, apparently quite freshly opened. The box had been sent by parcel post from Belfast upon the morning before. There is no indication as to the sender, and the matter is the more mysterious as Miss Cushing, who is a resident lady at Blyth, has led a most retired life, and has no acquaintances or correspondents that it is a rare event for her to receive anything through the post. Some years ago, however, when she worked at Penge she had apartments in her house to three young medical students, which she was obliged to get rid of on account of their noisy and disorderly habits. The police are of opinion that this outrage may have been perpetrated upon Miss Cushing by these youths who were her guests, and who hoped to frighten her by sending her these relics of the disconcerting room. Some probability is lent to the theory by the fact that one of these students came from the north of Ireland, and, as the host of Miss Cushing's belief, from Belfast. In the meantime the matter is being actively investigated. Mr. Lestrade, one of the very assistants of our detective officers, being in charge of the case."

"So much for the Daily Chronicle," said Holmes, as I finished reading. "Now for our friend Lestrade. I had a note from him this morning, in which he says: 'I think that this case is very much in your line. We have every hope of clearing the matter up, but we find a little difficulty in getting anything to work upon. We have, of course, wired to the Belfast post office, but a large number of parcels now headed in upon that day, and they have no means of identifying this particular case, or of remembering the sender. It does not help us in any way. The medical student theory still appears to be the most likely, but if, on reflection, the sender, in a letter to spare, I should be very happy to see your own view. I should be either at the house or in the police station all day.' What say you, Watson? Can you find superior to the



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—THE WOMAN'S BUILDING.—DRAWN BY H. D. SEBORG

and Lincoln Street, photographs given over to business or to recreation, the remains of a former epoch when wood, panel, window and steep gables, balcony railings and iron stair grilles, were often chosen. They are survivors from a time when people knew how to have life, health, light, and taste coalesce leading to covered passages. A former generation not known so much as we do of some things but it had a way of properly "coming in when it rained," at least from a railing. Whereas still very recently the green generation has seemed to lack that sense.

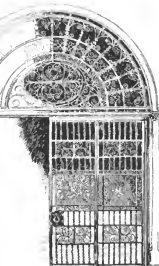
Ever more our rail took began to allow architects to be artists to a certain limited degree, ornamental iron work has been looking up. The theories of modern design will therefore clearly denote of pieces made in such a way as to be useful, following the design down up lastly by a member

portion with which Mr. Hunt has provided this marble pulchre.

The last Mr. Vaillet-Duc did more than any other man to conduct into the right channel so far as iron work is concerned, but the same hand could not perfect each detail of all the ingenious motifs suggested by him. Like his Gothic hosts at the restored Chateau de Chenonceau the ironwork and grilles designed by Vaillet-Duc lack the powerful personality found in the work on which more obscure artists of the Middle Ages has expended his thought, or to which some Renaissance has given the concentrated glow of his genius. In the Chateau d'Apollonia at the Louvre is a gate way which came from the Chateau de Malmaison near Paris by Mansart from whom the same showed Mansard could take their name. It may be recalled by the general direction of its long graceful, nearly a column of Mercury mould which four corners are turned instead of two, while the iron of the staff is set with wings, wheel apices and oak leaves in palm. The upper part shows an old man leaning in kermis fashion from a wreath of leaves, crowned and supported by two Cupids. This grille is of iron forged and cast in parts gilt, and is very significant.

The great grief for wrought iron lies between 1600 and 1800. There is nothing long in Europe and in a way there will linger, curious ideas about the manual forging of iron, and about the smith himself. Travelers in central Africa find the same ideas in fossils, rather than in the blacksmith. It is often an object of superstitious terror. But we have the echo of the old superstitions regarding smiths and iron working in some grilles, notably that of Wilton's North in Scotland and England—superstitions which did not arise from a knowledge of Greek myths of Hephaestus, Latin tales of Vulcan, but from their own independently from the same category of ideas in Europe at large. But there is no room here to enter into that fascinating chapter.

The last very interesting work in wrought iron in Europe about the middle of the latter century, led by this time, as we see from the grille and gate at the Louvre, the style had become French. There is a feeling of the iron in eighteenth century iron work, a tendency to broad severely mannered foliage, to simple shapes, and to somewhat meaningless Tritons, fauns and maenads of the—in fine, in the reverse. The tendency is shown in fragments which remain from a grille belonging to the Chateau de Fontainebleau, where the Renaissance is a simpler age is recalled by the fabulous and man, legs and necks by the iron and the leaves, but the treatment is almost as formal as that of the last century. Remains of a direct sort is found in the design used for the main gate at the Metropolitan Museum which close the



ELEVATOR SCREEN, NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE BUILDING, MONTREAL.

STAIRCASE IN A PRIVATE RESIDENCE.

of the iron having some hills or great business building in place, or even turned over like any other detail to some bright young clerk in the office. It is not contended that these fine dogs, grilles, gateways, and staircases represent what can be done in wrought iron when people will pay for three like things, art, but merely what has been done by men overwhelmed by a hundred other details mark more important than iron work to the owners of the building, in the domestic class of which such objects occupy at present a distinctly subordinate place. They only assume to point out the possibilities of the metal.

The good example placed by Messrs. McKim, Mead & White in the massive grilles shown at Metropolitan, New Jersey, points the way to a use of iron for many objects of the chancel which are now done in brass, stone, or wood. When iron was used by artists in France, Italy, and South Germany—that is to say, before the middle of the last century—it was common to apply gilt to certain parts of the design. Thus, if there were an escutcheon bearing a badge, crest, or arms, if there were a monogram in a panel, the letters or shield would be treated directly with gilding. Other colors were sometimes applied. It lay with the painter whether the coloring was effective or not. The outer portion of a chandelier might be of iron. The handles of the great window doors, and the nails with which they were fastened, the rivets between the window leaves, the crosses on the rods or in the corners, the grilles that protected iron of famous pictures of saints from the sun, the iron who was quite likely to steal such things, less in accordance with then to steal the whole or large for its own sake, the screen and little shutters opening in the doors of carriages or caravans, though these would not concern with sculpture or the carving of iron, the elements and beautiful large that bound together horse and made them things that still entrance the artist—be it a thousand artists in and about churches called for iron work, and they call now as they did in the Middle Ages and later.

As to gateways of wrought iron, a few exist in New York which are well above the common, for instance, those which give point to the lefty low fence about the house of Mr. Harbison in Hudson Avenue, a portion of which may be seen in the illustration. They are designed by Mr. Richard



ARCH OVER CARRIAGE DRIVE, VILLARD HOUSE, MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

above on the main floor where the collection of old iron-work is shown.

This small collection of old door handles, ornate iron work, offer to be forgotten. It is not such as our fads in the South Kensington, but it is the beginning of a similar collection. Not yet completed. There are many things in the alcove where it is shown which will enjoy a visit to the museum. Doubtless it will be enlarged before long by further gifts from Mr. Henry G. Marquand.

No one would be blamed for willing iron stairs, as they are found in public buildings, banks and schools, things beyond the gate of good taste, but they are also seen where they are to be considered ornaments. There is no more reason for ugly rails of iron than of marble. The architect who does not understand the proper use and limitations of marble will not understand the possibilities of iron for stairways, and will make no allowance for the difference between stone and metal in weight, tensile strength and effect on the observer.

A handsome use of iron in this respect is seen in the cut from the main hall of a great business building erected in New York City by Messrs. Bohn, Cook & Ward, of New York. It is an original design, though spiral stairs in design have been before—work does not stand alone in the building so far as commercial iron work is concerned. Older work of more than ordinary beauty is done, but it is not in the hall of Mr. George Bohn. A stair of iron that takes lead curves in that which Mr. Stoddard White designed for the central hall of the hotel belonging to Mr. J. Harbison, Park Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, a portion of which is shown in the cut. To the same hotel is due the simple and elegant set on the stairs in the Century Club leading from picture gallery to upper floor.

It is the practice of iron to support superincumbent weights with less loss than stone or wood, hence a look of massive strength may often be imparted to an iron staircase compared with the solidity of other materials. There are some cases where the old artists practically discarded, but which have not been based down very carefully, those can be applied to make a spiral stair, a balcony, a gate, or a grille more stronger or lighter than it otherwise would. For example, the bars in a screen which give the strength and the spiral arch, or conventional leaves which form the screen, the coloring of the frame may be covered of bronze or manganese or of rich bands of iron. An old looks at the aspect it depends greatly for effect on the attitude position in which it is held. As the old sides or the thin sides of rail and spiral outward—naturally, the whole has one appearance if most of the component parts display the broad side or if they show the side. Again, position in the angle of sight is a great factor in resulting effect. Thus a design in steel beautiful when on paper or finished in the smithy, may become dull enough if it is placed near the light at a point where it must be seen at an angle by the passer.

Our architects have not possessed fine points like this, but because men's conventional eyes beyond their senses they have to deal with the light every day, but because iron work is still so much a particular which hovers about them they have not held their architects to strict account, while, in the hurry of overwork, the latter could afford the use for matters which are not likely to procure them pay or thanks.

However, good work is steadily growing. As the new gateways and ornamental grilles to show the upper part of there are found in the buildings. Mr. Ogden Gould has a fine grille in the window door of his new villa in New York. The Villard house behind 80 Park's Central New York, is entered through a superb gate. The carriage drive is a series of work which is iron. People who keep their eyes open for architectural may be surprised at glimpses here and there about the city showing that wrought iron has not received more attention than they required. An impulse comes from the buildings which corporations, banks, insurance companies, or large estates give in the business parts of our cities. At St. Paul the same firm which designed the spiral stairs for Minneapolis, shown in an illustration, has the designers of the elevator screen figured here. And

H. Hunt. One of the prettiest iron gates in Mr. McKim's design for the relief entrance to the campus of Harvard, in which the architect has placed as a motif that rude decorative iron in England during the twelfth century, while Harvard was struggling up from its humble beginnings to college.

The great iron doors for the New York house already mentioned are an absolutely the most magnificent piece of the kind. Bronze carved, with the upper part decorative in iron, the middle iron gilded or entered with a dark green patina, they are iron within, but for the most part polished iron, while the applied of relief decorations are gilt. They are of unusual size and new iron to place in the great pillars



ROADCASE IN CHURCH AT MONTMONT, NEW JERSEY.

It is a fact that many hotels and office buildings in New York are already provided with elevator systems which show at least the good taste of discretion. Designs are simple, but not ugly. Such may be seen in the Union Trust Company's building, that of the New York Times, and others.

To the public the question of art in balconies and window guards is more important than the question of the size of the house, or of steeper streets, for balconies are like the statues in the open squares, things which no man can escape, since they are always in sight. Very few houses of five or six lives in New York, which would support the best, or, indeed, reach the level, of criticism. The balconies of 354 Fifth Avenue, belonging to Mr. Alfred M. Hay, are above the sidewalk, and of iron in New York style, the design, but to be remarked as one more indication of a turn toward iron, are the low balconies and eave-guards of the house of Mr. Aaron Philip Stebbins, at the corner of West and Third Streets. To indicate the style, I quote the

[illegible]

But it must be confessed that the greater number of the wrought-iron work placed on big hotels, exchanges, office

architects to leishners and an ill considered multiplication of decorative designs. Yet, on the whole, the change will work its own salvation in the end, but meantime we are in a very bad way of bad art, and caught by all means train our eyes by such examples as are not defective, as to stem the rash of ugliness

exploiting. There are the hearth backs, fire dogs and stoves, the lamp-stands and basins, the brackets, screens, and decorative plaques. From France and Belgium, from Italy and Bavaria, from Japan, come specimens of such small or objects to rival native work, and the lesson that foreign artists teach here in some cases have learned.

[illegible]

The great objection of rust applies especially to things which have to stand all weather, but is serious also for objects which, for they too rust in time, unless constantly examined. Patents have been taken which claim to create steel from oxidation, and experiments under such have in some cases been successful, but, through bad management, looking really valuable to the people has since come to be regarded as myths and architects if these processes were properly worked and ob-

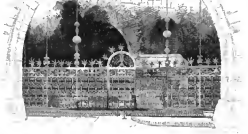
ports rendered useless at a trifling cost, for which iron might be employed, indifferent to the presence of moisture and untried, because people very naturally



HAYENETER GATE, MADISON AVENUE AND THIRTY-SEVENTH STREET



THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH ALABAMA LIBRARY, MOBILE, ALABAMA



buildings, and apartment-houses in our great cities during the last decade are atrocious in design, signifying nothing but buffoonism. Each stage of the depraved taste on the part of employers, architects, and the manufacturers of the things which form the decoration has been assigned. One has but to walk from Bowling Green to Wall Street in order to see twenty instances of a vile taste which imagines that convoluted lines and fabulous waste holding lamps in their jaws, from spouts, and plenty of chains constitute the acme of art in ornamental iron.

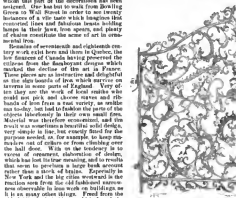
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and had taste. The larger forms of ornamental iron work only, those which have permanent place in buildings, have been touched on so far. But it will occur to the reader that there is a much larger field which manufacturers have been

shrink from the trouble and expense of increased care or of relining.

[illegible]

Wrought iron is even adaptable to the needs of the amateur, who is able to play the artisan in a way perhaps never fully thought of by the professional designer. A small set of properly selected shears, rods, and strips of iron, and a small set of blacksmith's tools, are all that is needed. Boys or women can fashion with these such light objects as brackets, candleholders, picture frames, and so on. For convenience or the protection of stained glass, stands for picture-hangs or glassware—in fact, for a host of things about the house. There is much scope for ingenuity in the adoption of old brass or the latently available iron of old tinware and less ambitious church fairs can be stocked



404 Dr. Frank Wilton, MATTHEW GLENN MUSEUM

authority. The McGlynn is left town, and for some time kept himself removed from public sight. The discussion of McGlynn's papers were left by the high dignitaries of the diocese to be subjective of the interests of the Church, and the priests of the episcopal see were asked to sign a state report of the case, and a request that the late record of St. Stephen's should be discarded as severely as possible. The great many priests signed this document, but a few, among them such well-known men as Dr. Barrett and Monsignor Barry, declined to endorse either statement or request. Archbishop Corrigan sent this document to Rome as evidence that there was a rebellion in his diocese which should be suppressed at once. In the course of time he received authority from the Vatican to use his own discretion. With this authority he re-animated Dr. McGlynn. He also resumed Dr. Barrett from the pulpit of the Episcopate in the parish at Hartford, and in many regards Monsignor Barry in his work at St. Louis. It is said, he has been interfered with.

Dr. McGlynn, now being without the Church, organized the Anti-Poverty Society, and resumed in New York and other places on the east shores of New York and himself. They call the increased value of his unimproved real estate an "assured legacy," and they maintain that this belongs not to the property owner, but to the public, which should contribute to it with a tax. He has recently aided.

It is the increased increment that is given gifts to funds without any improvement or great value. This value represents and measures the advantages of opportunities produced by the community, and now, was not permitted to acquire the absolute dominion over such lands, will likely pay the value of this unimproved increment in the form of rent, just as men, when not permitted to use a water mill, will pay wages for watered services. The justice and the duty of appropriating this fund to public uses is apparent in that it takes nothing from the private property of individuals, but that they will still pay wages as an equivalent for a value produced by the community, and which they are permitted to enjoy. The fund thus created is clearly a public fund. The justice and a public fund, not merely because the value is a growth that comes to the natural benefit of the community, but also, and much more, because it is a value produced by the community itself, so that this fund will be a permanent, continuously by that best of titles, namely, producing, making, or creating. To permit any portion of this public property to go into private pockets without a perfect equivalent being paid into the public treasury would be an injustice to the community. Therefore the whole annual fund should be appropriated to common or public uses. While the tax on land values promotes industry, and therefore increases private wealth, taxes upon industry set like a fire or pestilence inflicted upon industry. They impede and destroy and finally strangle it.

While Dr. McGlynn was advocating these doctrines there were continual rumors that his case was to be reviewed at Rome. He was invited to go to Rome and submit himself to the Church. He replied that he would go to Rome if he were informed what he was to do after he got there, but that he could not appear there as a deposed priest asking charity for sins that he knew not of. His answer was in America, and until he knew what he was to do he could not submit himself to the Church. It is said that he did he was now advised by Dr. Barrett, a man very learned in ecclesiastical law and precedents.

When the Catholic Congress met in Baltimore about four years ago, Monsignor Sattell, Archbishop of Lepanto, came to America as the representative of the Pope. In St. Mark's Basilica the Pope imposed the most lenient conditions. Sattell was a pupil in the seminary at Foggia when the present Pope, the only Professor of Theology. When Professor Perini became a Cardinal, Sattell was a Benedictine monk at Monte Cassino. When Cardinal Perini became Pope Leo XIII., one of his first acts was to appoint Sattell Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the Propaganda. Later he was made Archbishop. The papal delegate to the congress at Baltimore reported to the Vatican on the general condition of the Church in America, and probably also on many special cases, and among others on the famous McGlynn case.

Last month, when the World's Columbian Fair was in its decline and the Pope sent Monsignor Sattell again to Amer-



MONSIGNOR SATTELL, Archbishop of Lepanto and Apostolic Delegate to the World's Fair.

ica to represent him at the ceremonies in Chicago, and also to act as special legate in the McGlynn and other cases. The



THE REV. EDWARD MCGLYNN, Bp. of New York.

Dr. McGlynn, Archbishop of Lepanto, and formerly Bishop of New York, in New York.

Apostolic Delegate arrived in this to witness the Columbian celebration in New York and also in Chicago, and they he took up his residence at the Catholic University in Washington. He heard the McGlynn case, and just before Christmas rendered the decision in favor of the deposed priest, who was retained in the communion of the Church. The Christian day Dr. McGlynn celebrated mass for the first time since his excommunication. He also addressed the Anti-Poverty Society. He expressed great joy at the restoration of his priestly functions, but made no apology for the action which led to his Archbishop's disapproval, nor did he retract any of the views that he so stoutly maintained while he was outside the Church. Instead of renouncing anything, he continued to maintain his views, and in a recent address he declared them because they were in harmony with the Pope's encyclical, *Quod Vivimus*, on the condition of labor. From the very first he quoted, "All men, and there can be no question whatever, that man is not to be treated as a thing, but as a person, for the labor and sweat of his hands are his own, and he is to enjoy the fruit of his labor, and they are to be distributed to the employees and employers and the good of universal competition. Surely it is well worthy of Christians, and most of all of Christian ministers and priests, for the sake of the honor of His Christ, for the love of those who are stamped with the very image of God, by nature, redeemed by Christ's blood, and in His new order of grace called to the cultivation of manly and unmanly with God, and a closer and holier communion into one themselves, to seek to right these wrongs, to denounce them in the very name of God, and to demand

the remedy in the name of the law of justice which is the law of God. Surely it would not become ministers of Christ even to seem to denounce or express the abhorrence of the poverty that flows from these wrongs, or to show an abhorrence any honest and lawful effort to abate them.

In Church politics there have been in the diocese of New York since 1866 two parties, the Corrigan party and the McGlynn party. The leaders of the parties, the Archbishop and the former rector of St. Stephen's, have neither one told publicly about the masses that led to the McGlynn case. But the friends of these leaders have not been silent by any means. Archbishop Corrigan's friends caused the publication, the very same day that Dr. McGlynn's resignation was announced, of extracts from the speeches made by Dr. McGlynn's wife, and even of the Pope himself.

These extracts appeared from the columns of the Spectator, from which they are quoted, and very much as though the McGlynn had spoken upon the subject of the high dignitaries of the Church, and even of the Pope himself. The Archbishop's friends, among whom Mr. John P. O'Sullivan, of Tompkins Hall, appears to be the most conspicuous, say that the appointment of Monsignor Sattell as papal legate in America was brought about through the intrigues of Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, who has intrusted all rules of ecclesiastical discipline in interfering in the affairs of a new set under his jurisdiction. These friends further charge that the papal legate is under the influence in the country of Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Keane of the Catholic University, and Cardinal Gibbons, and will under such influence be incapable of doing justice in Archbishop's affairs.

In the other hand, the friends of Dr. McGlynn say that the decision of Monsignor Sattell is a condemnation of American and English methods employed by Archbishop Corrigan, and that the decision is a declaration of the justice in Rome as to the nature and extent of Dr. McGlynn's offending. They say, too, that what they call a discovery of Corrigan's double dealing and plotting with the archbishop will prevent the Pope from ever again giving him his confidence, and will hasten his departure from the Church, and the Archbishop has written his resignation to his resignation. They further say that Archbishop Corrigan was studied in his treatment of Archbishop Sattell when the latter arrived here in October, and before the Archbishop of New York knew the nature of the conditions that brought the Italian legate to America.

While the friends of the two parties speak in such heated fashion, the two principals are much cooler of attitudes. Dr. McGlynn says he is unofficiously glad to be back in the Church, and the Archbishop has written his resignation to his resignation. The Archbishop has learned with great pleasure the good news of the return of Dr. McGlynn to the communion of the Church. At the proper time he will not fail to express to the Most Reverend Delegate Apostolic his thanks for its good efforts his Excellency has rendered in the premises.

But for all this smooth words the incident was scarcely so mild to have come to an end. Dr. McGlynn is a priest without a charge, and his friends are disappointed enemies of the Archbishop, while the friends of the latter deny the unpopularity of Dr. McGlynn's attitude with a full measure of hate. The case, even as it now stands, is a subject for controversy and discussion in every Catholic society and household in New York. Neither priests are known even to the quietest society in any discussion of the matter, but privately they will talk all day and all night with the heat and the feeling that lead to heated words and injudicious allegations. The writer asked one clergyman if he did not think that the prolongation of the incident would be harmful to the Church. "Not at all," he answered. "It is better to be prolonged than to be terminated."

All the questions involved are merely settled if they are to be treated like ladies, and ladies are to be treated as they choose, without regard to reason or ecclesiastical law, then the question is not a proper place for a man of independent spirit or of Christian feeling. Such men will not care to go into the priesthood, and the places of such will be taken by men of spirit, and men of spirit are in giving the hands that strike them. The principles of the Church are not in the least involved in the controversy, but it is a question of men and methods, and if the good men and methods are suppressed, the incident will have done great good.



MONSIGNOR SATTELL, Archbishop of Lepanto.



PLANTATION SPOHRS.—DRAWN BY W. T. SHERMAN.—[See Page 30.]



INFANTA MARIA OF SPAIN.
Who will enter the Columbian Exposition this Spring.

A ROYAL VISITOR TO THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Her Royal Highness the Serenissima Señora Infanta of Spain, Doña María Isabel de Borbón y Borbón, who is the eldest sister of the deceased King Don Alfonso XII., and consequently the next of the present King, has announced her intention of visiting the World's Fair shortly after its opening. As the Infanta has been connected with many of the important events of Spanish history during the latter half of this century, the personal visit of her Royal Highness will be doubly interesting. She was born in the Royal Palace of Madrid, on the 20th of December, 1851, and married as a Spanish prince, her Highness the Count of Gilgusti, who died within a short time. During the revolution in Spain the Infanta Isabel joined Queen Isabella II. in Paris. Being endowed with high courage, she helped to make more bearable the exile of her august

parents and brothers during those sad days in the Palais de Madrid. When the royal family of Spain felt more grief for the misfortunes of their country than for their own troubles. After the restoration of the legitimate monarchy, and on the throne of Alfonso XII., to the throne of his ancestors, the King was succeeded by the Infanta Isabel, who shared with her royal brother, justly called "The Power-maker," the triumphs of the first years of his short but most glorious reign. She crowned with honor the victorious King who had terminated the civil war that had ravaged his Basque provinces, Navarre, and his island of Cuba, reigning at the same time these her loyal subjects. Raising them only as her countrymen, she gave them her treasures together with her love and protection. Some time afterwards King Alfonso married his first cousin, the daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, the beautiful Queen Micaela, and upon the early death of the Queen the Infanta was a great consolation to her bereaved brother, whom she dearly loved. After he died she devoted herself in turn to his aged widow, the present Queen Isabella, of Spain, Doña Maria Cristina, a model Queen, wife, and mother, and the perpetrator of the crime of St. Ferdinand of the tradition of Doña Maria de

Medina. The Infanta Isabel has always been the constant companion of the Regent and of the late King. The Spanish people, and particularly the people of Madrid, value her presence—firstly for her fine virtue, and her constant thought is to help the poor and comfort the unfortunate. To this purpose she devotes most of her leisure, visiting hospitals and asylums, and supplementing this work with her personal visits to the poor and sick. She is also patroness of all Spanish industries and arts. Enthusiastically fond of music, and of all the fine arts she presides over concerts, and constantly organizes exhibitions, being always surrounded by the leading artists and artists. She has by heart the gems of the rich classical Spanish literature, as well as most of the modern, and is acquainted with the works of other countries. She speaks Portuguese, French, Italian, English and German so fluently as to give her language, and her conversation is very bright and full of talent.

Some of her leisure hours are devoted to sport, of which she is also extremely fond. A daring rider, she appears in her park, and is sometimes to be seen at the club La Venta de la Balsa, near Madrid, during the winter at most of the meetings, and is sometimes enjoys the song dancing in the wild



THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.

little of Madrid, near the Palacio de la Gracia. Her Highness is also very fond of driving, which she does so effectively, even with the most spirited Spanish breed. Distinguished and highly cultivated, but, above all, charitable and affectionate, it may well be said of this princess that her royal crown fully glimmers with virtues and no wonder that she is loved at the court of Madrid. In those of sorrow the Infanta has been the greatest consolation, and now, in these days of glory, when all the soldiers of the civil World join the countries of America at La Habana, Pinar, Madrid, New York, and Chicago to honor Colombia and Spain, the cheering action she is one of the most prominent figures of her time, whom Spain is proud.

It is on this account, undoubtedly, that we hear she has been chosen to represent the King and Queen of Spain at the World's Columbian Exposition.

The coming of the Infanta, who bears the same name as the great Queen who is equally a glory of America and of Spain, will be highly appreciated by the American people. They will welcome and receive her as one deserving, being fully alive to the great honor done to them by the Queen Regent of Spain in sending such a distinguished and beloved princess to represent her in the greatest celebration of the nineteenth century.

LIFE AND DEATH.

What's for the babe?

Why, mother's eyes.
Twink patches of those sunny skies
That beamed on him in Paradise.

What's for the child?

With toys to skip
To taste the honey-suckle lip—
The baby's companion-skip.

What's for the boy?

The hoarded gold.
The myriad—gold in hoards bold.
The numbers a faded pet of gold.

What's for the youth?

To dream of fame,
In clothing said to wear his name,
With styles to fan a passion's flame.

What's for the man?

Change to keep
The load of wisdom and of care,
And some true heart to weigh to share.

And what's for age?

Pain's prison bars,
Comfort that every truth marks,
Dustiness and feet—and then the stars!

GEORGE BARNES.

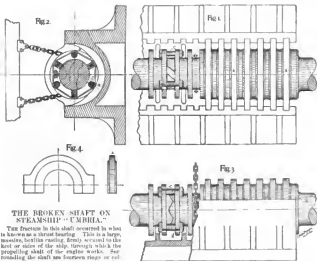


Prince Frederick of Denmark.
Princess Maria of Edinburgh.

Prince Mellesbach.
Duchess of Edinburgh.

Prince of Edinburgh.
King of Denmark.

THE ROYAL WEDDING IN EDINBURGH—PORTRAITS OF THE CONTRACTING FAMILIES—(See Page 41).
Faint & Faintly in Edinburgh & Son, London.



THE BROKEN SHAFT ON
STEAMSHIP "UMBRIA."

Two fractures in this shaft occurred in what was a thrust bearing. First it is a large, cast-steel, ball-bearing housing, secured to the keel or sides of the ship, through which the propelling shaft of the engine works. Surrounding the shaft are fourteen rings or collars, the function of which is to receive what is known as a thrust block between them. These blocks are shown in drawing Fig. 1 and marked A. The block marked B has been removed and shown in drawing marked Fig. 2.

It will readily be seen in the main drawing that the thrust blocks surround the shaft, allowing it to turn freely in the thrust blocks, and also that the ends of these blocks are loosely dovetailed into the huller casing of the thrust bearing. As the shaft revolves, turning the propeller on the outside of the ship, a lateral thrust will be given to this shaft, and were it not for the thrust blocks, the shaft would force itself into the vessel with a parallel motion to the keel, but the thrust blocks, taking this motion, transform the same to the vessel, and in that way prevent it forward.

From an engineer's point of view the fracture in this shaft is a very peculiar one, evidently produced by a twisting strain. This fracture is a compound one, running in two different directions. The engineer of the motor, in making the repairs, cut the shaft in two places, one by cutting on the side of the flanges, or collars which connected the shaft on either side of the fracture. He caused two C shaped supports to be fastened to the flanges, shown in Fig. 1, of B, opposite each other, three pairs in all, equal in size to the flange, and secured them by means of a heavy bolt. Fig. 1 is a broken in diameter, having a nut on one end and a head on the other. In this way the two flanges were secured up together, thereby keeping the shaft from parting again. The motor was then started, and the engine ran for an interval of one hour, without incident, and the engine was then shut down.

ROUND THE WORLD ON BICYCLES

[illegible]

After this came China. Kied friends endeavored to dis-

under them by holding a passport from the Chinese Minister in London, they were never intended for the trip. They did so, and the English consul-general of the North China Coast, Mr. G. A. Smith, was obliged to issue them the V. F. Herald and the K. C. and C. Grand, pure world-fair and amusing accounts of the journey. The familiarity with the Americans was not confined to the ship, but extended to the land. As the party was about to leave by the steamer, they were invited to a party at the residence of the Consul-General. It is simply impossible. They started, according to the North China Daily News correspondent, "sick around the table, and the Consul-General, who was a Frenchman, French called—without on top or nothing." But nevertheless, standing all this, the travellers had a great time and achieved a great deal. They were not only able to see the Chinese and the Catholics, and "had to fight for their vehicles often, and were so twice had to stand with their backs to the wall and guard their six legs from the Chinese soldiers who were everywhere. To be presumed referring to the weapons the travellers have. These two Americans carried more than 2000 shells through a portion of China not visited by any other foreigners. They were not only able to see the Chinese soldiers they were furnished with a quartet of soldiers as a guard through the most parts of the country. But on a small scale, they were able to see the Chinese soldiers and their chances of being killed and wounded.

The travelers elicited a great deal of interest, and "it was a regular stir," recalls the N.C. Herald, one falling into "American." Their entry into Peking was amazing, being affirmed as represented in the photograph. Their legs were bare, from the ankles to the knees. Hats stuck up by long poles, and their faces were painted red. The Chinese usually bowed their head. Two pairs of human stumps were in their outfit, but they were more rare than ostriches only. The merchants also showed signs of travel and hard usage; the skin of a snake in Asia Minor having had a disastrous effect upon one. In Ten Toke, after leaving Peking, they were surrounded by the General Li Hung Chang's soldiers, who said that the leader should be sent to his "shades," meaning there will.

They then visited a portion of Japan, but being summer cold home, sailed on December fifth. The literary gentleman in Tien-Tsin remarks that the travellers "are of the sort who cannot be spoiled, and are a capital advertisement of the virtues of Young America. More modest, cheerful, and gallant young fellows never passed through this port." The completed record of the tour seems to bear this out.



W. L. MACFARLANE AND THOMAS C. ALLEN,
The two young Americans who have just completed a tour of the
world on bicycles.

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IMITATIONS!



Dr. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1893.

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SENATOR LODGE.



The election of Mr. HENRY CABOT LODGE to the Senate of the United States furnished a striking illustration of the change which of late has come over the politics of Massachusetts. Some of the best political traditions of former days have been preserved in that State longer than anywhere else. Until a few years ago its Legislature was a remarkably true representative of the popular intelligence and virtue. It always counted among its members some of the best men of the State. Its debates excelled by their freedom and instructiveness. It maintained a high standard of official integrity, and was but seldom carried away by a narrow party spirit. It abhorred caucus rule in matters of so much importance as the election of United States Senators, and endeavored among its members an honorable independence of individual opinion. This ruling party, too, in Massachusetts was controlled for more by public sentiment in contradistinction to control by "bosses" or "machines" than in many other States. It was proud of having the best champions of great principles, and to fight in the vanguard of progress. Its conventions were meetings of freemen having opinions of their own, and intent upon putting forward for high office their best men, who would do honor to their State and to the whole nation. And such men would have considered it a disgrace to themselves and a degradation to the offices they were to fill had they in the slightest degree permitted themselves to descend to the low arts of political management in order to obtain their places. Such was the Republican Massachusetts of BAKER, WILSON, and AYER.

There has been a decided change. The Republican party of Massachusetts is now hardly less machine-ridden than is that of New York. The Legislature has lost its prestige. Within a few years past it has repeatedly been subjected to suspicion of corrupt dealings, and now it obviously carries out the behests of its party boss. And this does not mean that it has sometimes and in some important respects been most effectively promoted by the present beneficiary of it. Mr. LODGE is a man of fortune, of high social position, of large literary attainments, and of considerable general ability. He grew up under the influence of surroundings most favorable to the development of a high toned public man. CHARLES SUMNER was an intimate friend of his family. He belonged to a circle of young men distinguished by ability, culture, public spirit, and a noble ambition of public usefulness. He started in public life with the most laudable intentions as a Massachusetts Republican of the best type, animated with the purpose of keeping alive and improving upon the best traditions of the party and the State. In 1884 he attended the Republican National Convention as a delegate and one of the most ardent opponents of Mr. BLAINE's nomination for the Presidency. He was eloquent in his denunciations of Mr. BLAINE's record and public character, and in his predictions of the evils sure to follow were such a man nominated and elected. But Mr. BLAINE was re-nominated, and Mr. LODGE had agreed at the turning point of his career. Almost all the friends of his youth went one way, he the other. He remained with his party, not in silent submission, as some other Republican opponents of Mr. BLAINE did, but he became an open and active advocate of Mr. BLAINE's election. He was rewarded with a Republican nomination for Congress, and he took the reward.

The reason he gave for his course—that he still saw in the Republican party, even with Mr. BLAINE at its head, the best safeguard of the public interest—would have more readily taken as sincere had he not at once accepted his reward, and had he not subsequently, to accommodate himself to the tendencies of his party, dropped most of the opinions and turned his back upon many of the principles he had formerly professed, not only on the field of politics and economics, but also on that of public ethics. Had he remained true to his original convictions and standards, he would have resisted to the last the adoption by his party of an extreme protective policy—but

he supported the McKinley tariff; he would have strenuously opposed any policy dangerous to peace, property, and the growth of friendly relations between the whites and the negroes in the South; he became the sponsor of the famous force bill; he would not only have advocated civil service reform measures in the House of Representatives, but he would have made himself the example of a member of Congress practically treating the office as his district as a place of public trust to be filled according to the ground of merit, without any partisan consideration—but he became a distributor of spoils like the rest of them; he would have struggled hard to preserve the good old political traditions of his State; he would have fought in the battle and to keep his party in Massachusetts free from machine rule, and to maintain its high intellectual and moral character; he would have modeled his own conduct strictly upon the high standard set by his early friend, CHARLES SUMNER, in proudly abstaining from anything but political work in the pursuit of public office—but he was introduced and developed machine methods in the government of his party; he proved upon the Legislature a "grey-mantling" scheme from the shamelessness of which even his followers recoiled, he devoted himself to the business of business and commerce, and the machine hand; he induced the Republican State Convention to pass a resolution instructing the Republican members of the Legislature to hold, for the first time in the history of the State, a caucus for the nomination of a United States Senator. He set up the platform for the election of a Senator, favorable to himself; he brought about the holding of a "snag" caucus even before the Legislature was organized, causing our own HILL and McFARLANE, and he thus effected his nomination and election as a Senator of the United States. CHARLES SUMNER, the great champion of the Republic, was thus treated and disgraced from the conduct of his pupil. This State of Massachusetts has never seen a Senatorial election like this.

Success, by whatever means achieved, has a seductive charm for many minds. But those who study Mr. LODGE's machine of scholastic political science should not overlook this significant circumstance. Mr. LODGE might, and in all probability would, have reached the goal of his ambition just as easily, and much more honorably and satisfactorily to himself, had he remained true to his first ideal. He had all the requisites of a brilliant career, and a high command. Had he given all the ability and time and labor he squandered on the miserable business of machine-building and wire-pulling, and on the direction of tricky party politics, to the earnest study and treatment of public questions, and on the education of a high class of political students, the Senatorship would surely have come to him as a free offering by a State proud of him, instead of his running after it like a man who would admit it if he could not get it honestly. He would thus have set the example of a high standard of dignity and independence, owing his position to his own merit, unhampered by any obligation to greedy benefactors, and free to do his best, according to his lights and his conscience, for the welfare of the American people. It is not improbable that, having his assured years before him, his means to do this earth. But he will find that a machine-made Senator is not permitted to forget his origin. His associations are apt to cling to him, and unless his funds in time his general element, to make his position of honor and power one of continual self-reproach and humiliation. There are not many instances on record in which a man of spirit and higher aspirations, once fallen under such dependence, succeeded in freeing himself entirely from the lamping and galling yoke.

THE "ANTI-SNAPPERS" AND THE SEN. FORSWHIP.

Tan "anti-snappers" are the great body of Democrats in the State of New York who are opposed to the methods of the "machines." Speaking broadly, they may be said to be the Democrats who believe in the Democratic principles that have triumphed in the election of GROVER CLEVELAND. The "machines" are thoroughly organic. Under the law of the State, they are organized and have been developed as an organization formed for the purpose of capturing offices, spoils, contracts, opportunities for making money and of public works, the control of the public business and the public money, with the opportunities thereby afforded for building up their own nests, for filling their own purses with gains mainly ill-got.

The "anti-snappers" doubtless constitute the majority of the 60,000 citizens who cast their votes for Mr. CLEVELAND. The "machines" are thoroughly organic. Under the law of the State, they are organized and have been developed as an organization formed for the purpose of capturing offices, spoils, contracts, opportunities for making money and of public works, the control of the public business and the public money, with the opportunities thereby afforded for building up their own nests, for filling their own purses with gains mainly ill-got.

State Convention, it is apparent why the "machine" is in power in the party.

The Democratic voters, although apparently arrayed through the "machine" have no voice in the government of their own party. They cannot select their delegates for a Convention. In the city the delegates are appointed by Tammany Hall. One of the city they are appointed by the local and State machines. Not only have the voters no voice in the selection of delegates, but the delegates to a convention have no discretion in nominating candidates. These are dictated to them by "bosses." The "bosses" at present constitute a group known as the "Big Four" of whom one the Governor of the State is a humble and obedient tool.

And yet this powerful and autocratic "machine" has been defeated and baffled by the Democratic voters who insisted on the issue of the "anti-snappers." The party was led by the "Big Four," proposed to defeat Mr. CLEVELAND and secure his own nomination through the manipulation of his "machine." Notwithstanding the fact, however, that the issue of election was important to him, they could not prevent a group known as the "Big Four" of whom one the Governor of the State is a humble and obedient tool.

The weight of character and intelligence, as well as the majority of the Democratic voters, is against the "anti-snappers." The party was led by the "Big Four," proposed to defeat Mr. CLEVELAND and secure his own nomination through the manipulation of his "machine." Notwithstanding the fact, however, that the issue of election was important to him, they could not prevent a group known as the "Big Four" of whom one the Governor of the State is a humble and obedient tool.

During the weeks that intervened between the Presidential election and the Democratic caucus which set the seal of approval on Mr. McFARLANE's candidacy, during the Presidential campaign, the "anti-snappers" maintained an active role. They recognized that the "machine" was in control of the Legislature, but they also knew that a popular cause might have been raised against Mr. McFARLANE. They recognized that the "machine" was in control of the Legislature, but they also knew that a popular cause might have been raised against Mr. McFARLANE.

Mr. McFARLANE's second term in the Presidency, the "anti-snappers" would be better than the election of any one except of some such distinguished man of his own number as Mr. FAIRBANKS. Mr. McFARLANE's second term in the Presidency, the "anti-snappers" would be better than the election of any one except of some such distinguished man of his own number as Mr. FAIRBANKS. Mr. McFARLANE's second term in the Presidency, the "anti-snappers" would be better than the election of any one except of some such distinguished man of his own number as Mr. FAIRBANKS.

There is no doubt, if they use their great strength, that they can put an end to the "machine" and secure the election of a man of their own number. They are the only party in sympathy with Mr. CLEVELAND, but their main strength they have gone far enough for harmony. Good nature will rejoice that there was no compromise with the "anti-snappers." They are the only party in sympathy with Mr. CLEVELAND, but their main strength they have gone far enough for harmony. Good nature will rejoice that there was no compromise with the "anti-snappers."

MAYOR GILROY'S APPOINTMENTS.

On January 21, the day after he assumed office, the new Mayor of New York, John A. Gilroy, has issued a list of his appointments to his commission, one to exercise the greatest powers and perform the most important duties for years to come. Under the present charter these high offices are filled by the Mayor alone, and these appointments are likely to be made by the Mayor alone, and these appointments are likely to be made by the Mayor alone.



MARKING OUT THE ICE FOR CUTTING.



PUSHING ICE TO THE STAGEBOAT.



SAWING THE ICE INTO BLOCKS.



AN DORY AT FULL SPEED



CHIPPING A HOLE FOR FISHING



TAKING FISH OUT OF NET

SCENES ON THE SHREWSBURY RIVER DURING THE COLD SPELL—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. C. HENNING.



ACT II.—DOFER RECEIVES AN ENVIARY OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.



ANDREAS DOFER.



TYPES OF TYROLESE PEASANTS.



DOFER'S WIFE AND PEASANT GIRL.



ACT IV.—FRENCH SOLDIERS LEAVING FOR THE BATTLE.

THE OUT-OF-DOOR TYROLESE NATIONAL THEATRE AT MERAN—SCENES FROM "TYROL IN THE YEAR 1899."—[SEE PAGE 64.]



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED AT THE GREEN STREET ENTRANCE TO FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA, BY THE PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI.—DESIGNED BY HENRIETTA SHAW.—(SEE PAGE 65.)

drains haunted by many dogs, gloomy cemeteries surrounded with many generations of the dead, frequented by tramps, fugitives from the law, and other homeless creatures.

In Brussels we are in the country lanes as soon as the last houses are passed, leaving the ecrit of lay and of manure, amongst the trees and running streams of fair landscape scenes.

and training schools of fair escapees, some of the latter, in the large hamlets which it pumps forth, breeding air, full of strengthening anarchy and ardor. All round about the outskirts of Brussels are villages, flowering meadows, farms, noisy with lowing cattle, and the arbores of little Flemish inns, from which the sounds of music playing, and the little flocks, flock into the green fields, and under the shade of the trees, the thick-set, brown-skinned drivers roared the tables, tended one of a landscape by Teniers; whilst in the distance the grand framework of a dike, which gradually becomes more rocky—the Walloon country, with its noisy sea, so thoroughly Flemish, was exhibited by a sturdy, stout and active man, speaking a rough, unchanging patois.

[illegible]

THE PAIN OF JUSTICE

apartments of his house, in which there was hardly room to turn round to live in lodgings is, however, still in low rate in Brussels, where the people like to have plenty of room and, like the rest of the world, judge very much from externals. The other kind of the modern style is a mixture of the two, the starting point being the idea of giving the whole building the appearance of a residential community, and the sets of apartments on one floor having different entrances, doors and the names of certain rooms of each suite.

[illegible]

THE BOSS DE LA CARRER

[illegible]

many little family groups under
one roof.

Hilberto this kind of thing had been all but unknown, none but teachers and journeymen put up with the risks of these little apartments, with their happy go-lucky style of housekeeping. Squares of yellow paper stuck in the windows still seemed, in local fashion, which part of the house is to let. "Apartamento foralado!" is one of the clumsy barbarisms which always cause the mockery of the French. With a view to keep down expenses, the newly-citizen would let out a few of the



OLD SWISS CATHEDRAL, VIENNA



2008年 第14卷第4期

To every one here, accustomed to owning the key of his own house, the Christian of having a guest supposed quite inconspicuously repugnant. Neither did it suit the legs of the people of Brussels to have to climb up fire stairs, their Alpine feet having been hitherto limited to the smooth of the even hills on which their town is built. Then again, the number of rooms in the houses prevented their being suitable for shops, offices, studios, or workshops. The natives prefer less rigorous conditions of life, where there is some scope for individuality, and where the house does not look quite so much like a syndicate of households and of close polite communities.

Men who remember 1830 will speak with pride of a Brussels in which, after leaving the theatre on the Place de la Monnaie, the society of the time met at the so-called Au Doux, a simple tavern used as a kind of club, where members of the most distinguished noble families of Belgium, such as the Borchgraves, the Chasteliers, the Andolats, and the De Mevres, might be seen drinking Louvain beer and playing cards by candle light for stakes of fifty crowns (*Monnaies de Vingt Francs*, by J. Biers de Ten Housen), a Brussels evening had three well-known—the *Grande*, the *Petit Chœur des Pays Bas*, and the *Agnus*; where the bourgeoisie flocked to the celebrated Café des Mille-Colombes to see the owner of that advantage himself light the gas, then an almost unknown luxury, a Brussels without cars, without cab, or vigilantes, as they are called, and in which the first smiles, under the name of *soberoy*, did not appear



MARCHING OF A REGIMENT OF THE LINE.

until 1808, a Brussels where, on the 5th of May, 1803, the English Sophomore, a visitor of the British steam engine, came to start a train of Berlin's diligence, cars, and wagons, forcing a smoking passage through crowds of people rushing to see the strange sight, a Brussels from which started, twice a week, a carriage which made the journey from that town to Namur in Valenciennes in thirty-six hours, finally, a Brussels where the political manoeuvres of a reign, which opened with noble traditions and brilliant prospects, admitted to the ranks of the aristocracy many low born but ardent supporters of the young monarchy.

The hastily constituted court of Leopold I. recruited as it was from foreign merchants and masters of France, was not at first obstructed by the severe oligarchy which was later enforced by the Belgian Senate. The hatred between the old nobles and the democracy was inveterate, and it was necessary to constitute the ambitions and predilections of both

* An old-fashioned four-wheeled carriage, named after the town of Berlin, where it was invented.—*Times*.

† The measure has been done a little, as reported in English letters, the expression of the reference to the great political struggle which took place between 1830 and 1835, when the Belgian nation by becoming separated from that of Holland, and the people of Belgium were for themselves, with a declaration that cannot be too highly prized, a constitutional form of government, working in liberty in the name of religion, and of education. A provision, in which the democracy itself stipulated that, signs of new times was extended by years of quiet and successful progress, recently checked even during the epidemic in France when the Republic was proclaimed.



THE PLACE DE L'HÔTEL DE VILLE.



THE MAIN PART OF THE MARCH.

The opening scene—a market in a Tyrolean village—is made especially effective by the variety of old costumes, now long out of date, more fantastic and gay than those of the present day.

Of course Andreas Hofer is the principal role in the play. We see him at home in his "Siedelhaus" in the Puster Valley, unfurling the old flag, and calling his countrymen to arms. "For God, emperor, and fatherland." We see him in fact, after the victorious campaign, surrounded by the jubilant Tyrolese.

After all this short lived joy follows the sad end. Andreas Hofer is betrayed, taken prisoner, conducted to Monza, and then we behold him for the last time on his way to death in the fortress of Mantua.

Hofer on his way to Monza is especially effective. From the archers' stands, scarcely audible, a melancholy strain of music. Silence reigns over the village, the inhabitants of which begin to collect in groups about the streets. Bad are the women's faces, gloomy those of the men, and all gaze expectantly down the street. Now a body of men comes in sight. A detachment of French soldiers, forty men strong, clad in exact imitation of the old Tyrolean uniform, in their midst Andreas Hofer and his family. Hofer's head is bowed, and his bearing denotes deep depression, but firmness. Not a sound interrupts the solemn silence, but hardly have the soldiers passed when hundreds of fists are raised in position rage, and angry faces glower after the victims.

The two scenes, "Marching out of the village" and "The victory return," deserve special notice. They march out, several hundred of them, mountainmen, in battle, yelling, laughing, here and there breaking ranks to take a last farewell of some dear one. Young and old, every one who can bear arms, fall in. Wild and during they look, these peasants, with their fantastically decorated Tyrolean hats, rusty halberds, old muskets and rifles, some even with only a sword club. Just as striking a picture presents the scene "Returns of the victors," and not less so the fourth act, entitled, "During the battle of the Schlattenberg."

The closing event again leads us to the village, where the school master, surrounded by young and old, mixes in simple yet touching words the last hours of Andreas Hofer. As for the ending it is really remarkable when one considers that only three weeks intervened between the first rehearsal and the opening of the season.

From Andreas Hofer (schmacker) Christened and his companions in arms speckled down to the last important role, all act intensely and easily.

The theatre was closed at the end of October, but will be reopened next spring as soon as the weather permits.

S. YARD.



MERCURY AMUSING HIMSELF

by Mr. F. W. Richenthal, the sculptor, who has embodied it in a piece of statuary, which is to be erected in Portland Place, St. Louis. As this is to be the first piece of purely

decorative art put up in that city, it marks the beginning of a movement that will redound to the credit of its citizens. The work is at first free in design, and the sculptor has admirably caught the spirit of the idea. It was shown in the Paris Salon in 1881, and afterwards in bronze. Mr. Frederick W. Richenthal is a resident of St. Louis, and has studied six years in Paris under famous masters. He has now returned to New York, where he has a studio.

OUR NEW STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.

RECENTLY has had a magnificent exhibition of modern paintings and sculpture during the past year. It has been held in the Adelphi Park, and a vast building covering several acres in the midst of this park devoted to it. A building idea conceived with it was the proposition of art, and concerts have been held every night in the buildings connected with it, and the Germans have turned out by the thousands with their families to enjoy the paintings, and then go to another part of the grounds and listen to some of the finest military music in the world. The paintings in the exhibition are by the most famous of the modern German artists, and the rooms devoted to sculpture are full of magnificent pieces. The work which has attracted the greatest attention is the memorial statue of Washington, which Professor Rudolph Knappe is making for the city of Philadelphia. Some of the figures of this have been completed in bronze, and a life size model of the whole monument taken up one of the largest rooms in the whole building. This room is always crowded, and the statue is considered one of the finest of modern times. It has a base which is fully thirty feet in diameter, and this base is octagonal in shape, and runs from it by easy steps to the bottom of the pedestal upon which the monument stands.

The whole structure is fully fifty feet high, or about the height of a four-story house. A great glass roof had to be built up above it in order to show it to be erected in the Exposition Hall, and this roof slopes up to an apex at the centre, in the top of which the head of Washington almost touches. The statue itself is an exquisite one, and it represents General Washington in his Continental uniform as he carried at the head of his troops. The figure is several times life size, and the horse, which stands with the right foot raised, is an immense steed. Washington's cloak is thrown back from his body, as though blown back by the wind, and the whole statue is full of action.

The figures about the pedestal and the base of the monument are even more artistic than the statue itself. Ascending the first steps, you reach a second platform, around which lie great figures emblematic of American life and America. There are two of these figures at each corner of the monument, and some of them are already finished in bronze. Ascending one set of steps, you pass between resulting statues of an Indian hunter and an Indian maiden, who is repeating her note for fishing. These lie on their elbows. They are about twice life size, and they are magnificent pieces of sculpture. The father girl is entirely nude, and the hunter has only a loincloth of feathers. Below these are magnificent bronze statues of hickories and deer, and on other parts of the base you find other animals emblematic of America. At another corner Columbus, in the shape of a beautiful woman with a horn of plenty in her



THE ICE JAM IN THE NORTH RIVER—DRAWN BY A. HERCKE.



MISS MAUDE ADAMS AS SHE APPEARS IN THE FIRST ACT OF "THE MASQUE BALL."

MISS MAUDE ADAMS.

On October 1st of last year, Miss John Drew made his first appearance as a star in *The Masque Ball* in this city. The success was so actual that he has been here ever since, and other cities in which he was announced to appear have had to wait with patience for his delayed coming. It is not necessary to tell the people of these cities anything about Miss Drew. He was known to them as a comedian of Anglin's. But's company where he had less to do, and more that he has more to do, and that there is more of a good thing in consequence, they will like him the better in proportion.

It is not of Miss Drew that we need speak. He has with him, as the leading light of his company, Miss Maude Adams, and it is for her coming that the people of these cities are waiting. *The Masque Ball* is now running. Its way should be prepared, that they may not miss meeting her. People who write for the papers are very fond of discovering those who, so they declare, have "burst into success with a bound," and who have "awakened one morning to find themselves famous." This sort of success seems to be much more popular with the reading public than the slow, plodding and slow motion for success which every one has watched in the country. It often happens that the subjects of these sudden successes are spelt by this class of readers such as "poet," and "actor," and "singer." The success of Miss Adams has been followed by this class of readers, but her success was founded on five years of training on the stage, and of twenty years of association with it through members of her own family.

Miss Adams has done more than make a name; she deserves it, and it is a consequence, not likely to be spelt. Miss Adams has appeared in many different parts, from the romantic side of the crippled working girl in *The Last Puritan*. She was with Mr. E. H. Sothern, and appeared in *The Minister of Wadsworth*, and in *Dani's Diplomacy* with Charles Frohman's company. She has had the advantage, in consequence, of seeing many different people play different parts, and of playing them herself, and has been fortunate in having been frequently in the same cast with her mother, who is an actress of experience. She is now in her proper element in *The Masque Ball*, and it is no coincidence that she will probably continue to be best known and best liked.

It is a good deal in my way of going a woman, but it is rather difficult to see just who is going to prevent Miss Adams from becoming the leading exponent of light comedy in America. We have excellent actresses and comic-opera queens and comedians without number—we have one or two who appear in the parts played by Miss Mary Anderson—but beyond that are what the part of the young and vigorous woman who is due to the writers of modern comedies, in consequence.

Miss Adams possesses such more than the delightful quality of youth, which is of great value to her, or should be, as, because it enables her to wait, to make her way slowly, and to train herself for the higher things of life, and to possess, besides this, a manner charmingly refined, and yet playful and daring, a nervousness that makes even the slightest lines which the author may put into her mouth sound natural and appropriate, and a light-

displeasure that the child of a minute before seems to have developed suddenly into a woman.

What Miss Adams should do now is to turn her lamp-bowl of talents, if she can, and not let it be a waste of time, but to let it be a success, and prepare to be the first place the will take some day on the American stage.

It is not with the people or the people at the part one with stand are going to think of her than in a moment, but what they are going to think of her three years from now, or five years after she is dead. Here is distinctly a way for her, a way for her, she can do it in her time, and she is going to put on the stage, and not only the people of the world who do the part, but she should study these, and dissect them, and learn to think, and learn what they think in work, and keep on learning, and cultivating, and using for the gifts already hers. She is a very fine thing that is to be put on one day, and which should be in the most time he kept away from open windows and steam heat, and learned only by the best artists, who would play only the best music, and then, when the time comes, the instrument will be in good order and give out the best music. It is true, in a moment, friends have said, Miss Adams did awake one morning in the morning of the 1st of October to find herself famous, but she has offered to go to sleep again. She can afford to wait. For when she is ready to take the stage, she will find very few others there to crowd her.

REWARDED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

On the night of January 20, 1902, the light-keeper at Hatteras Island, on Outermost Island, discovered flames of light, but not, and knowing that they were signals of distress, immediately telephoned to the Coast Life-Saving Station, so near as he could send out, a vessel was started on the way. "A light house," he said, "I will go to her at day-break," was the answer. After calling in the morning, and giving his men breakfast, the station-keeper launched his boat and started for Hatteras. Right away off—their eyes, through snow squalls driven by a heavy southern gale. The gale had weakened all his men; three were at the helm and started for Hatteras. The boat was in three places. One of the crew had just recovered from pneumonia. The thermometer was down to 15°, and continued at that point throughout that and the following day.

Still wet, and after a perilous run the Rip was made; then it was discovered that the vessel was five miles beyond, on the coast and from Hatteras. Nothing daunted, the little boat, only twenty-three feet long, kept on out into the raging sea, and at eleven o'clock the wreck, which proved to be the three-masted schooner *H. P. Alford*, was reached. The hull had already sunk and was burning up, and the crew of seven souls were in the rigging. The perilous task of reaching these men and at the same time preserving the vessel from being swamped or stove was at last accomplished, and the effort to return to shore to the south of the gale began. As the mast and all were now useless, the boat was hoisted up the stern, and the crew was taken off. All that night the freezing life savers battled with the cutting gale and the ice, and all that night the shipwrecked crew, who had been fifteen hours in the rigging, lay helpless in the bottom of the boat. When morning dawned it was found that land was not far off, but it brought little hope, for the men were almost completely exhausted. Tide, however, favored them, and at about ten o'clock, after thirty hours of desperate struggling, without having tasted a morsel of food, they landed on the little beach of Hatteras, set, eight miles from their station. For this act of bravery, which the United States government was pleased to call one of the most courageous in the service, the pay of all was raised to the highest allowed in the service, and the keeper was awarded a gold medal, and each of the crew a silver one. These medals were publicly presented before a large audience in Hatteras on January 9, 1903.

The following are the names of the crew: Walter C. Culbert, captain; Jesse H. Eldredge, John Lyman, Charles B. Culbert, Joseph H. Gould, George Flood, Robert Perkins. Of these, Flood was not present to receive his medal, and Robert Perkins, the man who had at the time just recovered from pneumonia, had been called before a higher tribunal for his reward, having died about one hour after the effects of the exposure on the night of the rescue.



CREW OF THE COAST LIFE-SAVING STATION.

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TERMS: A COPY
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

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RUTHERFORD BURCHARD HAYES.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

THE popular judgment of the character of President Hayes and of his public services has in doubt been injuriously affected by the circumstance that the rightfulness of his election to the Presidency was subjected to serious question. This circumstance gave peculiar point to the bitter hostility of the opposing party, while the most powerful leaders in his own, pretending to have "made" him, found in it a reason for demanding of him more than ordinary subervency to their behests, and accused him of ingratitude when that subervency was refused. But whatever opinion may be held of the true result of the Presidential election of 1876, there was not the slightest ground for believing nor has ever anybody sincerely believed, that Mr. Hayes had sought in the remotest degree to influence the action of the Electoral Commission which declared him elected; and it must be evident to every candid mind that when the verdict of the Electoral Commission had been adopted and solemnly ratified by both Houses of Congress, it was not only his right but his duty as a good citizen, by accepting the Presidency awarded to him, to give final effect to that settlement of one of the most perilous contests in the history of this republic. He could not do otherwise, and every patriotic citizen, of whatever political party, having the true interests of the country sincerely at heart, would have acted as he did. His qualities as a man and his conduct as a public servant should therefore be judged upon their own merits. Independently of the doubt which hung over his election to the Presidency.

It may be said without exaggeration that public

station in this country has seldom if ever been gained by a man of purer character, or higher and more conscientious conception of duty, and more patriotic motives. His career in private as well as in public life was throughout that of a model citizen. He was born in Ohio in 1822. Having received a liberal education, he devoted himself to the practice of the law, and won the general esteem of the profession and of the public by the solidity of his abilities and acquirements, and a conscientious performance of his duties. He sought and found congenial companionship among persons of culture and high character. His principles and sympathies made him an ardent abolitionist. When, after the outbreak of the secession movement, the national government called for defenders, he promptly abandoned his prosperous professional practice and joined the army. The wounds he received attested his valor. By "gallant and meritorious conduct in battle," and by giving evidence of the capability of leadership, he earned for himself the rank and command of a general officer, and a place among the bravest and ablest of our citizen soldiers. In 1864 a nomination for Congress sought him, and he was elected while serving in the 54th. In 1867 he was nominated for the Governorship of Ohio, and elected to that office twice in succession with increasing majorities, one campaign turning upon the reconstruction measures, and the other upon the financial honesty of the national government, of which he became one of the starkest and most uncompromising claspings. His administrations as Governor were without flaw in point of rectitude and good policy. Nominated for Congress in 1872,

he was defeated by a strong combination of opposing forces, and then retired from public life, as he expected, forever. But he was called forth again by a nomination for the Governorship in 1875, which he reluctantly accepted, and then he led in that famous campaign for "sound money," the victorious issue of which sealed the final defeat of the paper-inflation movement.

It was not surprising that the modest man whom public place had so often sought, instead of his seeking it, who by meritorious service had to such a degree won the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens without making name, and who had become so conspicuous a representative of public integrity and sound policies, should have been selected by the National Republican Convention of 1876 as a safe man to lead the party—then seriously discredited by the exposure of corrupt practices under General Grant's second administration—once more to victory. The doubtful result of the election, and the dangers which followed and was finally settled in favor of Mr. Hayes, are well remembered. President Hayes assumed the duties of his office under circumstances of unusual difficulty. Had he been a selfish politician, or a man of no more than an ordinary measure of moral courage, he would have sought the favor of the most powerful elements of his party, that they might fight his battles for him. This he did not do. He had nothing in view but the great interests of the country. In his letter of acceptance he had, according to conviction long entertained, laid great stress upon the necessity of a thorough reform of the civil service. In his inaugural address he re-stated

ated with emphasis his determination to carry on that reform. He turned his cabinet not with a view to please the party potentates, but with a view to the successful execution of the work to be done. He had hardly entered the White House when he began his preparations for the withdrawal of the troops from "the States lately in rebellion"—that great and wise measure of pacification which relieved the Southern people of the curse of a-called carpet-bagging, gave them back their civil government, and became the starting-point of that progressive development which we now behold. The Treasury Department at once vigorously prepared for the resumption of specie payments and the reduction and funding of the national debt at a lower rate of interest. The President by executive order caused public officers against dealing with party politics and the laying of political assessments; competitive examinations, discontinued under President Grant, were resumed in several of the departments in Washington and the great government offices in New York, and subsequently two of the principal and most influential officers in New York were removed on the ground that they had made their office headquarters of political management—an act highly offensive to powerful party leaders.

While these measures were received with favor by the intelligent patriots of the country, they aroused the resentment of the practical politicians high and low—the withdrawal of the troops from the South, because it would turn Republicans into Democratic States; the resumption of specie payments, because it curtailed the patronage domain of the member of Congress and the party magnate. Thus the opposition to the President in Congress and in the party councils grew steadily in strength and violence. The recommendations made by the President and the heads of departments were contemptuously thrown aside. Even the financial measures of the administration were hampered, and a silver bill passed over the President's veto. But he stood firmly by his principles. The Southern policy was maintained, the resumption of specie payments successfully effected, and the financial honor of the country preserved. It is true that the practical reform of the civil service fell short of the original programme; but considering that his predecessor had abandoned the whole system, that President Hayes and the heads of the departments were bound to him, he took with every step appropriations for the purpose, and were at every step obstructed and assailed by a hostile Congress, it is remarkable that not more, but rather, such of permanent value was accomplished. If President Hayes had been content with a complete reform of the civil service, he certainly saved that reform from utter annihilation, and gave it a new and vigorous impulse without which its subsequent progress would hardly have been possible. And more than this, from the very day of President Hayes's advent to power that spirit of proficiency which had spread to an alarming extent in political circles rapidly gave way to a high tone of conscientiousness, integrity, and honor. Even the society of the capital received a new and most salutary impulse, and the daily life of the nation, the news of the family life at the White House. No attentive observer could fail to be struck by the salutary transformation.

The ordinary politician has been, and probably will be, found fault with, saying that the administration of President Hayes was a political failure. But what is political success? If it consists in the organization and the support of a large following of bootlickers who shout the praises of the leader that feeds them, or in securing the support of Congress by pandering to the party potentates, then President Hayes certainly failed. But if it consists in devising and carrying through measures and policies friendly to the country, then the administration of President Hayes, which saved new needs of peace, patriotism, and progress from the "States lately in rebellion," which carried through the resumption of specie payments, which gave new and vigorous vitality to the then moribund reform of the civil service, which infused a new spirit of purity and conscience into our political life, and which then was followed by a series of steps steadily tending to the general contentment with the recent conduct of the government, has been the most successful of all Republican administrations excepting only that of Abraham Lincoln. That President Hayes might have accomplished still more had he possessed a less opinionistic and a more consistent propagandist is true, but no fair-minded man will compare that which he did accomplish with the chances he had to overcome without recognizing in him statesmanlike good sense as well as firmness of purpose of a high order. New York and the nation are indebted to him to advise and to have the genius of his patriotism, the warm generosity of his heart, and the thorough coolness of his character.

After the expiration of his term as President he gave his life to philanthropic work. He died after a short illness and was laid into his grave on the 29th of January.



SENATOR MURPHY.

THE State of New York, of all the States in the Union the greatest in population, in wealth, in manufacturing power, in commerce, the financial centre of the country, has just performed the solemn act of appointing, through its Legislature, one of its members to the highest legislative body of the republic. It would seem natural that, considering the dignity of the State and the vastness and complicated character of its interests, great care should have been taken to select for so important an office a citizen distinguished by his ability, his political knowledge and experience, and his high standing in the esteem of his countrymen. There being no lack of such men among the inhabitants of New York, the only endorsement in making the choice should have been that of selecting the worthiest among the worthy. This would seem all the more natural since an eminent citizen of New York has just been elected President of the United States, who should receive in the great office of the nation the reforms which are expected of his administration especially faithful and statesmanlike aid from the Senators representing his home constituency. But the man whom the Legislature actually did appoint is Mr. EDWARD MURPHY, Jun., a man of no renown on political and economic subjects, of no fame, he has any; we are not aware of a man whose only political training has been that of a fighter for spoils and of an organ of a body of insolence, and whose only political interest has been that of providing profitable places for his friends and his political "pushing," those who would not serve him; a man, too, known to be bitterly hostile to the newly elected President, for the reason that he found in him an obstacle to his selfish schemes—in short, a man who might properly have been called the worst of the worst for a conspicuously amiable person to take the important and honorable position to be filled.

Now can it be said that the members of the Legislature belonging to his party selected him, for it is a notorious fact that in voting for him they merely ratified the selection made by their constituents—that he selected himself, not because he thought himself the fittest, or even a fit, man for the position—for that is hardly possible—but because the place took his fancy, and he "wanted" it. And he obtained the almost unanimous approval of the Democratic members of the Legislature through the aid of two of his friends. One of these was DAVID R. HILL, for many years the chief of the Democratic machine in the State and now himself a Senator; and the other, HENRY CROCKER, who, as the father of a powerful organization of violence, known as Tammany Hall, runs the municipal government of New York city, and controls the votes of the members of the Legislature elected by his organization. The motives which led these two men to make Mr. MURPHY Senator are well known, and need not be stated here. Mr. HILL, now Mr. CROCKER would in the slightest degree be troubled by any consideration of the public interest in picking out a man for a position like the Senatorship. But Mr. HILL, who had been an aspirant to the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, had feared Mr. MURPHY a very useful ally in securing to him the delegation from this State, and he thought Mr. MURPHY fit for further use. And afterwards, he wished to have a colleague in the Senate who could be counted upon never to overshadow him by his ability, and who was likely to become a convenient tool in his hands, not in asking, but in honoring the President in his reformatory efforts, and in winking as much spoil as possible from the national administration. And as to Mr. CROCKER, he was bound to Mr. MURPHY by a personal friendship contracted by a common interest in a stock farm, and by valuable financial benefits obtained from him. He also thought it a convenient thing to have a true fellow-traveler in so high a place in Washington. These two men ordered the majority of the Legislature, composed of their household troops, to elect Mr. MURPHY, and thus the great State of New York, with all its dignity as the Empire State of the Union, and

its vast and important interests, received Mr. MURPHY as a representative in the Senate of the United States. This simple record of universally known facts may read like a harlequinade of Democratic government, but it is not so. It is the real thing, and it is not only the fact of the election of such a man as Mr. MURPHY to so high an office as the Senatorship, but also the manner in which that election was effected, must bring a blush of shame upon the cheek of any self-respecting member of the Empire State, it also brings. That the thing should be so, is equally true. The first utterances of the storm have already been heard. The very caucus which nominated Mr. MURPHY for the Senatorship was started by a vote of protest and warning issued up by a man upon whose ready obedience the machine had counted. And this voice received an especial significance from the fact that it proceeded from a representative of the German element in the ruling party, who may have felt that his constituency had arrived at the utmost limit of their patience. That the choice of the machine was so very objectionable, it is necessary to specify the feeling rising against them is evident. There is nothing impossible in the report that Mr. CROCKER has concluded to relieve him self of the companionship of Mr. HILL in the division of the spoils of the Empire State. It is an easy sacrifice, and likely to turn out a very advantageous one. Mr. HILL, with all his seeming showiness as a politician, has proved himself a stupid blunderer, after all, and since the wretched failure of his attempt upon the Presidency he has sold his prestige and his power. Even the political circles have ceased to respect him. By throwing him overboard Mr. CROCKER will not only lose an associate of valuable influence, but he may even expect in some measure to propitiate public opinion; for the fact of his removal is decidedly the most harmless and contemptible in the eyes of decent people.

Mr. HILL would also be a somewhat awkward figure in the game which is now to be played to glaze the outface of Mr. MURPHY's election. It is reported, and is doubtless true, that he will not offer Mr. CLEVELAND's inauguration as President. Senator MURPHY will call upon him to present the formal assurance of his willingness faithfully to support Mr. CLEVELAND's administration. This promise Mr. HILL will not make, and he will not make a tariff diatribe and for an improvement of the currency, for more than dumb brutes Mr. MURPHY will hardly be able to give. But in return for his assurance of support, Senator MURPHY will expect the patronage of the national government in this State to be turned over to him; and if it is not, as it rarely will not, Senator MURPHY will think himself entitled to accuse the President, when he approached him so freely in a spirit of base ingratitude, and of a fawning desire to disturb the harmony of the Democratic party. But the President, as well as every intelligent man in the country, will easily see through so clumsy a game. They will appreciate the motives of this Greek offering gifts. They will understand that unless a complete change comes over their minds, which is highly probable, they are now being tamely persecuted. Mr. CLEVELAND, with his magnanimity, will only smite him with his pretenses of friendship. The insolent outrage inflicted upon the State of New York by the election to the Senate of such a man as Mr. MURPHY cannot win his pardon, and the coming situation will be as well as every intelligent man and the honest and self-respecting elements in the Democratic party cannot be averted by artifice as transparent as this.

CONFESSION IMPOSSIBLE.

The political situation in New York appears to have been changed by the actual election of Mr. MURPHY to the Senate. In reality there has been, and can be, no change. The "machine" has done its worst. It has put its finger in its eye, and the honest and self-respecting elements in the Democratic party cannot be averted by artifice as transparent as this.

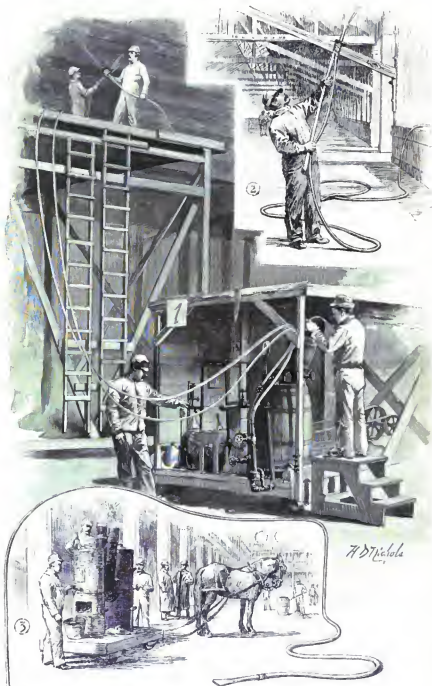
Mr. MURPHY has come an accession of capital to the "machine" is now endeavoring to avoid the inevitable and logical consequences of its conduct.

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NIAGARA FALLS IN WINTER—VIEW FROM LUNA ISLAND.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH





COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE KALSO-MINE MACHINE FOR COVERING LARGE SURFACES—DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS—[SEE PAGE 51.]

1. The Machine. 2. Working from the Floor. 3. The Steam Engine (Kalsomine Heater).



THE EMERIT OF SCULPTURE.



DOORWAY.



OLD TAPESTRIES AND ENIGMATICES.



METAL-WORK.



WEST SIDE OF GALLERY.

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK—VIEWS IN THE GEORGE W. VANDERBILT GALLERY.—DRAWN BY ROSE AND EDWARDS AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEBLANC.—[SEE PAGE 82.]



QUAIL-SHOOTING—FOUR BARRELS AND
Continued on page 216





OSTRICH-FARMING IN CALIFORNIA.—[See Page 81.]

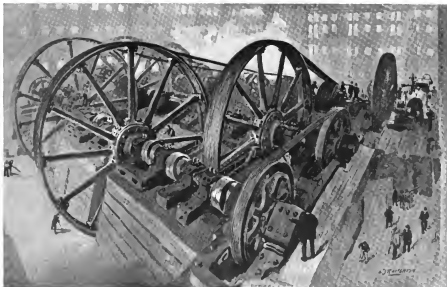


THE DAM ON THE OHIO RIVER NEAR CINCINNATI.



COVINGTON, KENTUCKY, WHERE THE GOVERNMENT OFFICERS INTENDED BLASTING WITH DYNAMITE.

THE ICE BARGE ON THE OHIO.—DRAWN BY A. HENCKE AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANDT, CINCINNATI.—[SEE PAGE 35.]



THE NEW CABLE ROAD ON BROADWAY, NEW YORK.—INTERIOR VIEW OF THE POWER-HOUSE AT FIFTY-FIFTH STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES HENCKE.



NEW YORK BAY DURING THE COLD SPELL.—DRAWN BY FRANK H. SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 67.]



AN ABANDONED FERRY BOAT.—FROM A CONCEPT BY HENSON.

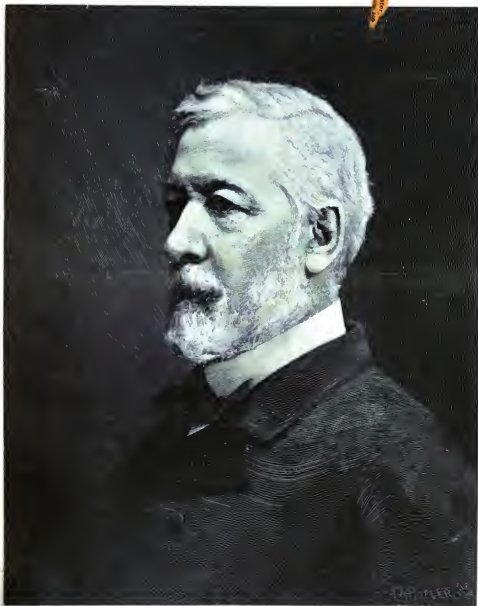
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1901.

TEN CENTS A COPY
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JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PERALTA.

NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 4, 1903.

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Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

THE death of JAMES G. BLAINE has removed from the political stage of America one of its most conspicuous, important, and remarkable figures. No public man in this generation has been supported by his followers with more enthusiastic and demonstrative fervor, and been combated with more persistent enmities by his opponents. His feelings have crossed in both directions—were called forth, first by his views and achievements as a statesman than by the peculiar attributes of his personality. His public service indeed covered many years, and he steadily rose from one position of importance to another, stepping about only of the highest. He was a young man of thirty-three when, after the election of 1862, he became a member of the national House of Representatives. He soon distinguished himself as a man of uncommon ability, as a vigorous debater of the combative order, and as a person of great industry. His merits were quickly recognized, and he was elevated to the Speakership, which powerful position he held during three Congresses, to be superseded only when the Democrats obtained a majority in the House. Then followed a few years in the Senate of the United States, whereupon he was twice appointed Secretary of State and put in control of our foreign affairs, first by President GARFIELD, and then by President HARRISON. During the last years of his life he was, if not the actual leader, at least the most prominent member of the Republican party.

This was what might be called a political career of remarkable brilliancy, and such a career can certainly not be achieved without facilities of an extraordinary nature. The future historian who will have to tell the story of our country, having personally known Mr. BLAINE will, however, in more respects, be puzzled by the reputation Mr. BLAINE enjoyed in his day. He was called a great orator, although he had never delivered a speech that produced a profound effect at the time or that will live to be remembered by history; and he was celebrated as the first American statesman of his period, without ever having initiated a measure of great importance or distinguished himself as the advocate or as the antagonist of one, until toward the end of his career, when his championing of the so-called "reciprocity" was opposition to the dense stupidity of the McKIMLEY tariff, and of the scheme to unite the American republics in an economic policy hostile to European competition. In this, indeed, whatever we may think of the reciprocity scheme in its economic aspect, he showed a magnanimity of spirit to that of the party majority. But during all the years that Mr. BLAINE served in Congress he cannot be said ever to have been a genuine leader of opinion, except, perhaps, in his opposition to certain measures of a restrictive policy to be applied to the South during the Presidency of General Grant. Nor was his conduct of our foreign policy distinguished by any striking achievements promoting the interests or exalting the honor of the United States, unless the reciprocity treaties concluded since his enactment of the McKinley tariff were called a national benefaction. His administration of the State Department was rather characterized by a strong flavor of that "jingoism" which is apt to be more profile of embarrassing and humiliating quarrels than of diplomatic triumphs, and which, while tickling the vanity of the nation, dispirits and repels the sober-minded patriot.

That Mr. BLAINE, in spite of his shortcomings, attracted the attention and engaged the interest of his countrymen in so remarkable a degree was in great part owing to his extraordinary power of personal fascination. No public man in the United States, in one day, united in himself so many of those elements of popularity which will not only "make friends" among the politicians and charm the multitude, but also win the goodwill and occasionally mitigate, if not disarm, the criticism of men of thought and principle. A naturally vivacious and versatile mind, well stored with that kind of information which makes conversation interesting and attractive; a ready, brilliant wit, and the capacity of receiving the wit of others; a taste of elegant, but apparently confidential good-fellowship, making every one coming in contact with him feel himself the object of special interest; genuine, sympathetic good-nature, rather inclined gratefully to remember a friendly act than to resent and punish an un-

friendly one; an unemphatically retentive memory for names and faces; a quick perception of the movements of popular opinion, and a ready inclination to yield to them; an eloquence neither remarkably argumentative nor elevated, but endowed with a peculiar dash, giving the impression of courage and confidence—all these qualities contributed to that "suggestion" with which Mr. BLAINE attracted and held a large following of personal admirers by no means confined to his own political party. It may be said that if he was not in the true sense a leader on the field of opinion, he was a leader on the field of sentiment. His followers and friends sincerely believed that if he were put in the proper place of power he would certainly do something brilliant that would redound greatly to the advantage of the American people and to the glory of the American name, although nobody seemed to have a definite and clear conception of what that brilliant achievement would be. No doubt he was himself inspired by the ambition of making this republic the ruling power on the whole American continent and one of the most important in the position in the world what might become of our side and time-honored traditions of foreign policy.

Nothing is more natural than that a man so endowed and so situated should have thought of himself and should have been thought of by others as a candidate for the Presidency, and it is not uncertain that he would have been elected President had not certain transactions which had happened while he was Speaker of the House of Representatives subjected him to the charge of having sold his office for private pecuniary gain. While his personal following—in fact, all those under the charm of his personality—as well as a large majority of the members of his party were ready to deny any and every charge against him that was not proved to be true, and to excuse, palliate, forgive, and forget all that was said against him, there was a strong minority of Republicans who believed the accusations well founded, and who insisted that a man with such a stain upon his character should not wear the highest honors in the Republic. And thus Mr. BLAINE was excluded from the nomination of a leading candidate for the Presidency, constantly reaching for the glittering prize, but seeing that prize constantly eluding his grasp, and this for a reason which was to himself most painful and humiliating. Although he was undoubtedly the most popular man with a majority of the people, the National Republican Conventions of 1876 and 1880 refused to nominate him because they would not intrust the fate of the party to so vulnerable a character. And when he succeeded in obtaining the nomination in 1884, the disaster which followed his administration was regarded by the most people of them all. Finally, in 1892, he suffered the crowning humiliation of seeing his own announcement that he would not be a candidate treated as an insult by his very friends; and when he then, at the age of seventy, stepped forward and presented to the Republican Convention under the auspices of a set of discarded politicians, he met with a last and crushing defeat, from which no recovery was possible.

Thus disappeared from public life, under the dark shadow of the sorest disappointment, a man whose uncommon gifts and winning graces might have opened to him a career of brilliant success in the end, had he possessed those most elusive qualities which make a man not only beloved, but also trusted. It is not surprising, therefore, that he should have been baffled in reaching the goal of his ambition, another public man, who possesses neither the attributes nor the arts of personal suggestion and popularity, but whose main strength consists in a character inspiring general esteem and confidence. Even for the second time, therefore, it seems hardly surprising that in his own party, long rewarded by the American people with the highest honor in their gift.

A PITHOLOS CRISIS.

MR. BLAINE'S personal attendance at the funeral of ex-President HAYES has been received by every fair-minded man in the country, of whatever political party, as a graceful act, and it should receive the same respectful and appreciative regard as those who even at this late day fervently adore Mr. HAYES as one who had "slept in the Presidency," and remitted a great crime against the republic, and all those who served under him as equally guilty actors and actors in an unpardonable injury. A brief review of what actually happened in 1876 and 1877 will serve to show that if Mr. CLEVELAND really attended his action to be such a rebuke, he was right.

At the time of the Presidential election of 1876 some of the Southern States were still under so-called carpet bag governments. There were in those States

two elements calculated to render elections uncertain, not only as to the number of votes cast on one side and the other, but also as to the rightfulness of the result. The Democratic party consisted three almost exclusively of Southern whites, the Republican predominance of colored men. In some of the Southern States the colored voters had a majority, but the white Democrats sought to overrule that majority by means of intimidation, actual force, or actual contrivances of various kinds. On the other hand, the Republicans, being in possession of the States of the North, had a considerable number of "loyal boards," which in most instances were empowered by law to reject returns from election districts in which the vote was shown to be vitiated by fraud, intimidation, or violence. These boards, if so disposed, could by an arbitrary use of such power cut down the Democratic vote, and thus elect Republican candidates. That intimidation and violence were frequently employed on the one side to keep down the Republican vote, and that fraudulent returning devices were with equal frequency resorted to on the other parties to nullify the Democratic vote, was universally believed. It appeared really doubtful to the most impartial mind in not a few cases in which made the illegitimate practices had been most largely effective, and wholesale was fairly out of question in the election. This was the condition of things in the Southern States, and, unfortunately, the result of the Presidential election turned upon those very States.

The number of votes, as reported from the election districts, clearly indicated a majority for the Democratic candidate, Mr. TATE, but the majority as they came out of the hands of the returning boards, which had rejected the returns of many election districts on the ground of alleged intimidation, violence, and other irregularities, were for the Republican candidate, Mr. HAYES. The Democrats had thus in the end lost the election, but they had a real victory, for the votes actually cast in those States were for their candidate. The Republicans maintained—and many Republicans no doubt sincerely believed—that the Democratic majority was in fact the result of unlawful practices, and that the returning boards had acted within their legal power and done substantial justice. There was enough of doubt in the case to authorize a difference of opinion. From several of the States double sets of certificates, one set for the Democratic candidate, Mr. TATE, and the Republican candidate, were sent to the President of the United States, subject to the action of the proper authority when the votes were counted before or by the two Houses of Congress. The Constitution provides that the President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the members of both Houses, open the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted. The President of the Senate and a majority of the Senate were Republicans; a majority of the House of Representatives, Democrats. Which of the conflicting parties of certificates would the President of the Senate open? Which would the Democrats and majority of the House insist upon counting? Would not there be an irreconcilable conflict between the two political parties and the two Houses in Congress? Would not that conflict spread to the country? Would not that lead to civil war? These were the dreaded threats of civil war. The crisis seemed full of peril.

The danger was averted by an extraordinary and unlooked-for agreement and advocated by members of both parties in Congress. An act was passed to refer all contested cases to a commission composed of five Senators, five Representatives, and five judges of the Supreme Court, the decision of this commission to be final unless set aside by a concurrent vote of the two Houses of Congress. The "Electoral Commission" was organized, and the members were Mr. HAYES, and Congress, according to the terms of the act, accepted the decision. The conflict was settled, the popular excitement subsided, peace and order resumed undisturbed, and the government went on as nothing extraordinary had happened. It is no exaggeration to say that the unexpected result was with which this settlement was acquiesced in throughout the country furnished one of the most striking proofs of the capacity of the American people to carry on republican government. There were many reasons for the settlement, with the help of the Electoral Commission. Every point of importance had been decided by a vote of right to serve, and according to the party leanings of the different members; and the reasons given by the majority for their votes left much to be said on the other side. The decision, therefore, was a decision of compromise, and did not probably not change the previous conviction of any man as to the rightfulness of the outcome of the winning side. But the result was submitted to by the defeated party to its lasting honor be it to the credit of the nation. It was a great victory for the American people, and it was a great victory for the American government by a correct instinct to what was the principal thing to be accomplished. It was not that the decision should satisfy everybody of its own justice, but that it should secure to the country a government the legal character and author-



AT THE HAYES RESIDENCE.



LEAVING "SPIRIT GROVE" FOR THE CEMETERY.



THE LINE OF MARCH THROUGH DUKLAND AVENUE TO OAKWOOD CEMETERY.



THE MARCH THROUGH DUKLAND AVENUE TO "SPIRIT GROVE."



THE CLEVELAND LIGHT ARTILLERY AND CAVALRY NEAR THE GROVE.

SCENES AT EX-PRESIDENT HAYES'S FUNERAL.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 106.]



JAMES G. BLAINE, JR.



MRS. JAMES G. BLAINE, JR.



WALTER DABROCK



"HAWTHORN," MR. BLAINE'S COTTAGE AT BAR HARBOR.



MR. BLAINE'S HOUSE IN WASHINGTON



LIBRARY, WASHINGTON HOME



DINING-ROOM, WASHINGTON HOME



DRAWING-ROOM, WASHINGTON HOME



BIRTHPLACE, BROWNVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA



RECEPTION ROOM, WASHINGTON HOME

THE BLAINE HOUSES, WITH PORTRAITS. —[SEE PAGE 104.]
The Washington Houses from Photographs by E. C. R.

There is no resemblance between the Buchanans of today and that at which we were now arriving. Since that time one thousand houses are built, on an average, every year, and still of permanent are now laid down in the streets, taking the place of the old flagstones and runs.

The palace, too, has gone through a complete transformation. The original building has it is true, been shifted, giving to the exterior a certain appearance of patch-work, but the inside has a look of home about it, and an altogether individual character.

A sculptor, a true cinque centes master, named Fisher, who has worked for us for twenty-five years, presided at this transformation, and has decorated our rooms with wainscots and furniture of true beauty. The throne-room has become a library in the German Renaissance style. The king's private study is a little museum, while my apartment could contain several valuable old pictures of great rank, on which the light falls from above in a gallery of paintings.

What was my astonishment on receiving the ladies of Bu-

ROMANIAN SOLDIERS

charest, the day after my arrival, at discovering that there was no resemblance whatever between the sentiment of the upper classes and the peasant women! No more matrons of solemn mien and sober veils, but dainty and graceful creatures, resembling me at once of the society of St. Petersburg and Naples. As for the men, they had a French air, at least that is how they struck me when I saw them the next day in the Chamber of Legislation, whither I was conducted in grand state. On that occasion I was very much amazed at the contrast between the elegance of our equipage and the stream we passed through, bordered by little houses irregularly built, and paved with huge stones of different size, causing me and my children to make a good many blunders every hour. On the evening of the same day there was a general illumination. . . . Never in my life had I seen anything like it, in the very streets where once big boned hussars smothered, and gas and electric light struggle for the mastery, nothing was then known but petroleum lamps and candles, and as none of the houses were more than one story high, between the court and the garden, there was often a break in the continuity of the illumination, and deep shadows threw light. . . . I could hardly help smiling, but I soon found this mode of lighting up, this form of a new festival, very characteristic, and then the pathetic side of it all struck me, for each one had done his best in his little house, however humble his means. I learned, moreover, that every Romanian makes a point of living in his own house. If he be laid out, with no floor, with the four walls falling apart, and a shabby roof.

Ask the hardest politician what she likes, and she will reply, "Je me suis" (I am happy).

The day after this entry into my capital I had three. I felt without knowing any one, neither my husband nor my mother of honor, nor the Queen, nor even my chamber-maid, was really rather bad. It seemed, too, particularly trying to bear myself spoken of as a servant by people who knew nothing of my past, after the Russian education I had had, too; nervous and badly brought up, I appeared to me strictly mean creature. My personal but almost that I had in secret on my pillow at that time.

My first sensations were a series of surprises. In the town there were some picturesque streets, where all the doorways were encircled with many colored stuffs, old linen, and green and brown pottery. Other quarters resembled a mockery of

doll's houses so slightly small were the dwellings, looking towards the trees, some looking windows which are being more thoroughly disposed of their inmates every year, in the season, which fill the whole town with their perfume in the spring. Open to the street were the shops of lakera, shawmakers, blacksmiths, with iron-masters whose shops were heavily made from planks, called house was an odd, dingy little place, from the glossy brightness of which looked out men with brightlike figures, but cold eyes and a maliciously smile. The nearer we approached the river Dniester, which runs right across the town, the more the houses, with their projecting balconies and small pinnled chimneys surrounded by carved ironwork, giving them something of a Moorish appearance.

And then the Dniester itself—so reduced to subject, represented by canals, lined with quays, markets, slaughter-houses, schools, hospitals, barracks, and beautiful churches like beautiful, perhaps, because so many—was very different in those days, and presented a sad picture of its banks such as would have delighted poets and artists. People basked in the beautiful mud in post mill fashions, the children, splashed about with droplets of delight, the water carriers led their animals into the stream, washing

their deep themselves as they filled their barrels. And in the deepest part of the water you could see huge forms rising and sinking in confusion, gray bodies with patches full of hair, looking like hippopotami in the distance, though the black mud, stirring up the edge of the neck, and the black muzzles shining in the sun, proved them to be buffaloes.

As time went on I was to make close acquaintance with this clumsy, sluggish, antediluvian beast, so common in Romania! The cow yields quantities of rich milk, from which excellent cream is obtained, and of which very white but careless butter is made. For the buffalo in itself it must be fed on the dried leaves of aspen, and have a bed of hair, looking like the hippopotamus in the distance, though the black mud, stirring up the edge of the neck, and the black muzzles shining in the sun, proved them to be buffaloes.

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FRANK AND FRUITSELLER.

They drive very rapidly, with the arm stretched out, as in St. Petersburg. They are clean, sturdy, and broad. I amused myself sometimes by counting them, to better what the weather, from 120 to 150 carriages an hour passed the windows of the palace, only between two and four o'clock in the morning was there comparative quiet.

In addition to the noise of the carriages, peddlers and porters on foot make the streets reverberate with their long, monotonous notes. These walkers are mostly Bulgarians, wearing long white mantles with wide red woollen sashes, and a red or white fez on the head. They hawk with orange balloons, a horrible drink of fermented millet, and sheep from which the skins have been taken, the stiff blowing bodies hung upon poles. To our streets, which are as imitations of those of Paris, they give a quaint touch of the Oriental.

There is a good deal of amusements going on in Bucharest, and the



A ROMANIAN LADY

people are very sociable and hospitable. No one would sit down to table without two or three extra covers in case of unexpected guests arriving. The peasant invites you to share his meal, if he has a couple of calves, a few boiled hams, and half a melon. But for all that there is no real gaiety, or rather no joy. Never did I see people so sad at heart as the Romanians. The very children have a gravity about them unshared to their years. Their little faces are pinched and pale, their great eyes, fringed with long curling lashes, gleam with intelligence; but their expression is so melancholy that it breaks one's heart to look at them. The Romanians are never surprised at anything. The oil of olive is in his blood; he is born blasé. Enthusiasm is to him a thing unknown. The Moldavian peasants who had been killed by mad wolves, and were



QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ROMANIA.



BUCHAREST.

sent to Father in Paris, were an more surprised at what they met in that city than if it had been their native village. Death has no terrors for them. The Roumanian peasant dies with his spear in his hand, with perfect indifference, and with a dignity widely in quite Oriental.

At the ball given at the palace on New Year's day I asked a peasant girl: "Does this please you?" "Well enough," he replied; "but I have seen it before. Here is my wife, though, who sees it now for the first time!" I turned to her. "You think it beautiful, do you not?" I asked.

"It's not bad," was her reply, which she gave without a smile.

Neither the floods of electric light, nor the jewels, nor the size of the room impressed them; it was the peasant woman who looked like a queen—cold and disdainful, wrapped in this in the velvet folds of her suit, gaudily with the light upon all the Russian costumes and her shoulders.

On my arrival in the country no lady ever sat at her foot in the streets. It was not only unknown to do so, it was impossible, the middle of the thoroughfare being occupied by the crowd. Now with the women walk on pavements bordered by shops and cafes, where people sit at tables, smoking cigarettes and loaves, seated at little tables, and trying to imitate Parisian ways. Now nothing is spoken in the town but French, whence forty years ago Greek was the only language. We know now that will be played to-morrow at the Porte St. Martin; we criticize the new books and the latest fashions; we cut the reverses as if we lived in one of the boulevards of Paris; and we are divided from Paris by the whole of Europe. Markers of human progress from the world and deprive themselves of everything for the sake of being able to read their children in Paris, and the wealthy parents, after having had some little experience of the deplorable results of the absence of civilization, soon accompany their daughters.

Great fortunes have disappeared in Roumania; the large houses have a hundred old doors to take every day, and so many poor were fed, are clothed, and those bearing the grand old estates are trying to make a living. A few ancient dukes whose still remember the old days, and tell you tales of the time when the boyar received at his house, seated on his divan, while his steward held and long hand were washed (an operation which took at least an hour), his sons and his whole court standing motionless before him, waiting to know as if he would do to address them. Not even a son ever dared to do so or to smoke in the presence of his father. Now we are more democratic than the finest of republics, and can take very high rank in setting good manners at defiance.

Education should be fatal to family life, and young people do not know that confidants to the mother at the end of every day is a better thing than either the Ecole Centrale or the Lycée Louis le Grand of Paris can give. But nowadays everybody wants study, and every young girl, whether rich or poor, must take her husband's degree.

No mother is fonder of solitude than the Roumanian, she is a perfect shawl in her children. During the war the deaths of the women of our country greatly astonished the foreign doctors. Some of these women never left the hospital, not even at night; they nursed for the poor young mothers as if they had been their own children, saying to themselves that perhaps to-morrow their own boys might lie writhing with the horrors of death among strangers.

Unfortunately, the sudden changes of climate, and the pestilential miasms which surround Bucharest, are a cause of perpetual anxiety to mothers.

Wounds are perennial to death in the time of the epidemic of diphtheria, when as many as three children were buried in one coffin, when many acres were depopulated, the in habitants all dead, families of five or seven children swept away in one week—the poor mothers going out of their

Chopin's funeral march followed the corpse. It was like looking on at a "Dance of Death," to see the head of the deceased rolling from one side to the other of the saint pillow, whilst women shrieked, tore their hair, and smote upon their breasts. Now the head of all this is made up for by crowds assembling in the churches, where the dead lie in state, the people jostling each other in their struggles to look on the face of the corpse or to kiss his hand. In the cemetery the dead are still buried in accordance with the ancient time, the cloth for Charon, the ferryman of hell, is placed in the

even the carriage are mounted on skates, and the horses are no longer shod by the peasant, pushing them off. Sometimes a snow storm buries the low houses of the suburbs, and eleven people were perished in a single night at the gates of Bucharest. It is no rare thing for writers to come into the town.

At such times the snow no longer seems to fall, but to be poured from the heavens, as if from a shower-bath. Then that men and beasts are blinded, and neverly go round and round when they think they are advancing.



A STREET OF OLD BUCHAREST

mouth of the corpse, and is put into the coffin, and the body is directed with wine before it is lowered into the earth. On All Saints day the scaffolded color, a kind of cake made of corn and sugar, is placed on the graves of the departed.

"I shall not die of old," is an ordinary form of oath, an expression of our belief.

On Sundays and holidays the people of Bucharest take their rest in a very peculiar manner; they dance late morning till evening, and in a perfectly modern air, holding their cotton bands and shaking hands freely, they turn round slowly, as if they were up the dance for twelve hours, they pass on to the right and the left almost like machines in the middle of the circle, according to the fashion of their villas or manor-houses, bearing their children, and blowing on their shepherd's flutes till their lungs are quite exhausted. Round and round and round again go the dancers in the maddest kind of this and that exquisite music, the steps only changing with the rhythm of the melody, which is of Arabic character. At the end of the long afternoon day the performers are quite gaily and laughing, and with into a kind of drowsy, contented state of mind.

The people of Bucharest are very fond of flowers; there is not a window in the town without a box of green and red carnations, or geraniums. On the other hand, there is nothing but a good time of it here; the summer last

The great cemetery of Bucharest is worthy of a visit. It commands a view of the whole town, a view which is especially good in the evening, when the sunset lights houses, churches, clouds, and shed in a glow of purple and violet tints, with here and there gleaming, scintillating points of light from the roofs and windows. Very tasteful, very naive, too, are the inscriptions on the numerous tombstones, which are adorned with photographs and locks of hair from the models of the crosses. Found in every nook and corner of the graves, as in the days of the Romans. In fact, the dead are never abandoned, never forgotten. One finds that they are constantly visited; and as again falls the little lamps which show out every risk give one an impression of restless, wandering, floating souls, over which one must keep watch.

I once passed half a night with an orphan at the grave of her father, who had just been buried amidst the strange scene peculiar to a cemetery after the great heat of the day. In the silence of the night with the presence of the cold sleepers beneath the soil. The tomb shows as if illuminated, and its sounds were muffled by the distance into warm, breaking behind the dunes.

One's tears are stirred in the solemnity of the immemorial presence—last this is generally the case, but I remember once seeing an old of high rank, generally cold and inquisitive enough, fling himself upon the grave of his children, and rest up the ground with his fingers, calling his lost dear one by name.

One's time at Bucharest is Easter week, when nearly two hundred churches are illumined every evening. The world are all clashing together; the people on crisscrossing over from houses to the images of the saints. On Good Friday processions carrying torches walk round all the churches, and then take to pass from them to the cemetery, with which to dress the graves, even the most neglected receiving such a little light placed on it by charitable hands. On Easter eve the King's house the manuscript gospel which is to be read that night. Then he takes the crucifix and the taper, and every one comes in late the cross, and to light his taper at that of the King. When it strikes midnight all leave the church, to celebrate the resurrection in the open air.

Some of these churches are scarcely larger than a room; they are surrounded by a mulberry-shrub bell tower, and pointed into the most fantastic shapes. There are some "Last Judgment" with a kind of red serpent, in which struggle devils and redeemed souls, whilst the redeemed look on with serene and triumphant countenances. Then, too, we see founders building up a church on the poles of their fingers, and with their massive progeny groping about them, the sons on one side, the daughters on the other, each raising up the face of the father in the bright. Every church has its own tradition, and special facilities for granting certain petitions. In one you can secure the marriage of your daughter; in another the health of your young, in this you can bring distress upon the house of your neighbor, in that you can secure the race of a male. In the case of your daughter, the direction of the house of your young, in this you can bring distress upon the house of your neighbor, in that you can secure the race of a male. In the case of your daughter, the direction of the house of your young, in this you can bring distress upon the house of your neighbor, in that you can secure the race of a male.

A certain church is built by three young girls who loved the same man. They agreed that the one who still loved him best the last Judgment was to be the one to marry him. But, alas! when the whole thing was done, the girls all loved him as much as on the first day. Then they all went into the tomb.

Another chapel was built by a woman who had lived her husband again her husband. (It is considered quite natural at Bucharest to be married twice, a young wife, who once wished for a divorce because her husband did not love her, and the thought is proved in his not love her. But for a woman to live her husband is considered such an enormity

THE STATOPOLOU CHURCH.

THE STATOPOLOU CHURCH.

mind. It was like the last plague of Egypt, and the people called this strange the whole part. Not one house was spared.

It was after this terrible time that taking the dead through the streets in open coffins was put a stop to. Previously a funeral as a kind of public fest, on a funeral car covered with gilded awnings, parades, and ribbons, the dead bodies were carried forth in her last full dress, with hair drawn by the barber, and decked with flowers, and often even with her feet exposed as to be look better! A military band playing

patches them up, and the winter kills them, men strip them of branches or chop them down, so that there is not a beautiful park, scarcely even a shady garden, to be seen. The difference of temperature between winter and summer is severely deplorable. The plants from the north scarcely beneath the north winds of Anaxos, those from the south to the south winds of January. The quality of more that fails, however, prevents the soil from the intense cold and makes Roumania a country of vineyards and poplars. There are three rivers in Roumania, of which one only is suitable for sea. There is no such thing as spring. The two slightest storms are a rest to the rain. As soon as the first snow falls, nothing but changes are seen in the town.

* Father is said to have said in this manner by the fact that the wife herself has not only called, a lovely girl of her own mind, and daughter—TAN.



THE RIGHT REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D., LATE BISHOP OF MASSACHUSETTS.—[See Page 96.]



PHILLIPS BROOKS, ABOUT TWENTY YEARS OF AGE.



RESIDENCE OF PHILLIPS BROOKS, CORNER OF CLARENDON AND MARLBORO STREETS, BOSTON.



TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON

THE INTERNATIONAL CURLING BOSSPIEL.

The international curling bosspiel has become one of the memorable events in the calendar of Northwestern sports. If there shall follow some day the consummation of some point of the Thule, it will fittingly carry out the international scheme.

No game in the world is more truly a game for gentlemen. Interest in it in the United States has now passed far beyond the narrow limits of the Scottish American. So strong is the subtle influence of the "game," that men in all lines of life—professional men, business men, laboring men—were "brothers" wherever the keen ice resounds with the ring of the spinning gavel.

The international tournament, or bosspiel, which began in the rink of the St. Paul Club on the 17th of January has attracted more than the ordinary attention in Canadian and American curling circles. The contests are usually held in the rink of the St. Paul Club, because it is not only one of the finest in the United States, but because, also, of the club's central location.

From the hour the ice first begins to form thick and strong on river or pond or lake, along in the early fall, until the date of this annual international event, the curlers are at work in their respective rinks, sitting out men who are not up to the standard, letting in new blood, fortifying their teams at every vulnerable point. Curling depends not in



L. M. MACKINNON, WENSHIEL.

any way upon the influence of dry life; you may find a crack club on the river of some lone some hamlet in the far Northern fens, just as you may find some shatter club in lonely homestead on the fens of England who will lead your professional a hot, fast race, or just as some quiet, thoughtful man in some powerful private town may surpass the chief champion of some beautiful city club.

The St. Paul curlers had been generous in their allotment of prizes and medals to be conferred for at this bosspiel, and while the intrinsic value of a trophy cup is but little figure with your true curler, yet there was an added interest to be found in the fact that the prizes were so costly. There were the handsome silver tankard offered by the St. Paul Club; the trophy of the Johnnie Union of the same city, valued at \$200; four gold medals, known as the Mitchell medals, the Governor's medal, presented by ex-Governor William H. Merriam; the Gordon Champion Black medal, offered by the Hon. Robert Gordon, of New York, upon the one rink only from each club affiliated with the Grand National Curling Association, with a large number of other prizes special in their nature for some particular class.

Three or four days before the contests the curlers beginning in St. Paul, drew from

their winter homes in various portions of the United States and Canada to play twenty Meets of their hopes. They form a well-to-do looking lot of men—if this be not too much along the line of that faint praise which bears condemnation in its wake. They are men with, for the most part, a strong Scotch cast of features. Here and there you will see a man whose racial attributes is in the Queen, but you will probably look in vain to find one who has other than a Scotch face. Year by year, though, the Americans come up to this journey in greater numbers.

A gay lads-scope of curling was the big risk when the journey began. The striking costumes, with their bright and sometimes bizarre hues, the spirited antics of the curling enthusiasts, the shrill cries of the ships, the hearty applause of the many on lookers, the intense but gracious rivalry between the home risks and those from over the border, all were interesting factors in the events of the bosspiel. No large was the number of risks entered in the fact that it was found necessary to play several of them in the open, and few clear places on the broad river's banks afforded an admirable opportunity for out-of-door play, the first which, so winter low lying may be the appointments of the enclosed rink, is always more satisfactory to your true curler. Interest may run high in a centered rink, but it is on a flood tide on the risk where only roof is the supple sky of a Northern winter day.

Mark Porten. Theo. Kelp. Wm. George. Theo. Johnson.
THE "FORTUNE" RINK.Zigzag City, President of the St. Paul Club.
Alexander McDonald. W. H. Erwin. William Rodgers.

A LEADING ST. PAUL RINK.

SCENE IN THE RINK OF THE MINNEAPOLIS CLUB.
THE INTERNATIONAL CURLING BOSSPIEL.



LUCIUS QUENTIN CHRISTY'S LAMAR.
(See Page 104.)

THE VAUDEVILLE CLUB

BY CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS.

THE fate of the Vaudeville Club depended not upon its members, but upon their wives and sisters; and the wives and sisters, as good women should, stood by their manhood, and have turned a dubious experiment into what looks like an actual success.

The question which has been most frequently asked of late is, "Has the Vaudeville Club come to stay?" which is about as pertinent to a similar remark made in reference to the club in Fifth Avenue, and might be answered in pretty much the same way. They came and they will in all likelihood here about the same time, and they will both probably come back to us next winter. The difference lies only in the effect they produced upon the public. The key to the social success of the Vaudeville Club is to be found in the list of the names of the women who were present at its birth.

These women—and no more representative collection of the better class of society has ever been gathered together in this city—knew that the men were going to wear their hats, make cigars, and quench their thirst with brandy and soda. These who objected to intruding upon these male prerogatives stood away, and, for the most part, have continued to do so ever since. It is safe to say, however, that the club has gained rather than lost in the number of its adherents. It matters little whether the front rows are slightly ignored, or that the decorative prefer to sit in boxes rather than about the tables on the floor. These are but the details of etiquette, which are the product of any social assembly, and but give to the club its individuality and a becoming air of historical precedence.

The artistic success of the club has been an acknowledged one. The women and many of the men, until the first performance, were comparatively untrained in the

value of the vaudeville performance. The humor of a gentleman (tossing his shirt with two iron locks, making a broken sardine to his trousers with the aid of a spike and hammer, or telling a friend that he saw him act) Monday between one o'clock, was not at first in touch with their ideas of humor. The common wit of Mr. Kelly's satire of Irish romances struck some of the original audience as silly, and few at first saw the life in Miss Vespa Victoria's last pretty deer. But that was several weeks ago, and now this same audience laughs at Mr. Kelly before he tells his first story, and tall young men with long frock coats and high hats may be seen wandering along the avenue humming a complaint against the deity who will not buy the pet of the Vaudeville Club a lawn suit. The same for a good vaudeville performance is an acquired one, and can be cultivated only after an exhaustive experience of that which is good, bad, and indifferent. The Vaudeville audience (it varies very slightly every night) is rapidly gaining a nice discretion for its criticisms, and a good "toss" meets with its just deserts, but for that which is vulgar or otherwise unorthodox it has a disregard which renders closely upon itself.

The committee in charge of the performance has certainly done the best it could with the material at hand, which, unfortunately, has not been the best the land affords. The programme has so far needed one number which could not fail to create a genuine enthusiasm. After all, the worth of a performer is not to be judged so much by the number of people who come to see him before he begins as the number who go out when he is done. The time of departure for the Vaudeville Club has so far been too indelible. It is probable that one object of the enterprise was to afford the women friends of the members an opportunity to see an artist whose performance was town talk, but whose theatrical surroundings were not of a sufficiently elevated character. Such an artist has, however, not moved this city since the Vaudeville Club opened its doors. A second Characterito or an Yvette Guilbert would, in all probability, dole the club's treasury.

The proof that the club fills a want is to be found in the number of its nightly attendance. The pleasure of the club member is to go while the night is yet young when he can meet his friends, have a drink or a little supper, smoke his cigar, and be indefinitely amused by an entertainment which requires no effort greater than an occasional laugh. The pleasure of the customer member will not vary from this unless he be accompanied by a town member. Then he will have pointed out to him all the great people of the smart, artistic, and club world, of whom he has no doubt read and heard. And he will see them not as they pose in a ballroom or on the platform, but as he might see them at their soup clubs or at their homes in front of their own parlors. He will find them with the restraint of the ordinary dinner and social, and like himself bent on the sole purpose of finding that sort of amusement which makes sleep mean and the next day's work less like work after all.



WHELAN BAINBRIDGE PARKED BOTH COMPETITORS AT SEVEN MILLA.



DISPOSING AT SEVENTY-FIVE MILES
Fast Performance at Short Run.—(See Page 102.)



AT THE VAUDEVILLE CLUB.—DRAWN BY W. H. HYDE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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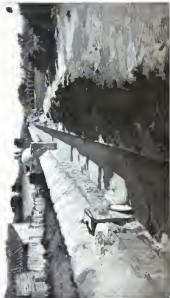
SLEIGHING IN CENTRAL PARK.—DRAWN BY T. DE THURSTON.—[SEE PAGE 172.]



CONSTRUCTION OF RESERVOIR AND GATEHOUSE AT PALATINO



GATEHOUSE AND SUBSTITUTED RESERVOIR AT PALATINO, TWO MILES FROM HAVANA.



"CANAL DE ALBERCA" AND PORTION OF "ATENCION FRIOLANDO LETMA," IN THE SUBURB OF HAVANA.
—Jana Van 1911.



MAIN AQUEDUCT, "CANAL DE ALBERCA," NEAR TESTO, FIVE MILES FROM HAVANA.
THE HAVANA WATER-WORKS, OPENED JANUARY 28, 1902.—From Photographs—Jana Van 1911.



THE FUNERAL OF MR. BLAINE, WASHINGTON, D.C., JANUARY 30.—From a Photograph by GEORGE H. COE.



THE FUNERAL OF BISHOP BROOKS, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, JANUARY 31.—From a Photograph by HENRY W. EDWARDS.



THE FUNERAL OF JUSTICE LAMAR, MACON, GEORGIA, JANUARY 31.—From a Drawing by F. C. BENDISSEN.

THREE NOTABLE FUNERALS.—(See Page 125.)



HONOLULU STREET.



QUEEN LILIUOKALANI.



PALACE AND SURROUNDINGS.



DINING-ROOM IN THE PALACE.



GOVERNMENT BUILDING.



A VIEW OF THE HARBOR OF HONOLULU.



THE BUSINESS PORTION OF THE CITY
THE HAWAIIAN REVOLT.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 120.]



THE ICE HARVEST.



-DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.



FRONT VIEW OF ZEBRA, FORMED WITH WHEELS.



REAR VIEW OF ZEBRA, FORMED WITH WHEELS.



FIRST SIGNAL CORPS, CONNECTICUT N. G. AS PARADE AFTER THEIR SIXTY-MILE RIDE FROM HARTFORD TO NIAN TIC.



REGULAR INFANTRY CYCLIST.



FIRST SIGNAL CORPS, CONNECTICUT N. G. MOUNTED ON "HARTFORD" CYCLES AND ARMED WITH COLT REPEATING CARBINES.

CYCLIST INFANTRY.—[SEE PAGE 133.]



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING—DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

GERMAN PHYSICIANS IN BERLIN.

A condition American medical student who, after having secured the degree of M.D., is desirous of adding to his experience and training by attending a European university in Berlin for the sake of studying. Should he by so doing up his linguistic needs in Vienna, it is a safety valve of giving the reputation of having had European experience.

As, in brief, is the opinion prevailing among American physicians I met in several cities of the Continent during the few years. The objection is obvious from the fact Berlin at the time offers superior opportunities for medical study, that the living expenses are less than in Vienna, that the social life of the German capital is less calculated to distract a young man from his professional duties for gayety at the more cosmopolitan Wien.

Only one hundred American doctors are now matriculated in the Berlin University, and ninety of these gentlemen members of the Association of American Physicians, and their W. B. Miller, A.R., Ph.D., M.D., D.D.S., president of the dental branch of the university, is the president.

are a studious and interesting body of young and aged men, well received socially, and favored to an equal degree by the leading men of the "High School" of medicine. Vienna, who has lately been made richer, said now that he would prefer to devote to perfect fifty more physician students from the backwoods in the difficult branches of science than undertake the same for German students. "They absorb their studies in the fourth of the time it takes the German students to get on with their masters," said he, "and if I ever saw a really a kind of what is wanted, he will apply himself to work with an enthusiasm and thoroughness that makes of success."

It is university recognizes all American degrees of M.D. to the extent of admitting their possessors to the lectures and examining their educational fitness. If the physician, after a course or two, desires to take a b. b. have to pass through the mill, as it is called, merely going, and submit to all the details of examination as laid in the German language but of the professors either understood or speak English, are very considerate with those unable to answer in the same tongue. As a general thing they try their best to learn about, and make the task as easy as it is in any way best with the rules.

Like professors and proprietors of clinics are anxious to have American students whom they believe will make a very young American doctor, who has been studying in Berlin for the last twelve months, about the cost of attending. The question in question is a poor man's child, New England stock. He figures largely in the life of the physician, and generally keeps a representation of a well-to-do professional man. He is expected to spend \$700 before he is landed back in his town in Massachusetts.

I bought a round trip ticket on the Rotterdam Steamship, he said, "in most of my colleagues do who are to examine. I have paid my way in every respect as comfortably, and have seen a single time. My habit is naturally inquisitive, but I have

never been obliged to stir myself. Still, with national and stranger faces, beard and looking, lecture and High School five, books and children, I will not exceed my limit of the figures named. Some hundred dollars are easily sufficient for any American student physician for one year's stay in Berlin. The matriculation fee is five dollars, and the attendance on each lecture course costs from five to ten dollars. The professors generally charge two dollars for attendance in their clinics. The physician student capable of doing original work at the clinics and laboratories are charged for one semester only. Some lectures at the laboratories are given free by the richer professor, but the student is obliged to pay for their own chemicals in all cases. All fees are payable in advance. Most of the American physician students make a stay of one to two years, but a good many come over for some special study only, completing their course in from two to three months."

"How do the Americans stand with the German students?" I inquired.

"Very well indeed," answered my informant. "The Germans have learned out by long experience that the Americans must not be trifled with, and have so far exceeded from their usual belligerent attitude towards foreigners of our country that they smile them gladly as their friends, and with the proviso they shall not be asked to engage in duels. Many of our countrymen are members of the Corps, and whenever a duel or a serious Academy case the league, one may be sure to find half a dozen American students present. They clearly love to see the sport, but I have so far failed to hear of any American at this university who has ever engaged in this cruel pastime. The Germans, as every body knows, are fairly easy for duelling, and very proud of the scars that disgrace their faces. They regard them as a sort of decoration, by which they recognize each other as men of good days in their life."

The American student in Berlin has only one method of perfecting himself in his science, namely, to study with the greatest master of each special branch, and to do nothing less than sitting at the same time the ordinary channels of information, and at the lowest possible cost.

As stated in the outset of this paper, the American student physician attending the Vienna University is repelled by the Berlin colleagues in a person who does not take his studies very seriously. The Berliners think the Vienna students lacking somewhat in authority with regard to certain branches of the medical sciences, they take their fault with the mode of study in vogue there. It consists in an arrangement after the following fashion:

Several, often eight or ten, American students club together and engage a professor to give them private instruction in their own language. Of course they have to pay pretty amply for this privilege, which gives them an undoubted advantage over their fellow students. The reason of this arrangement, in which only well-to-do physician students may participate, seems to be that they have to take their degrees in a very short time after they have settled down to actual work, with their colleagues not so happily situated after acquiring the reputation of being men of of unrelenting habits.

The Association of American Physicians in Berlin was founded in the beginning of the year 1861 on the suggestion of Dr. Polak, Philadelphia, and was organized by the University of Medicine, though a native of Milwaukee, who was organized as a matter. The organization serves two purposes, that of social intercourse and of the intellectual

advancement of its members. It manages all the festivities and social gatherings of the American as official embassy of Berlin, and its members meet weekly in the rooms of the Dental Institute for the purpose of debating and listening to lectures on medical topics.

Dr. Willoughby D. Miller, the president, is an Ohio man, but his long residence in Berlin has made him a thorough German as far as his language and habits go. He is a clever and large hearted man, full of animation and force, and an able exponent of American medical science. He was the first American to receive the title of "Royal Professor" in the University of Berlin, and has had charge of the dental branch of the institution since 1884. When this honor was conferred on him, Dr. Miller was also promoted an extraordinary professorship in the Medical Faculty of the University, but when he was given to understand that he must become a naturalized German he respectfully declined, a resolution which earned him the bitter hatred of the German press, which urged the Minister of Education to disavow his services. The minister, backed by the opinion of Kaiser, Bismarck and sensible men, bravely, however, the complaints of the newspapers with contempt, and also refused the numerous petitions of German doctors for Dr. Miller's removal. Meanwhile the doctor had entered upon the arduous task of remodeling the Dental Institute, which meant a reconstruction and thorough re-establishment of all its departments.

Up to that time German dental students in Berlin, as well as in the other universities of the Fatherland and Austria, received no practical training whatever. The examinations were made at the side of the dissecting table, and the students practiced on dead bodies—worked as "stiffs," so the phrase goes. Dr. Miller's practical views were determined or taught by the old fogies, who regarded dentistry as a very mean profession indeed, and the students themselves were not at all anxious to extend to the American professor's American ways.

"I couldn't leave these poor unpractical young students for their reputation," Dr. Miller to us once, when talking on the subject. "They had had such a long time of it, and the majority of them had entered the institution on the tacit understanding that they would be troubled with very hard practical work. They expected to go through the whole course of instruction and pass their examinations without ever having filed a tooth at a patient's ear and against patient. And now, when I come in like a Trojan horse, and all this was to be reversed! I demanded real work, workers in their own sense, delicate hands and quick brains. And it was a surprise to these poor fellows, and a revelation of the same time."

The dental branch of the Berlin University has in the last ten years gained the reputation of being the most thorough and best equipped institution of the kind on the Continent. Numerous American dental societies who have visited it and are interested in Miller's methods have pronounced his High School a model of scientific and practical instruction. The German professor who held the post before Dr. Miller was in the habit of sitting at work his students on their benches, and instead of having lectures, imparting the information he was desirous of delivering by way of a friendly chat. The members of his school is now so large the two hundred mark, and the dental branch has become one of the most important of the university. And all this by virtue of infusing a little American blood into the stagnant veins of phlegmatic Teutons.

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE NEBRASKA BUILDING—Drawn by R. D. Newman.

chief from her, and he looked to the one eye of the ugly Suen.

"A crane has come upon me," he shrieked. "A crane has come," and he ran toward her, his one eye glowing like a live coal in the fire, and his pushed her out on the porch. Like a stone he moved all the while, while she, in a flash, was out, out in the garden, trembling.

It was all the fault of that innocent Son Yew. If he had given Mol to marriage, this trouble would never have come. The birth of Hong Ting Quong had brought him to the room with the high chamberlain, and the next day Son Yew's family was taken up. The trial was before the justice in the court of the first preference. The justice was a faithful and honest man, and he listened to all the testimony. Then he said to Quong: "You have no right to send a girl. The punishment for such a crime is death. You have disgraced this woman, and you must marry her. If you were a husband, she would have no one to support her. Take her—(pointing to Suen, the ugly one). "She is your wife. Take her to your house. But first, that you may respect the law, you shall receive one hundred lashes."

Then the justice turned to the father and said: "Son Yew, your daughter Mol is too beautiful to be married to the man he is wife to. She leaves this court. Then trouble will be avoided. The poor but talented boy was sent for, and they were married. They say now—the little ones—that Son Yew was a clever one, and that he compelled his ugly daughter to sit near the window that she might be stolen."

FRED A. WILSON.

A CHOICE.

You might have fed on my life's white bread.

And drunk of my heart's red wine.

You had but to ask, and the feast was spread.

You were welcome to night of mine.

Nay, you declare, there's of bread and to spare.

And I like of wine, I own;

I want something brilliant and polished and rare.

Give me, I pray, a stone.

WARM IRON GRATINGS A BOON TO NEWSBOYS.

New York is prolific of strange sights, but few are more novel than that of newsboys enjoying a forenoon sleep on iron gratings.

At any time between nine and twelve o'clock, you can see these rugged arches carrying a nap in Times Alley, at the rear of an evening newspaper building.

They emerge from the *Newsboy's* Lodging-house, or whatever place has sheltered them for the night—often a wagon or such contrivance for the morning, and lie down, selling morning papers (10 their stocks are exhausted at twelve is over.

They have been lying or waiting to do till the first edition of the evening papers is out. Some of the more substantial boys do this to earn a little for their evening and in winter days, but most of them prefer to not before beginning the afternoon's work.

They go far places to get their share of the best rooms of the evening paper furnish the press room. They can rest soft and in some they must do under the backs and sides of the sleepers, but the place, though small, is slightly sheltered by projecting walls, and the air which rushes up to warm and hushes it.

It is a strange sight to the policeman who takes a short-cut through Times Alley to see a dozen boys huddled together, stretched

out at full length, sometimes lying upon their backs, on the gratings, and all fast asleep. It is a hard bed, but it is warm, and warmth is a great element with newsboys. Besides, newsboys are not proud.

AMONG THE WIDE RANGE OF BENEFITS.

Concluded upon the liberal policy by literature's friend, *Wills*, his good efforts in these affairs are always and liberally and with an unswerving and steady purpose. An impartial observer of the duties of his position, he is impartial, if it is possible, of all his dispassionate domain. The *Wills* will be the first to admit that the *Wills* has demonstrated this in numerous cases. *Wills*, first, second, and third, *Wills* should be considered with the *Wills*. (L.A.S.)

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LONG TIME is a berry of the finest quality, and it is a berry of the finest quality, and it is a berry of the finest quality. (L.A.S.)

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A WORD TO THE WISE
CERTAIN ADVISORMENTS FROM TRADE RIVALS,
who fear the phenomenal success of

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In America, certain trade rivals, against it, and against the success of
Dr. STONEY BAKER, Professor of the University of London,
and the success of the *Van Houten's Cocoa* is a word to the wise.
The *Van Houten's Cocoa* is a word to the wise.
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The story of the second story, and the story of the second story, and the story of the second story.

3rd STORY
The story of the third story, and the story of the third story, and the story of the third story.

4th STORY
The story of the fourth story, and the story of the fourth story, and the story of the fourth story.

5th STORY
The story of the fifth story, and the story of the fifth story, and the story of the fifth story.

6th STORY
The story of the sixth story, and the story of the sixth story, and the story of the sixth story.

7th STORY
The story of the seventh story, and the story of the seventh story, and the story of the seventh story.

8th STORY
The story of the eighth story, and the story of the eighth story, and the story of the eighth story.

9th STORY
The story of the ninth story, and the story of the ninth story, and the story of the ninth story.

10th STORY
The story of the tenth story, and the story of the tenth story, and the story of the tenth story.



JUST TOO LATE—ANOTHER MOMENT AND THE FOX WOULD HAVE BEEN HOME.

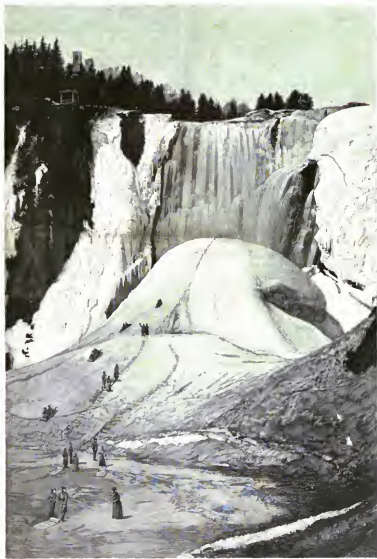
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TUBBOGAKING AT MONTSERRAT FALLS, CANADA



THE LATE STEPHEN A. WALKER.—(See Page 104.)

OUR LATEST MONITOR.

Yon harbor-defense iron-clad vessel *Monitor*, which was designed by the Navy Department, and built in San Francisco at the well-known Union Iron Works, is intended for the protection of the Pacific coast. After the usual tests for speed and horse power, he has been accepted by the department. The dimensions of the vessel are as follows: Length over all 236 feet, extreme breadth, 38 feet, mean draught, 14 feet 10 inches. She has a displacement of 4125 tons, and when all of her armor, coal, ammunition, etc., are on board, her loadwater will be but two feet. The protective armor is some sixteen inches thick, of rolled steel, and the turret, of which there are two, are of steel plates fourteen inches in thickness. The batteries protecting the bases of the gun turrets are of the same thickness. The battery of the *Monitor* consists of one ten-inch and two twelve-inch breech loader rifles from the naval gun factory at Washington. These formidable pieces comprise what is known in ordnance parlance as the "primary battery." The "secondary battery" consists of six six-pounder and one one-pounder rapid-fire guns and two Gatling guns. The machinery of the *Monitor* was designed by the Bureau of Steam Engineering and is of the vertical triple-expansion type, and was intended for the development of 5000 horse power. There are two screws, and the engines for each propeller are separated

one from the other by transverse water-tight bulkheads. Although a speed of sixteen knots per hour was expected as a minimum, it may be easily understood by reference to our illustrations, that such a speed, even in smooth water, will be anything but agreeable to those on deck.

It will be observed that the water during the trials in San Francisco Bay was perfectly smooth, and yet, notwithstanding this, an immense wave was created at the bow, which, rising above the forward bulwarks, flooded across the decks in a perfect torrent, with sufficient force to sweep a man from his feet, and escaped over the side farther aft on each side of the forward turret. Although being better for short periods, is far from disagreeable, yet, all the tarbores and other openings through the deck being hermetically closed, a cruise in such confined and artificially ventilated quarters must be not only unpleasant, but dangerous. But it is not probable that the *Monitor* will ever perform any duty at sea, her fire-breathing rendering her inefficient as a cruiser.

The contract price for the construction of this iron craft, ready for service, was \$1,625,000. All of the material entering into her construction is of American production and manufacture.

MRS. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.

In the early death of Mrs. Phoebe Payne Whitney, wife of William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy, the world loses a graceful, wise, and gallant spirit, full of kindness and the sense of human obligation. As a school girl it used to be prophesied of her among her teachers and associates that when she came she chose to adapt, she would make a brilliant success. It was thought that she might be a famous musician, a scientist, a linguist, an author, an archaeologist, a translator, an authority on neurological science, so able and acute was her mind, and so thorough had various her training. With the true scholar's desire for knowledge, she took an advanced course of special work in Europe, and spent many subsequent months in Cambridge, studying science under the instruction of Professor Aschott. But when here called, she preferred, like most women, to merge her individual ambitions in those of her husband. It was her good fortune that he sympathized with her intellectual and esthetic tastes, and helped her to make their home the abode of art and culture. It was his good fortune that her brilliant and cultivated mind turned readily to the practical side of affairs, of politics, and of the social world, so that at every step she was his wisest counsellor, his ablest helper, and his kindest critic.

The daughter of Senator Payne, of Illinois, a man of unusual ability and large wealth, Mrs. Whitney was surrounded from her childhood by a well-bred, intelligent, and agreeable society, which proved an invaluable training school for her future life. She was a past mistress of all social arts. Her tact was flawless. Her country was inexhaustible. Her taste was excellent. A very rich woman, and, like all artists, a lover of splendor and luxury, her expenditure never descended into ostentation, nor did her wealth corrupt her judgment of the superficial and the essential in life. Money, as money, could not command her respect.

Never was there a kinder or more generous soul. As



THE LATE MRS. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.

Barke mid of Hester, she remembered the forgotten. In her drawing-rooms there were no wall flowers. In her countless list of acquaintances she was always helping out or another needy person, perhaps to pay for perhaps to a public, perhaps in money, perhaps to sympathy. Favored by her husband's position to give her time and strength to society, her private and family life was yet more full of service and of significance than that of most society women. Her children, her husband, her father, her husband, her close friends, these had always the first fruits of her abundant nature. Her power to give seemed inexhaustible.

Yet nothing in this ardent and brilliant life, with its successes, its untimely prosperity, seems so fine as the experience of the last year. She knew that her husband was a mortal one, but she had certain things to do. Her young daughter was to be married to take her vacant place, other duties commanded. She never flinched, but did all that fell to her with her old poverty of bearing and her old order of mind, so that those who knew her best came to believe that this eternal life could not be separated. But she herself was not deceived. It was characteristic of her that she spared those whom she loved the pang of knowledge as long as possible, and that she gave to the mysterious violation of death the more subtle welcome which she had accorded to every deep experience of her existence.



THE TRIAL TRIP OF THE UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "MONITOR" IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPH.



A KISS.

BY MRS. DENISON.

Some say that kissing's a sin,
But I think it's a noble thing.
For kissing has been it in this world
Since ever there was a thing.

Oh, it is a noble thing,
Lovers would never let it
If it means love,
Musters a kiss to it

If it means money,
Musters a kiss to it;
If it means power,
Musters a kiss to it.

MRS. MYRTON had had gone to the review that afternoon, because of a cold she had caught in Mrs. Lewis's garden party, standing in a damp park while Lord John Anselme proposed to her. This had a mind to be read about it.

"Indeed, Jack, you must not be so careless another time," she said to him when he came to ask after her. "Do you know you've never yet shown a really comfortable and winsome spot? That evening in the Cadiz was nearly the death of her, and you gave me nothing down in Harry. Don't do it again, please, until I say 'Ready'!"

Lord John looked at her, bent out laughing, and fell more in love with her than ever.

"I'm afraid I am always too far gone for deliberation, Mary," he answered sweetly. "But I'll try to try it out more hygienically next time. It's a great shame you have to give up the review. I wanted you to see Harry."

Lord John was the only person in the world who called her Mary, besides her grandmother, and she rather liked him for it. To tell the truth she was Myrtoun.

How quiet the square was! Of course all London had gone to the parade, and at the first mill of the drama she began to wish that she had handled her throat up and gone herself after all and she dropped her book and ran to the window, craning her neck to look down in the park. Yes, she could see them very well—she felt cold, the white belt, the new feeling in the air, and the swirling host of the horse as the Gaiety pulled by. She threw open the window and stepped out upon the balcony. The square was quite deserted, but the crowd stood black along the street where the groups were passing, every man and woman cheering the band-leaders and less fluttering and white, and, oh, the swirl of the music to it rowled Myrtoun's ears.

"Good by, good by," she whispered, with the strained sob. And still the wild music matched on, huzzas upon huzzas greeting there, and, and a glimpse of the red velvet car, they wavered into sight, and Mrs. Myrtoun narrowed her

eyes to see more closely. "I am sure those are Harry Anselme's men!" But the faces were only a blur in the distance, and one after just the another as they went in their saddles. And this was the end. The hot drum and the hot bug had gone by, the crowd began to dissolve, and with a final lingering glance she came back into the room.

"That horrible, horrible sound!" she murmured, closing the window.

She was trembling a little with excitement and the fatigue of standing, and threw herself down among the cushions of a lounge for a rest, and a dose it might be. She picked up her book again, and almost forgetting herself in the ever-enjoyable trials of Berge and Lady Glencroft, was sitting and gazing deliciously, a benediction, pervasive strain of a hand was borne on the air once more, and this time it was playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The dear, dear old tune! "She could not rest for quivering her ears to hear it. It came nearer and louder, and then it sounded, yet with a heart-breaking note in it. It was passing the very square now, and she sat up to listen. And at this moment, through the Indian tranquility, she caught another sound, the ring of horses' feet coming down the street and stopping at her door. She sprang to look out, but could not see far the balcony, and passed, and passed. "The rain it is? I know no one who would come now." The rain it was!

"Captain Anselme! Oh yes, show him up for a moment, miss."

"And she stood waiting and wondering while the jingling car came up the stairs and Captain Anselme entered."

He was splendid with gold hair and plumes glittering ruffles and orders, and here himself superbly; but his face was lividly pale, and his fingers trembled where they gripped his sword hilt. Myrtoun took in the calm show of his appearance, and would have welcomed him with some hugging battery of his quiver and strange his rows of amuse had not struck her dumb. He bowed the door and came straight towards her, while she watched him with round questioning eyes, like a child's. Standing very close, he seized her hands, and held a look upon her which was sharp and ardent with emotion, and yet peaceably restraining.

"I'm going away," he said, in a hoarse, broken voice. "Won't you give me a kiss, Myrtoun, before I go?"

Give him a kiss! Mrs. Myrtoun was a young woman of the world—a very good world indeed—and none of her friends had said of her that she would stop at nothing, but

the truth was that never in her life since she could remember had she kissed any man but her grandfather and her uncle James. There had been no brothers nor cousins to claim her kisses as a brother right, and so lovers it happened for these she had been as cold as stone. And now who was this bold young officer who dared bow her such a favor? He was Jack Anselme's brother. She had vague remembrances of play with him in old childhood days; she had seen him of late here and there at reviews, in ball-rooms, a tall silent fellow, and had never spoken a hundred words to him in her life. A kiss? She wondered that she did not break from him in a rage. But she did not; she left her hands in his, and made no movement of repugnance. It was because she was in a gentle mood that day, because he was going away, and because he loved her—his eyes were telling her that, and the touch of his hands. Anselme drew his breath hard while the girl gazed at him, realizing. "She saw the anguish in his dark face, a sudden sorrow at the boy's heavily motherless life came to her, and the tender nature of his kindly wrapped her very soul, she raised herself a little on her tiptoes, and held up her beautiful mouth frankly and lovingly to him. With a low, passion and exclamation, the man clasped her in both his arms, and set his lips to hers in a kiss so profound and so imperative that it slowly wringed under it. Thus he whispered, hoarsely, "God bless you for this!" and kissing his forehead of her as if it were a reason him to read from his every nerve and then to, he turned and left her. But Myrtoun did not see him go, and only heard continually the stamping of the horses as he mounted and rode away with his orderly, for she was standing in a door, her eyes brimming with tears, and the room was a din to her. She put up her fingers softly to her lips, a burning tide of color flooded her cheeks and forehead, and she bowed her face in the cushions. Faintly and faintly the music was drifting in the distance.

"You're not looking well, my friend," her grandmother said when she came in. "You've got good for you to be looking better by yourself."

And was a kiss such an uncertainty thing that it should have the power to leave one like a ghost? Myrtoun did her best to give it with some and indifference, but it was no use; the ghost would not be laid, and came creeping back just as she thought she had rolled a stone upon it heavy enough and remorseful enough to keep it down. And the sound would be something like this:

It was a perfectly mental thing to do. Grandmothers have a very well, and he was lovely at giving away, and he resolved to me when I was a little girl, and it was very sweetly and kind of me to know him good by.



"Our Pair!"



Take those cards.



"Triplets!"

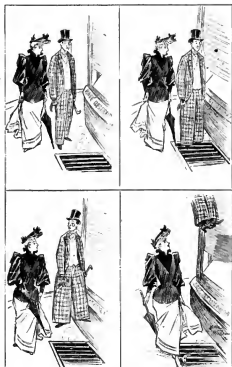


"Full Hand! Are we in it?"

PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDIES AT A POKER PARTY—HOW HERE GARDNER AND HIS SIDE PARTNER OBSERVE THE DEVELOPMENT OF A "FULL HAND"
—From *Fliegende Blätter*



THE DISAPPOINTED TIGER.—From *Fliegende Blätter*.



AN AEROSTATIC DISASTER.

Showing how the hat at once the restaurant kitchen converted Mr. Deade into a Montgolfier balloon.
—From *Judy*.



MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

"Don't worry, Uncle Charles! Did you sleep well? The striped post had was rather loud and noisy!"
—Oh, it was all right, thank! I got up now and then during the night and panted a bit, you know!"
—From *Punch*.

HOWELL K. JACKSON.

President Harrison's appointment of Judge Jackson to the successor of Mr. Justice Lamar on the Supreme Bench is a milestone in every respect. Judge Jackson is now a United States Circuit Judge, having been appointed to that position by President Cleveland in 1897. He is a Democrat, and during the war was on the side of the South. It is not surprising that Mr. Harrison should have selected a Democrat as the successor of Justice Lamar. The President is a strong partisan, but he has been fever from partisanship in his judicial appointments than most of his predecessors. When the Land Court and the Court of General Appointments were created, Mr. Harrison recognized the fact that the law should not be expounded entirely by the leaders of a single political party.

It is true that the Supreme Court has been usually regarded as an important political venture ground, and that its decisions have been greatly helpful in the carrying out or deferring of party principles. At the beginning of the government it was the Supreme Court that gave such an interpretation to the Constitution that the supremacy of the Federal power was established. When the war broke out, Mr. Lincoln appointed Justice Field to the bench, but that action was reversed as was by the most extreme Republican. Justice Field was a war Democrat and a Californian, and it was deemed of the utmost importance that the loyalty of his fellow partisans should be encouraged, and that California should be preserved to the Union. Since the close of the war appointments to the Supreme Bench have been partisan, with the single exception now under consideration, but the decisions of constitutional questions have been very often non-partisan. In reference to re-education legislation, for example, a Republican Judge declined to follow Republican law-makers.

The present case was exceptional. The vacancy was caused by the death of a Southerner, and the people of the country had just declared by an unprecedented majority in favor of a Democratic administration. Here Mr. Harrison refused to recognize the popular will, and would have been regarded had already been sufficiently indicated by the newspapers. Under the circumstances the appointment of a Republican would have been looked upon as indicative of an unworthy partisan eagerness to take advantage of an accident.

There is little to be said about Judge Jackson. His life has been uneventful. He has been an able, studious, self-controlled and apparently contented lawyer. Both on the State and the Federal bench he has been an upright judge. He served two terms in the Supreme Court of his native State, Tennessee, by appointment. When his name was presented to a nominating convention he was defeated. His only political honors came late in life. When Tennessee was threatened by secessionists, Judge Jackson was elected to the Legislature on a Free Soil ticket, and his fellow members selected him for the United States Senate. In Washington he was greatly esteemed for his qualifications, work, and his associates in the Judiciary Committee regarded him as a very able and sound lawyer. Among his fellow Senators was Benjamin Harrison. He entered the Senate in 1891, and Mr. Cleveland appointed him to a circuit judgeship in 1897, at the close of his term.

He was born at Paducah, Tennessee, April 9, 1802. His youth was passed at Jackson. He was educated at East Tennessee College and the University of Virginia, was admitted to the bar in 1830, and resumed his profession first at Jackson, then at Memphis, and since 1876 at Jackson again.



JUDGE HOWELL K. JACKSON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAYTON, CHICAGO.

E. A. THURSTON
Chairman of the CommissionSANFORD B. DOLE
President of the Provisional Government

CORBIN-DEXTER CARTER



CAPTAIN WILTOR, OF THE "BOSTON"



CORBIN-DEXTER KILDRE



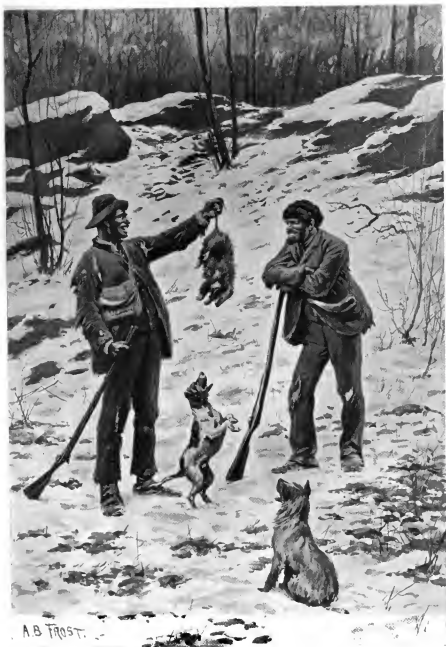
CORBIN-DEXTER KILDRE



CORBIN-DEXTER CASTLE

THE HAWAIIAN QUEEN.—[SEE PAGE 163.]

THE FIVE COMMISSIONERS, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BELL, WASHINGTON



A PRIZE.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.



THE RACQUET AND TENNIS CLUB OF NEW YORK.

BY CLAREN W. WHITE.

The history of the Racquet and Tennis Club is the history of sports in the United States. The club has the distinction of being the oldest sports organization in the country, but one of the oldest social clubs as well. This year it might, if it chose, celebrate its one hundredth anniversary.

Though it has not had an unbroken history since it was founded, having lived several times under as many different names, and in as many different localities of New York, nevertheless it has been always the same club, and with which it began.

In 1793 Robert Knox, who came to America from Paisley, Scotland, bought the property and put up the first racquet court on Allen Street, between Canal and Bowery. Canal Street in days a little earlier than those was called Pump Street, and at the time this court was built it was called Walker. Robert Knox, besides being a racquet player of some ability, was of the gentlemanly disposition that enjoyed good company, and one of his ideas in organizing the club was to bring together the congenial spirits who were wont to have a racket or what is the evening when the racquet's play had put them in the humor for it.

It is too bad that a photograph of this first house of the Racquet Club could not be obtained. It would make a strong contrast indeed to the present palatial home on Forty-third Street. Allen Street in those days was one of the best residential streets in the city. Many of the old families lived within a stone's throw of the club, and the Schermerhorn property immediately adjoined it. The building, in keeping with the rugged nature of those early days, was simplicity itself. It was a two-story frame house, absolutely unadorned, and it set back from the street the distance of about half a lot. Along the front ran a fence, and the gate through which the members entered was made of unplaned boards, and swung on bush-door hinges. A sack weight at the end of a cord that ran over a pulley served instead of the bell-ringer. The door was a heavy plank that swung open and closed at their feet on Forty-third Street. There was not a great deal of style put on in those days, but the members of the club, like the ladies that stood on a table free to all, were of the finest old stock in the land.

The membership was very exclusive. None but the old families were admitted, and such a thing as calling a man up before the Board of Directors was unheard of—indeed, there was no Board of Directors. He who represented the official member in the President of the day was called the Chancellor. Ferguson Livingston was the first Chancellor, and as there are no records to show his appearance, he must have overshadowned any of those who followed him, or filled the office until the last days of the club. About the only matters which came up for the Chancellor to act upon were the resolutions over which the members, and these disputes were all referred to him for decision. The usual preliminary consisted of a little impromptu debating society, which was followed by the Chancellor's decision, which usually was to give the loser a bottle of wine. The court at the back of the build-

ing was 120 feet long, with no roof, and a back wall 60 feet high, while the side walls, which at the rear rose as high as the back wall, sloped down to the front of the court to about 40 feet in height. They were built of stone and brick. The rest of the front of the court, which is a facade of the front cover of a dancing promenade of the second anniversary ball given by this club in 1842, will give a very good idea of the first court. The lower part of the walls was stone. There were no covers over the court whatever, and the floor was made of the best boards that could be purchased, and put together by the most skillful carpenters in the city. When it rained, those who wanted to play racquets were obliged to wait until the court dried. The building itself, which was only one room deep, faced the front of the court; indeed, it was built directly against it. The room downstairs contained lockers and a pump, and rejoiced in the distinction of being the dressing room.

At first there was no wire serving between this and the court, so that members who were preparing for battle were not infrequently pulled by the tails, while those who were watching the game on the piazza directly in



ROBERT KNOX

E. L. MONTAGNE.

front were kept pretty busy dodging. Afterwards a setting was put up. As there were no "batter days," and none of the grade was ever passed through the simple gate in the alley, there was no especial necessity for completing any of these little details, and simply in 1293 was the order of the day. The upstairs room in the Allen Street house might have been the recreation room,

though it really was called the whist-room, for it was there that every game was contested and every a full evening spent. In the centre a French table held for chess, the whist, and a crude table filled with cards. On this table there was always present a tray which contained tumblers and decanters, and the floor was as clean as the city. It will make the mouth of many a chairman of today want to know that the club and its members were free to the members, and that champagne sold for two dollars a bottle, and thirteen figures for five or six apiece.

The stairs that led from the lower story up to the whist-room were of the roller variety. They had no railing except the balustrade, which was one of the early members, raised his foot and broke his leg, and the by order of the Chancellor they ran a rope from the top to the bottom, and after one of the evenings at which when any one started for home. It was the herculean feat for him to be lighted down the stairs as many as his fellow member and a candle. Finally, by the way, were their means of holding, but they were imported appliances, and the other sticks would have made the legs of a present day late a fine contortionist's job.

It is unfortunate that no one of the members of the old club has left any written reminiscences of the early days. What is here presented is gathered through the courtesy of Mr. Robert Knox, who is a grandson of the founder of the club, Robert Knox, and of course gets them from his father, who as a youngster I have

(Continued on page 182.)



THE CLUBHOUSE

For further illustrations on this subject see page 182.



JUNIOR PROMENADE AT YALE—THE DANCE



[SEE PAGE 170]

(Continued from page 181.)

no doubt heard many a tale of the sport that the first American request club furnished its members. One of the stories that have come down directly from Robert Knott sounds odd in days of our domestic troubles in their lockers and combination locks. In the first days of the old Allen Street club a plain wooden trough was the common receptacle for members' valuables when they went to play. Watches, rings, and their money were put, each in its little pocket, in that primitive tray.

As for playing equipment, aside from the elaborate measures that were worn, no effort was made at all for any distinctive playing garb as the cut at the head of the article will show. Each member kept a pair of trousers, probably, of an especial design, and a cluster of them. The measures were the pride of their hearts. They were made throughout of buckskin, and of a peculiar pattern, inasmuch as the top part came rather low on the ankle and was turned down in a roll which gave it quite a snuffy finish. The sides were very thick, and the entire outfit was very cozy.

It was the custom to keep at the entrance to the court a little portland cement which the members would put on the soles of their moccasins to keep them from slipping. The requests in those days were strong chess, affairs, which could not be broken very easily, but required a man in mighty good training to handle. The balls were of a very fine quality, and much more picturesque than they are today. They were made of solid wood, and were damaged and would as tightly as could be set a piece of solid round rubber about the size of a marble. They were covered with white lac and sealed with different colors of silk, such as blue, yellow, and scarlet, and when in a hot together made rather a pretty effect.

It was not to be expected that the Allen Street house would have been large enough to hold the growing membership of the club, and later it was enlarged by a brick building being built to occupy the rear part of the site. For the first time in the club, the members had access directly from the street to their clubhouse, and the old wooden gate in the alley fell into disuse. The new building was quite pretentious, and it also had two rooms—one upstairs and one downstairs. In the first room was the one billiard table of the club, and there was a great affair in those days with dominoes was the drawing room. This latter made the impression of having been a bar the request and playing, and in the other room was a billiard table. There is no record of exactly how many members there were of this time, but it is said to have been a number of hundred. They were elected by sections, and there was an initiation fee, the dues being ten dollars a year. No other were there any members, and the members did their own thing being paid for the privilege of



E. E. GARRISON.

built by Richard Carmichael to surprise anything that had yet been seen in the way of a social life building in this country. It had a request court 120 ft. by 30 ft., bowling alleys, billiard and card rooms, a restaurant, dressing-rooms, and bath, and was quite the finest thing in town at that time. It was built in the club about 1850, and here was the Allen Street club members and down for their games and the most fellowship of the first club was retained in its more modern home.

The request court was a great feature, with spectators and chess-club galleries, which were filled with the site of the city whenever there was a match, and here, too, on a few days was made by having ladies admitted on certain days. It was their first opportunity of seeing matches played, and they enjoyed the game immensely.

The first day was December 18th, 1850, when Lewis H. Garrison, R. S. Howe, Robert Edgar, John A. Fox, William J. Knapp, and an old man were the first to play. The first day was December 18th, 1850, when Lewis H. Garrison, R. S. Howe, Robert Edgar, John A. Fox, William J. Knapp, and an old man were the first to play.

As a result of the first day, the club was organized, and a part of the club.

The life of the Broadway club, however, was short. It was very successful while it lasted, but in about 1855 the property was sold for business purposes, and other members played elsewhere. The game had secured no strong place in the affections of persons hereafter, and in about 1856 a number of other members of the club, who by this time had settled in New York and immediately became a high tide of the game and urged that it should be held a court which he agreed to do provided he was personal seven per cent. of his investment for four years. Consequently, in 1856, the club was organized, and the first day was December 18th, 1850, when Lewis H. Garrison, R. S. Howe, Robert Edgar, John A. Fox, William J. Knapp, and an old man were the first to play.

Mr. La Montagne leased a plot of ground 30 ft. by 100 ft. on Fairview Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues, and erected a two-story building with a high basement of the cost of \$20,000. It was a very comfortable little club and the lot of members soon ran up to four hundred. Indeed, the game of requests was kept up constantly, no papers or had it become.

and every evening the waist and tail-coat rooms were filled, while over bowling there was a perfect storm.

The court was unique, as that had been seen in the United States up to that time. It was according to the dimensions of English courts, namely, 60 ft. by 20. The front wall was of solid masonry, polished stone; the floor was of English pine, and the side walls of thick planks. Cemented courts were unknown here fifty years ago.

Many important matches were played on the Thirtieth Street court. It was there that William Gray, then champion of England, played Fred Pooley for \$2500 a side. The match was to be six games in New York and six in Belfast, and if a tie, the score went to decide. Gray won the majority of games in the match, but a few days before the match he was called away for a game made up by the members, and it was therefore under the final exhibition of requests that had ever been seen anywhere in the United States.

The improvement in the

game by this time had been rapid—in fact more rapid than the improvement in the material—there were several very fine players who were members of the club. Messrs. J. M. Boucher, Robert Edgar, R. S. Howe, Augustus Le Montagne, and David Loring were among the best, but Mr. E. La Montagne still maintained his lead, and was able to give any one of them a considerable handicap. Mr. La Montagne was in his prime in those days, and was thought equal to the best amateurs in the world.

The club became a very popular institution. There were weekly dances, at which twenty to thirty men, and the request was up to 100. Besides this, the feature of the day, thus had been begun at the Broadway house, was continued, and bowling matches between the fellows were inaugurated. After the expiration of Mr. La Montagne's agreement with the club, the building was sold to Mr. A. S. Thorpe, who retained it in the same way until 1868, when he sold it for business purposes. There came about that time 1868 until 1875 there was no request court in New York and no club.

The interest in the game, however, had grown so strong during the Thirtieth Street club that there was every now and then a great demand for such another house. Appreciating this feeling, the late William H. Truett, Boucher, Seymour, A. Wright, and others, in 1875, turned their attention to a scheme proposed by Mr. A. S. Thorpe to build a club house with two request courts, bowling alleys, and all the requisites of a well-appointed club, provided \$40,000 of third mortgage bonds were taken by the members. The arrangement was made, and on April 28, 1875, the Thirtieth Street Club was organized. Mr. Thorpe bought the property on the corner of Twenty-sixth Street and Ninth Avenue, for which he paid \$115,000, and built the clubhouse (which is still standing there) and accepted it by the University Athletic Club for \$150,000, and an agreement was entered into with the members of the club to pay out of the annual dues a round of about \$1000 per annum.

It was a very successful scheme. The club opened in its new building on May 22, 1876, and from that time until this day it has continued to thrive, increasing in membership and prestige.

It would take a great deal more space than is at my



A FIREPLACE IN THE RECEPTION-ROOM.

posal at this writing to go into the history of the club since 1875, and so much that it is not a well known. I have devoted myself to its earlier and less familiar side. It has been fortunate in always having good specimens as officers, who have kept the standard of the game and the member ship of the club high. The members have no abundance of sport provided for them every season, and the external management of the club has always been of the very best.



A MUSICAL MEMBER.



A CORNER IN THE READING ROOM.

playing. About 1845-50 the club was in its zenith. A great many matches were played, and they were made for pretty big stakes, \$500 to \$1000 being the usual amount. Robert Knott at this time was the crack player of the club, and no one was found skilful enough to stand against him some time later Mr. Edward La Montagne came down from Montreal.

Among those names which I have been able to gather as being members of the first day, in fact, day of the club were: Peter, Henry Fox, William Bradford, Benjamin Livingston, Thomas Adell, and Robert Knott, Philip, John, and Henry Hays, Commodore Vanderbilt, Hugh Maxwell, Jesse Bost, Ann Palmer, Elizabeth Phelps, Henry and Richard Bayne, Herman Leroy, Isaac Townsend, and the late father of the present President of the club, Gabriel Wooten, Anthony Wamant, and about all the male members of the Schenectady, Leroy, and Pikesville families.

The club remained in possession of its Allen Street home until about 1850, when the property was sold and the club dissolved. The request and bowling were let down and on the site where many a royal game had been won and lost, and many a day was lost, a public school building was erected.

During the last years of the Allen Street club a public affair had been built on the corner, and a bowling alley as well as a court, but it was not patronized by the first class. On the sale of the Allen Street property some of the members used to play the game at this public court, but it then degenerated into the old club by the members together under the new name of the Broadway Request Club, and locating on the property adjoining the present Metropolitan Theatre new scheme. This was the last club of the club that had been constructed in this country. It was



THE HAQUET CLUB, NEW YORK.—(DRAWS BY H. D. NEEDHAM.—[SEE PAGE 154].)

1. Tennis Court. 2. Sparring Room. 3. Gymnasium. 4. Lounge Room. 5. Main Stairway. 6. Haquet Court. 7. A Portion of the Billiard Room.



GOVERN STREET.



GOVERN BROOK AND CLINTON STREET.
A Young Man's View of the Bay.



WORTH AND THIRD STREET.



LEWIS AND DELANCEY STREETS.



CLINTON STREET NORTH OF BROADWAY STREET.



BROADWAY AND GOVERN STREETS.



LEWIS STREET FROM BROADWAY STREET.



LEWIS STREET NORTH OF BROADWAY STREET.



GOVERN AND DELANCEY STREETS.



MR. A. CONAN DOYLE

MR. A. CONAN DOYLE.

An English critic told his readers the other day that the blindest crowd to offend. Whether the statement, like the blindest one which imparts universality to the a stive race, was made in haste does not appear; but it certainly must have been made in ignorance, or without consideration. For, the historical novel has not the vague it once had. The spirit of the past, as exercised by most of the latter day magicians, has been somewhat of its old potency. The magic wand is no longer so easy to use; for to that the events and characters were, and up are two often shadows and unreal, and consequently a mere weakness of spirit. But historical romance is not dead, the the country, there are distinct signs of a revival. In spite of frivolity and the noisy gospel of "modernity," the modern reader is meeting with quickened interest to his narrative, finding, perhaps, with pleasant surprise that the terse speech and ready wit of Chaucer and even as strong, faithfully rendered, in every whit as entertaining as the more commonplace of the nineteenth century tale, and that the record of accidents and adventures by blood and field may yield as much wholesome enjoyment as the mental of quibbles about infant baptism, or tedious details of the awful but prosaic domestic duties of several and singular epistoles. In a word, "the age" is beginning to discover that it does not itself monopolize the great and daring qualities of human action.

To no living English novelist are we more indebted for the renewal of interest in things frank and unadorned than to Mr. A. Conan Doyle. He has made a strenuous effort to rehabilitate and quicken "the old dead time," and his success

has been conspicuous. The White Company, his first work, is not only excellent as a story, rich in incident, and strong in characterization, but gives the best picture of the life of England and France in the fourteenth century that is to be found in fiction. That splendid period, a period during which, as some think, England reached the zenith of her greatness, is depicted with not a little of the power and felicity of the past, and with the accuracy of the historian. Not is this accuracy attained by pedantic and tiresome descriptions, for Mr. Doyle's writings are remarkable for their freedom and brightness of imagination.

Mr. Doyle has not, however, confined himself exclusively to even reality to the past. Of the dozen books which he has written only three are strictly historical, *The White Company*, *Mark Rutherford*, and *The Refugees*, the best of which is now being published serially in *HARPER'S MAGAZINE*. Perhaps it is as a writer of detective stories that Mr. Doyle is most widely known, and it is interesting to note that these stories had their origin in the author's irritation at the perfectly arbitrary manner in which the detective of fiction always appears to undo his riddles. *A Study in Scarlet* was written to show what Mr. Doyle concluded to be the true deductive and analytical method of solving detective problems. The success of the book led to the writing of *The Sign of the Cross* and the later adventures of Sherlock Holmes. This last has had an immense popularity in serial form—indeed, has been by far the most popular thing of its kind

that has appeared in England for years, and the work is being continued in the new series of "Adventures" now appearing in *HARPER'S WEEKLY*. Then he is the author of some volumes of short stories, and of an ultra sensational novel representing his present work, entitled *The Firm of Girdlestone*. In all these there are freedom, force, and originality; the detective tales are extremely clever, and are not inferior to such as appear in their own order of fiction.

But while Mr. Doyle has done well in all the departments he has entered—and he has been a singularly versatile writer—his highest claim to critical consideration must rest on his historical work. In it he has made his most serious efforts, and by it he would probably wish to be judged. He is, no doubt, aware that in taking "the high historic ground" he subjects himself to a more searching criticism and more dangerous comparisons than if he delineated contemporary life. But he has taken the risk, and must abide the consequences.

In these days a man is not permitted to be himself, but must be compared to some one else. Rather inconclusively and loosely, I think, Mr. Doyle has been compared to Scott. The verdict is inevitable, even if tradition were without force. Mr. Doyle is not Scott any more than Hawthorne was Scott, any more than Shakespeare was Shakespeare or Cervantes. Doubtless observed equally that comparisons are odious; they are often unjust, and generally misleading. The more a writer is himself, the less he can resemble any one else. In literature there ought to be no imitations or imitations; for imitations will always abound so long as mediocrity persists in writing. If there is nothing in *The*

White Company like the *Impress* tournament scene in *Ivanhoe*, are we on that ground to pronounce the former book inferior to the latter? Surely not. It ought rather to stand to Mr. Doyle's credit that following the master in a previous category he has preserved his independence and his individuality.

He is, in fact, too richly endowed to need to be a borrower from anybody. True, there are countless instances in *The White Company* that remind one of the author of *Quentin Durward*; but they are incidental, or such as result from similarity of theme. Mr. Doyle does indeed take material that has been utilized by Scott, but he reproduces it from a point of view of his own. Scott, in a way that is inimitable and lamentable, has drawn the English heroism as an outlaw. Mr. Doyle has presented him as the flower of the nation, fighting under his country's flag purely from patriotism, partly to swell his fortune, and partly for the love of the thing; and has added a new stimulus to English fiction.

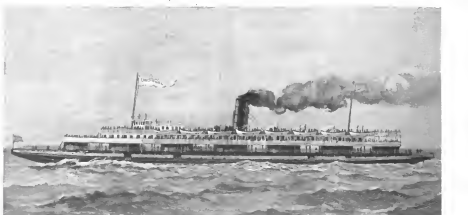


ELIZABETH WETHERELL.—[See Page 102.]

In the most difficult part of the novelist's art Mr. Doyle has given promise of very high achievement. His characters have the reality and the variety of life. They move in a friends and companions, we share their joys, suffer in their defeat, and sympathize even in their failings. Sir Nigel Loring, the model of civility, the pink of courtesies, the gentlest as well as the bravest of knights, is a character that Cervantes or Scott might have been proud of, and Herkule Poirot, unworldly, generous, and utterly fearless, is a man whom the reader is certain to remember with affection. There are others hardly less delightful, and in excess Mr. Doyle's characters are perfectly discriminated from each other.

As to his style, a word will suffice. It is vigorous rather than subtle, bolder rather than fine. There is little or no after-thought in the phrase; but in the midst of richness and power daintiness will surely be missed. There are millions who will not successfully cultivate the vice of garrulosity. Mr. Doyle is not precious. But he is a house story teller, with gifts of narrative and characterization which he has already made him the delight of thousands, and he is likely to make him the delight of many thousands more.

J. A. STEWART



A WHALEBACK PASSENGER-BOAT.—[See Page 102.]

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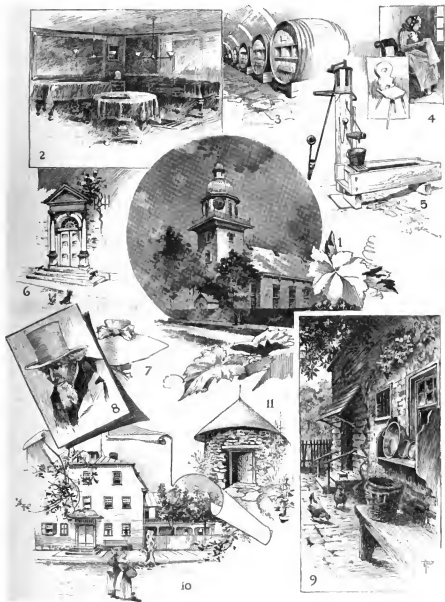
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THE GRIPMAN—CHICAGO CABLE-CAR.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP. (See Page 128.)



WASHINGTON—VISITORS ON THE TERRACE OF THE CAPITOL.—THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1877. (See Page 177.)



THE OLD COMMUNITIC TOWN OF ECONOMY, PENNSYLVANIA.—FROM SKETCHES BY W. H. BELL.—[See Page 174.]

1. The Church. 2. Parlor in Rapp's House. 3. Wine Cellar. 4. Two Old-Timers. 5. Economy's Water Works. 6. A Doorway. 7. Economy's Hot. 8. Jacob Henkel. 9. An Economy Dwelling. 10. The Road. 11. Grates in Rapp's Garden.

story of their origin obtained a wide circulation. It is probably true that there is rather less money in Economy than in most towns of its size, because a large part of the population have no need for it, since they draw their supplies from the store upon written orders, and receive a regular allowance of milk, wine, etc., without money and without price.

Now, when you go to Economy, as you should do and very easily may when you are in Ponting, you will find that the starch, flaxen hair and garish, the wine cellar, and the Economy themselves, are as (lovingly) German as if the linen, instead of the cloth, were the fruitful valley in which the society has flourished for nearly seventy years. There are some of the members who cannot talk English, and among the hired hands (German almost exclusively) is spoken.

Mr. Hunter took flight, with the talk of a long front-end whipping about his knees, and a tell tale hint of Gettysburg excitement and joy of 1900 could still be seen in his eyes. He always carried a bag black skin, in which some people assumed he concealed very valuable papers and other treasures. He was a very good looking man, with a very fine, a bottle of the best scotch. Economy was law, and money was a present for some one. Frugal, and always a bottle of immortals. He was a very good looking man, with a very fine, a bottle of the best scotch. Economy was law, and money was a present for some one. Frugal, and always a bottle of immortals.

Mr. Hunter had the reputation of being a real man of affairs. Pinching a financial one, who had dealings with contractors and his ability to make a good bargain. But his best reputation was in economy. He was so frugal that he was known as the "Frugal Hunter". He was so frugal that he was known as the "Frugal Hunter". He was so frugal that he was known as the "Frugal Hunter".

Only a few Sundays before his death his intellect was strong enough to enable him to deliver a stirring sermon in church without preparation when the regular preacher failed to ap-

Things have not changed for the better in Economy of late, at least so far as consequences of the life and its environments in the old towns are concerned. But you may still wander among the sweet-smelling flowers of Hipp's garden, and wonder at the old world quarters of it all, or drink in memories of the past in the stately, stately old

the porch in Hagg's house, and inspect what a very modern young woman will find just in a masterpiece of West's, a painting of "Christ Healing the Sick," which hangs there among other curiosities in the shape of furniture, painted boxes, pictures carved in ivory, and other things presented at one time or another by visitors or made by Europeans. A table from the Blake household, when the family lived at Boston, in James G. Blake's school days, is one of the relics always exhibited.

[illegible][illegible]

MINISTER STEVENS:

TOWN HON. JOHN L. STEVEN, LL.D., the present United States Minister Resident at Florence, was born in Mount Vernon, Maine, in the year 1820, and is descended from one of the earliest settlers of New England. He was educated in the common schools and seminaries of Maine. In 1833 he became the partner of the Hon. James G. Blaine in the ownership and management of the *Kennebec Journal*. Always an ardent opponent of slavery, his editorial writings

[illegible]

NTP POPULAR

NOTE: "These entirely passed you, father, to let me out of this ditch."
 FATHER: "Noooo, says he! For you are mine, dear! I've got a word about
 it!" (The crowd's laughter, the neighbors are that Ed added you not, who?
 dear! of mine me.") —From *Scenes*.

THE NEW PARKMAN MAIL. "If you please, my lady, George's Lot 15 has an acre and a half more."





COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—THE STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC.—DANIEL C. FRENCH, SCULPTOR.—DRAWN BY F. V. DU MONT.

VISITORS ON THE CAPITOL TERRACE.

The next visitor to the national Capitol is a perennial source of delight. Battered old newspaper correspondents, who have a cynical distrust of everything connected with the work of government at Washington, always find enjoyment in the latter-day paying visitor, who so coldly look with awe and reverence upon the statements with which the newspaper man is so familiar and intimate terms, but who actually regard the works of art with which the Capitol is graced with respectful wonder.

They go away from the Capitol doubtless having seen about its treasures and its secrets that the newspaper man takes out for himself in ten years of unobtrusive devotion to traveling and searching for news. They leave the names of all the statues, and where the whispering gallery and the echo are in the old dome of the Representatives; and they leave, too, a pleasant, well-spoken, deeply-veiled young man who wears the badge of an official guide, and who introduces the stranger to the wonders for a small consideration. The stranger who does not have a guide loses one of the great pleasures of a visit to the Capitol. The building's various chambers of these men must be a source of infinite and annually recurring pleasure in many of the farm houses of the country. There are doubtless repeated to-day at many a dinner table descriptions and passages of history and tradition that fall upon the ears of the recruit a dozen years ago from the quibbled lips of a Capitol guide.

There is no such to see at the Capitol that guides are necessary if one is to see everything. And what American citizen is there who, requesting a list of what he saw, is not called to the marrow by the question, for example, "Did you see the Crypt?" and so be forced to answer, indignantly, making a strong temptation to perjure. "No, I don't recollect the Crypt"—an admission which is followed by a verbose description of digression that has been steadily turned into glory by the discovery of exclusive possession. If the true American wishes to avoid such banalities, let him by all means employ a guide when he visits the Capitol. It is one of the delights of an old citizen, if he is possessed of the true feeling about the Capitol, to watch the visitors from all over the country, the pilgrims in the attire of the nation, and especially at the open-mouthed, undisciplined, unadvised wonder of the rural visitors gawking. They are seeing what they have dreamed of for years, or perhaps the man is looking upon streets that were roads, muddy and dusty and footless, where he was young, and watched over them to crush the rebellion, or is the splendid remembrance that marked the end of the great conflict. He is looking out on one of the most beautiful cities on the continent, and he and his wife are laying up stores of experiences and sights that will please a third Army campfire and will give contentment to a third generation.

It is a great inspiration to patriotism, this frank admiration of the country's beautiful Capitol and its other public buildings. Day after day the visitors stream into the Rotunda, and look at the originals of the pictures they have often seen on the backs of their national bank notes, and then up at the glowing domes under the lanterns, and at the poor but precious representations of the history of the country. They walk through the library, and wonder in wonder at the piles upon piles of books and plates stored on the floor for lack of room. They sit in the galleries and listen to weary or inspiring words, according as the passing debate may be on a business proposition or on politics. They believe in the statuary, in the paintings, in the statements, in the very keepers, who take on a touch of the glory with which they



WASHINGTON STATE, DELAWARE CHURCH

come daily in contact. They believe in their country and its Capitol, and are touchingly proud of these.

And well may any American be proud of the scene that lies before him from the point of view which Mr. Holcomb has selected for his picture. From the beautiful terrace one may look far into the unobscured city which lies at his feet. The broad avenue named from the thirteen original States spread out before him, and immediately in the foreground are the shady parks of the Horticultural Department and the Smithsonian Institution. Beyond is the shining shaft of the Washington Monument, which slight-minded and suspicious persons are prone to believe to be a factory chimney; and still beyond are the waters of the Potomac and the hills at Arlington. Everywhere is rich foliage—in the streets, the parks, on the hills. It is the country in town—in a town surrounded by buildings which, whatever may be said of their architectural virtues, are imperious from their size and from their traditions.

Washington visitors gain their most pleasing impression of the Capitol from the porch of the Library or from this fine terrace, the conception of which was a happy inspiration, its purpose to make a final entrance in the original rear, and to correct the wrong which the city has done the Capitol by growing up behind it, and to help out the apparent height of the structure so that the huge dome should not seem to overtop it. But it is also a most charming spot from which to catch a glimpse of the city the memory of which will always linger. HENRY LEONARD NATHAN.

THE ENGLISH HOME OF WASHINGTON'S ANCESTORS.

It will be a surprise to many to know that the ancestral home of "The Father of our Country" still stands in England. It was in Little Bletchley, Northamptonshire, not far from Blithley Park, that Laurence Washington, the great-great-grandfather of George Washington, lived, and it was in his house, now a ruin, of which was taken this year, that John Washington, the General's great-grandfather, was born. John Washington emigrated with his brother Laurence to Virginia, 1657, and he settled near the Potomac, in the county of Westmoreland, Virginia, between

Pope's and Bridge's creeks. He here married Anne Pope, by whom he had two sons, one of whom he called, after his brother, the family name of Laurence. Laurence married Mildred Warner, of Gloucester County, and had three children. The second child was named Augustine and was the father of George Washington.

The old English home of the Washingtons is now the stone-grown cottage of a laborer, and the plaster has here and there fallen from its stained sides. Its roof, once of thatch, has long ago been replaced by shingles, but the old-fashioned windows are the same, and the cottage has not been added to in the way of improvements since Washington's great-grandfather was born in it, and so from three hundred years ago. The house is of yellow sandstone covered with plaster. The lights of the windows are divided by slender stone bars, and above the door there is an inscription which reads: "The Lord Giveth, The Lord Taketh Away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." Constructed 1607.

Near this is the Sulgrave church, in which Washington's ancestors are buried, and where more a club is an inscription stating that Laurence Washington, Gent, and Anne his wife, by whom he had four sons and seven daughters, died in 1684. By the side of this is engraved a sort of a shield or coat of arms, with three stars at the top and two stripes below, from which it has been erroneously stated that our national flag was taken.

General Washington and his little about his ancestors in his papers, and the probability is that his time was so much engaged that he could not look them up. He was in many respects an aristocrat, and we have had one President who was so particular regarding the etiquette to be observed in his establishment. He was addressed by his friends as "your Excellency," and I have seen manuscript letters to Mrs. Washington which were directed to "Lady Washington." Sir and the President had their coat of arms, and they observed a graver style in all their living. He had one of the most gorgeous coaches which have ever been seen in America. He imported the most of his clothes from England, and he wore silk, satin, and great quantities of gold lace. He maintained like a lord at Mount Vernon, and his establishment there was such that it would not discredit the most lavish entertainers among the viceroys of to-day. FRANK G. LAWRENCE.

WINTER NIGHTFALL.

The snow has faded from the western sky

Behind the bay mill.

The snow's wind-driven drifts in beauty lie

Where all is gray and still.

Now dim and faint the distant steeple glows,

While night's dress shadows creep.

Across the land, and dull the wind repeats

Of when wind and sleep.

Above the fields a great committal star

In sparkling cold and white;

The deep-dark cottages of the east afar

Shine with a sudden light.

And in a moment, with a silver flood,

The full moon rises chill

Behind the tangle of the amber wood

That crowns the distant hill.

R. K. MCKENNETT



THE SULGRAVE MANOR-HOUSE-ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE WASHINGTONS.

masterpiece shows the great artist himself. Truly it is more than a museum—it is a temple, sacred to the highest efforts of art and of patriotism. But having said all this, it still remains a fact that the man who is the object of all this forced admiration spent his life far from his native country, never drew from it his inspiration, but served foreign gods, even signing his name, *Albert Thomsen*, like the man in one of Holberg's comedies who confessed the large quantities he inherited from his father into *Westman*. No, Thomsen did not intend he could not—born from behind him a native wheel, and not from him have Danish artists an honest way of their special characteristics.

The day came when the people of Scandinavia realized that they were on the wrong track when they sought so far afield for the subjects of their work. The views of Italy, Spain of the famous Temples of Asia, and the ruins of Pompeii became less and less available to the foreign countrymen of the two or three generations of Danish artists who painted such scenes as those, and it was realized at last that it was high time to give some attention to the home country, so long considered unworthy to inspire a genius. And just as, after their passing passion for French fiction, the worthy Danish artists of the seventeenth century, even of their law for ultra-mountainous fastness, set quietly to work in poetry



THE EXCHANGE

across in their own country, so did the Danes begin to open their eyes and their hearts to the familiar beauty of soil known a hitherto—and, finally, so to speak, discovering their native land.

One of the first to turn this discovery to practical account was Erik Esbensen, who died in 1835. Following the example of all his fellow artists, he made the sacred pilgrimage, worked under David, and brought from Italy views of the Roman Campagna, with his ruins etc., treated in the conventional manner. But he had always been inspired by an honest desire to do good work, and when he had no longer the wish, or perhaps the means, to travel, and was back in his own land, he made up his mind to give his whole attention to the scenes about him, cheerfully taking all his subjects from the board, with its interesting shipping and sailing population. Of course I do not mean in my Esbensen was a great painter, but he was the Wilton Vanderwilde of the Barchinenses of Denmark, but he set an example of the right kind, and for was very soon imitated and surpassed.

There is no doubt that the members of the young Scandinavian school of art have all been to study in the Paris studios and are all, however modestly grateful to acknowledge what they owe to French tuition, but unlike their predecessors, they always intend to return home, and had no idea of being content with merely working up the collections of



ENTRANCE TO THE PORT OF COPENHAGEN

whether made abroad. No, their aim was but to widen their experience by the study of other methods of painting, and they were fully determined to devote all their talent, all their enthusiasm, to their native land. And it is just this mental sincerity, this open-hearted manner, which so fascinates us in their work. The ideal is cherished and the heart is touched by a genuine sense of freedom, youth, and joyalty, a certain moral force, a noble and tender sympathy, such as is one of the chief elements of the realism characteristic of Northern men. We feel we are amongst honest fellows who love to study and to paint the familiar scenes of their native land and so much with a view to introducing those scenes to us as from sheer delight in getting to know these more intimately themselves. Need we mention any names? There are none to choose from—*Arne Petersen Mads, Viggo Pedersen, Theodor Philipsen*.



THE NEW YORK

sen, Michael Thierthildsen, and Brøndskilde, Jørgen Riss, Christian Krogh, Nils Christen, Hauggaard, Julius Paulsen, Brøndskilde, Knud Knudsen, Jørgen Knudsen, Hansen, H. Tegner, Michael and Arne Asker, and, above all, Viggo Johansen and Peter H. Krøyer. I know nothing more true, more full of faithful observation, or more ardently executed than the interiors of Johansen; they are instinct with life and with sincerity; the artist is thoroughly in rapport with his subjects, we get a glimpse of the very innermost scenes of the people who figure in those tables, stirs, yet render readings of scenes of familiar everyday life.

And Krøyer excites us with marvellous rapidity the flowing but most characteristic and self-betraying attitudes and gestures of his fishermen and of the artists who meet in the pleasant little evenings at Blegård, which is to Danes what Babilonia was to French and Newlyn to English artists. It is no use trying to make any one who has not heard of Scandinavianism what the triple "Hip, hip, hurrah!" is to the people of Scandinavia, but Krøyer almost makes us hear it in the sincerity—may we say the rebelling?—picture which was exhibited at the *Cluaple* in New York in 1896. "What is in?" "Departure of the Fishing-Boats" is called on study all the soft religious mystery, all the solemn, tender beauty of night in the North.

Truly well do Scandinavian artists merit the sympathy and the grateful note of the rest of Europe for having bearded all this time, all this final reverence, and devotion, on their native land, and for having dedicated to it all the best efforts of their imagination. To the old efforts which, given over to a sterile idealism, decay and wither like a flower and example, for, after many and varied experiences, they have returned nobly to the spontaneous instincts of nature, and are worthy of the honor of giving in their much-loved native land a school which any justly be characterized as grand.

André Michard



A FRIENDLY BREAKFAST PARTY.

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

AUTHOR OF "THE REVEREND," "THE GREAT UNKNOWN," "MURDER CLARENCE," ETC.

THE ADVENTURE OF SILVER BLAZE.

"I AM afraid, Watson, that I shall have to go," said Holmes, as we sat down together to our breakfast one morning.

"Go? Where to?"

"To Dartmoor, to King's Pyland."

I was not surprised. Indeed, my only wonder was that he had not already been mixed up in this extraordinary case, which was the one topic of conversation through the length and breadth of England. For a while my companion had insisted about the case with his chin upon his chest and his brows knitted, charging and discharging his pipe with the strongest logic, and absolutely deaf to any of my questions or remarks. Fresh editions of every paper had been sent up by our own agent, only to be glanced over and tossed down into a corner. Yet, when at last, I knew perfectly well what it was over which he was brooding, there was but one problem before the public which could challenge his powers of analysis, and that was the singular disappearance of the favorite of the Western Cup, and the tragic murder of his father. What, therefore, he suddenly announced his intention of setting out for the scene of the drama it was only what I had both expected and hoped for.

"I should be most happy to go down with you if I should not be in the way," said I.

"My dear Watson, you would confer a great favor upon me by coming. And I think that your time will not be misapplied, for there are points about the case which promise to make it an absolutely unique one. We have, I think, just time to catch our train at Paddington, and I will go further into the matter upon my journey. You would oblige us by bringing with you your very latest field glass."

And so it happened that an hour or so later I found myself in the corner of a first-class carriage driving along as fast for Exeter, while Sherlock Holmes, with his sharp eyes fixed in his one-fingered hand, peered deeply into the lands of fresh papers which he had procured at Paddington. We had left London for behind us before he thrust the last one of three under the seat, and offered me his eager case.

"I am going well," said he, looking out of the window and glancing at his watch. "Our rate at present is fifty-three and a half miles an hour."

I have not observed the quarter-mile posts, said I.

"Nor have I. But the telegraph posts upon this line are sixty yards apart, and the calculation is a simple one. I presume that you have looked into this matter of the murder of John Stinker and the disappearance of Silver Blaze?"

"I have seen what the *Telegraph* and the *Chronicle* have to say."

"It is one of those cases where the art of the narrator should be used rather for the sifting of details than for the conveying of fresh evidence. The inquiry has been an uncommon, so complete, and of such personal importance to so many people, that we are suffering from a plethora of surmise, conjecture, and hypothesis. The difficulty is to detach the true work of fact from the embellishments of theorists and reporters. Then, having established ourselves upon this sound basis, it is our duty to see what inference may be drawn and what are the special points upon which the whole mystery turns. On Tuesday evening I received telegrams from both Colonel Ross, the owner of the horse, and from Inspector Gregory, who is looking after the case, leaving my co-operation."

"Tuesday evening?" I exclaimed.

"And this is Thursday morning. Why didn't you go yesterday?"

"Because I made a blunder, my dear Watson—which is, I am afraid, a more common error than any one would think my only name (as through your medium). The fact is that I could not believe in possible that the most remarkable horse in England could long remain concealed, especially in so sparsely inhabited a place as the north of Dartmoor. From hour to hour yesterday I expected to hear that he had been found, and that his abductor was the murderer of John Stinker. When, however, neither man nor horse came, and I found that beyond the arrest of young Fitzroy Simpson nothing had been done, I felt that it was time for me to take action. Yet in some ways I feel that yesterday has not been wasted."

"You have formed a theory, then?"

"At least I have got a grip of the essential facts of the case. I shall communicate them to you, for nothing comes up as case so much as stating in another person, and I can hardly expect your co-operation if I do not show you the position from which we start."

I lay back against the cushions, puffing at my pipe, while Holmes, leaning forward, with his long thin forefinger checking off his points upon the palm of his left hand, gave me a sketch of the events which had led to our journey.

"Silver Blaze," said he, "is from the famous mare, and which as he left Dartmoor in his fifth year, and has brought in four years of the prize of the turf to Colonel Ross, his fortunate owner. Up to the close of the previous year he was a favorite for the Western Cup, the betting being three to one on him. He has always, however, been a prize favorite with the racing public, and has never yet disappointed them, so that even at these odds enormous sums of money have been laid upon him. In a word, therefore, that there were many



SILVER BLAZE HAD BEEN SHATTERED BY A SAVAGE BLOW.

people who had the strongest interest in preventing Silver

Blaze from being shown at the fall of the Western Cup, where the Colonel's training stable is situated. Every precaution was taken to guard the favorite. The trainer, John Stinker, a retired jockey who rode in Colonel Ross's colors before he became too heavy for the racing club. He has served the Colonel for five years as jockey and for seven as trainer, and has always shown himself to be a true and honest servant. Under him were three lads, for the establishment was a small one, consisting only of four boys in all. One of these lads sat up each night in the stable, while the other slept in the loft. All three had excellent characters, John Stinker, who has married once, was a small wife with two hundred yards from the stables. He has no children, keeps one maid servant, and is comfortably off. The country round is very hilly, but about half a mile to the north there is a small cluster of villas which have been built by a Tavistock contractor for the use of invalids and others who may wish to enjoy the pure Dartmoor air. Tavistock itself lies two miles to the west, while across the moor, about two miles distant, is the larger training establishment of Major, which belongs to Lord Rockingham and is managed by Miss Brown. In every other direction the moor is a complete wilderness, inhabited only by a few roaming gypsies. Such was the general situation and Monday night when the catastrophe occurred."

"On that evening the horses had been turned out and watered as usual, and the stables were locked up at nine o'clock. Two of the lads walked up to the trainer's house, where they had supper in the kitchen, while the third, Ned Hunter, remained on guard. At a few minutes after nine the maid, Edith Baxter, carried down to the stables his supper, which consisted of a dish of curried mutton. She took no light, as there was a waiting in the stables, and it was this risk that the lad on duty should drink nothing else. The maid carried a lantern with her, as it was very dark and the pole ran across the open moor."

Edith Baxter was within thirty yards of the stables, when a man appeared out of the darkness and called to her to stop. As she stepped into the circle of yellow light thrown by the lantern she saw that he was a person of extremely bearing, dressed in a gray suit of tweed, with a cloth cap. He wore glasses, and carried a heavy stick with a knob to it. He was stout, well-proportioned, however, for the extreme fullness of his face and by the nervousness of his manner. His age, she thought, would be rather over thirty than under it.

"Can you tell me where I can find him?" he asked. "I had almost made up my mind to sleep on the moor, when I saw the light of your lantern."

"You are close to the King's Pyland training stables," said she.

"Oh, indeed? What a stroke of luck!" he cried. "I understood that a stable boy sleeps there almost every night. Perhaps that is his supper which you are carrying in here. Now I am sure that you would not be so kind to cure the pangs of a new horse, would you?" He took a piece of white paper folded up out of his waistcoat pocket. "See that the boy has his supper, and you shall have the price that I have laid down for the horse."

She was frightened by the earnestness of his manner, and ran past him to the window, through which she was accustomed to look at the moor. It was already covered, and she saw a small of the small table inside. She had begun to tell him of what had happened, when the stranger came up again.

"Good evening," said he, looking through the window. "I wanted to have a word with you. The girl has sworn that she has seen the shadow of the corner of the stable porch protruding from his closed hand."

"What business have you here?" asked the girl.

"It is business that may not suitably late (as you prefer), said the other. "You've two horses in for the Western Cup—Silver Blaze and Reginald. Now I have the strategy that you won't be a loser. It is a fact that the weights board will give the other a hundred yards in five furlongs, and that the stable boy has put their money on him."

"No, you're one of those who have tried the lad."

"I'll show you how we were then in King's Pyland. He

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which certainly no sane man would choose for a weapon. It was, as Dr. Watson told us, a form of knife which is used for the most delicate operations known in surgery. And it was to be used for a delicate operation that night. You must know, with your wide experience of turf matters, Colonel Ross, that it is possible to make a slight nick upon the pedicle of a horse's leg, and to do it subconsciously, so as to leave absolutely no trace. A horse so treated would develop a slight lameness, which would be put down to a strain in exercise or a touch of rheumatism, but never to foul play.

"Ugh!" "Scoundrel!" cried the Colonel.

"We have been the explanation of why John Sinker wished to take the horse out to the race. So spirited a creature would have certainly caused the suspicion of sleight even when it felt the prick of the knife. It was absolutely necessary to do it in the open air."

"I have been told," cried the Colonel, "Of course that was why he needed the candle, and struck the match."

"Undoubtedly. But in examining his belongings I was fortunate enough to discover not only the method of the crime, but even its authors. As a man of the world, Colonel, you know that men do not carry other people's bills about in their pockets. We have most of us were enough to do so with our own. I at once concluded that Sinker was leading a double life, and keeping a second establishment. The nature of the bill about which there was a lady in the case, and one who had expensive tastes. Evidently you are with your servants, one can hardly expect that they can buy twenty guineas' worth of dress for their ladies. I was told that Mrs. Straker as to the dress without her knowing it, and having realized myself that it had never reached her, I made a note of the milliner's address, and felt that by calling there with Sinker's photograph I could easily dispose of the mythical Derbyshire."

"From that time on it was plain. Sinker had led out the horse to a hollow where his light would be lowered. Blagden in his flight had dropped the candle, and Sinker had picked it up with some idea, perhaps, that he might use it in setting the horse's leg. Once in the stable, he had put behind the horse and had struck a light, but the creature, frightened at the sudden glare, and with the strange instinct of animals feeling that some mischief was intended, had bolted out, and the steel shoe had struck Straker full on the forehead. He had already, in spite of the man, taken off his overcoat in order to do his delicate task, and so, as he fell, his knife gashed his thigh. Do I make it clear?"

"Wonderful!" cried the Colonel. "Wonderful! You might have been there!"

"My fatal shot was, I confess, a very long one. It struck me that so subtle a man as Sinker would not undertake this delicate job without a little practice. What could he practice on? My eye fell upon the sheep, and I asked a question which, rather to my surprise, showed that my surmise was correct."

"When I returned to London I called upon the milliner who had recognized Straker as a well-known customer at the house of Derbyshire, who had a very handsome wife, with a strong predilection for expensive dresses. I have no doubt that this woman had plucked him over head and ears in debt, and so led him into this miserable plot."

"You have explained all but one thing," cried the Colonel. "Where was the horse?"

"Ah, it is told, and was cared for by one of your nephews. We must have an amnesty in that direction, I think. This is Glasgow Junction, if I am not mistaken, and we shall be in Victoria in less than ten minutes. If you care to smoke a cigar to the room, Colonel, I shall be happy to give you any other details which might interest you."

THE CHIEFS IN KANSAS.

In the intelligence that has gone forth from Topeka, the capital of the State of Kansas, had reached the world from any South or Central American republic, everybody would have been prepared to say that a revolution had begun, and they would have expected that tidings of bloodshed and outrage on property would quickly follow the first news. To be sure, this is a revolution in Kansas, for it is extraordinary action not provided for in the law and sanctioned in the State. It was announced but half after the fashion that there was a possibility of trouble in Kansas, where the third party known as the Populist party, had made a name with the Democrats, and had carried the State for General Weaver, the Presidential candidate, and for Mr. Leavelle, the candidate for Governor. Back of these successes received no simple majority over their opponents. The caucus of the vote for members of the Legislature was not so simple. The State Board of Canvassers gave certificates to sixty-three Republicans for

the House of Representatives, fifty-six Populists, five Democrats, and one Independent. In the Senate there was a clear Populist majority large enough to make the vote on the joint ballot of both Houses in favor of the Populists. This was important and interesting, because a United States Senator must be elected by a majority of two-thirds of the Senate. Mr. Perkins, who had been appointed to the seat of the late Senator Preston Plumb. But there were two considerations which made it desirable that each of the dominant parties should appoint its own in its own interests.

The House met on January 15th last, and each party attempted to select an organization without regard to the members of the other party. The Populists maintained that the Canvassing Board had been unfair in issuing certificates of election, and had favored the Republicans. They elected a speaker, and each speaker endeavored to exercise his functions of his office. For several days there was a reign of disorder, and the members and the two speakers mounted in the Hall of the House day and night. They slept in their chairs, and the rival Speakers belted the Speaker's desk, each with a gun in his hand, wrapped themselves in one blanket, and slept side by side when they could no longer keep awake. It was an effort on each side to tire out the opposition.

The Senate and Governor both recognized the Populist organization, but this did not disturb the Republicans. Each side invited members on the other side, so that there might be working majority. The Populists also elected a Vice-Treasurer, but he has not been permitted to take office. On January 25th, by a combination of Populists and Democrats, Judge John Martin, the leader of the fusion forces, was elected United States Senator. He obtained this seat at twenty-five Populists and Democrats in the Senate and fifty-two votes in the House. Every man in the House was a Republican voted for him. He is now in Washington, seeking to secure recognition as the legally elected Senator from Kansas. The Republicans denounced Judge Martin's election as illegal. Their move were cut for Mr. Joseph W. Ayer. He too is in Washington seeking recognition.

The Speaker of the Populist organization of the House some little time ago declared the Republican organization in disarray. The latter not only refused to do so, but put a guard of fifty men in the hall to prevent further election. On the 10th of February the Republican organization passed a resolution giving the Populists until the 25th of February "to declare their intention of becoming members of the legal House," and announcing that if the Populists failed to do this their seats would be declared vacant.

It was feared that there might be a collision at any time



THE KANSAS STATE CAPITOL, AT TOPEKA.

Governor Leavelle.

between these irreconcilable factions. It was suggested, as to prevent this, that the House organized by the Populists should pass an appropriation bill, have it passed by the Senate and approved by the Governor, and then let the matter be tested in the courts. This did not meet with Populist approval, and it is not certain that the Populists were enthusiastic in its favor. No matter stood on the 15th of February, when the Populists placed guards in the State house to prevent the Republicans from entering the Hall of Representatives. The Republicans, however, forced the guard, and finding the doors locked, battered them down with sledgehammers. They took possession, and proceeded to transact business. The Republican Speaker used a sledgehammer for a gavel, and the House voted it to him as a gavel, and as a memento of his valiant action in battering down the doors of the Hall.

When the Republicans had secured possession of the Hall, the Governor called out the militia, and also ordered a show of volunteers. The State house was surrounded, and the Republicans in the Hall of Representatives besieged. They spent the night of the 15th of February there, getting supplies through the windows.

The sheriff of the county informed the Governor that it was not necessary to call out the militia, as the civil officers could possess the place. The Governor ordered the militia to disperse the Republican members and clear the Hall of Representatives. The contest commencing refused to obey this order. The Populist House then met in a hall outside the State House. When this paper went to press people were flocking to Topeka from all parts of the State. The sheriff had about 1000 special deputies, and several hundred with household bills. Mercenaries there were confederates between the Governor and the Republican House, but no satisfactory plan of ending the crisis could be reached.



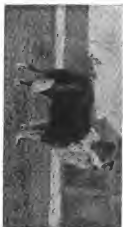
UNITED STATES SENATOR WILLIAM LINDSAY.
Mr. Lindsay's Successor—(See Page 184.)



HON. JOHN L. STEVENS,
United States Senator in the Executive Session—(See Page 174.)



THE LATE DR. MARTIN GREEN.
From a Photograph by Hagedorn—(See Page 184.)



WOLFEHARTING TERRIER.



COBOLD II.



ROBERT LE HARK.



FRANK MOE.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SHOW.



REYNOLD TONK.



WOLFEHARTING TERRIER.



WOLFEHARTING TERRIER.



WOLFEHARTING TERRIER.

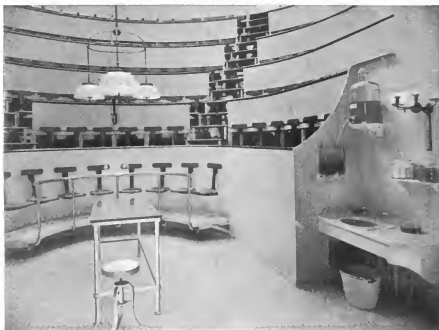
AT THE DOG SHOW, MARSHALL SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.—[From Photographs by HARRISON.—(See Page 100).]



RIVERVIEW ON WEST FIFTY-SIXTH STREET



VIEW OF THE MAIN HALL.
Sliding inclined glass on right patients are brought down to the operating theatre



OPERATING THEATRE, LOOKING FROM THE PIT



MAKING BANDAGES



PART OF THE STERILIZING ROOM

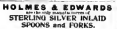
THE SYMM OPERATING THEATRE OF THE ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL, NEW YORK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[FOR PAGE 187]

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198

PORTRAITS OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND HIS CABINET WITH THIS NUMBER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers,
233 N. York St. N. Y.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1893.

TEN CENTS A COPY
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PRESIDENT HARRISON RAISING THE FLAG ON THE STEAMER "NEW YORK."
Drawn by T. W. Turner. (See Page 51.)

"ON PROBATION."

It is pretty nearly certain that the generality of people who go to the theatre in this country go there to be amused. The busy life and worry of our every-day life is such, and competition has made the struggle for a few moments so severe, that some form of recreation is absolutely needed by the army of our busy soldiers, and such a positive recreation is perhaps most easily and satisfactorily obtained by means of a good theatrical performance. This is one principal reason why the legitimate drama, and those forms of theatrical entertainment which demand a positive mental effort have lagged and wound in popularity, and comedy is the keynote of almost all theatrical productions which nowadays attract popularity. There is certainly nothing wrong with comedy, more refreshing more gratifying, invigorating, than a heavy laugh, and any play or theatrical piece which provides genuine amusement without recourse to either vulgarity or impudently should be heartily welcomed. We are to be congratulated that our theatrical taste has not become, as yet, over-refined to the point that genuine and legitimate has been superseded with suggestion—now has trended to either interesting or attractive.

On Probation, the "comic drama" by Messrs. Brackett Matthews and Geo. H. Jessup, now successfully running at the Star Theatre, is a good play, because it fulfills the purpose for which it was evidently designed, which is to amuse in a wholesome and legitimate way. Its actions and exposures, as well as the public which enjoys it, are therefore to be congratulated as its legitimate and deserved success. It is not necessary to view a play like *On Probation* from a strictly critical standpoint, nor such a one to be accepted, one could say with justice that the situations, though humorous, were implausible and exaggerated, that the characters were too broadly drawn to be exactly typical, and that the dialogue in some cases was hardly true to nature. But possible criticisms of this kind on a play like *On Probation* would be not only hypocritical, but unnecessary. As has been said, the play was written to amuse, and is so doing to provide Mr. Crane with all possible opportunities for the exhibition of his many qualities which have endeared him as a comedian to the American public. In this his authors have succeeded without doubt or question, and have therefore done everything that could be expected of them. The more sight of Mr. Crane rolls up many pleasant mental recollections of *The Two Drums*, *The Moorilla*, *The American Minister*, *The Doctor*,



"IF EVER I GO ON PROBATION AGAIN, I'LL BOARD IT OUT IN A NUTTIE!"

and many other plays in which for years past he has had the American public under a debt of gratitude by affording them many opportunities for genuine enjoyment. In as one of his previous imitations has been more amusing than

the present season. It is reasonably safe to predict that Mr. Crane will not have any occasion to change the name by which he so minutely succeeds in amusing the public which makes him for some time to come.

go the situation Chicago will be sure, invited to Frank Sinatra, and involved in fresh complications by the sight of every group that he may happen to meet. Even while we must admit it, the situation brought about it. Mr. Wilson's common problems are impossible, we can forget this and much more since the are presently coming.

The great merit of *On Probation* lies in the fact that it humor is legitimately derived from the situations, and in it is produced by legitimate means without suggestion of vulgarity or impudently or impudently. Much of the dialogue, too, is generally humorous and appropriate, and the characterization of its various characters of the play, though at times approached, however, is well to be distinct. If we allow the penitents, the conclusions are happy enough. The authors have managed to give to their characters and situations a lightness and a way which makes the play a work of comedy, without any of its malodorous suggestions, and their characters are made easily and without any of the strain for effect. Apart from the principal characters played with much success, and legitimate comedy by Mr. Crane, the characters of the play, both brilliant husband and his comestorian mother are pleasantly conceived, deftly drawn and very well played by Messrs. Hopkins and Herbert. The music, distinctive, while neither distinctive or amusing as the music does, are still effective, as are also well rendered. Mr. Healy, as the young lady from New York, on whose account Mr. Hildes is placed "on probation," is so pretty to look at that one can readily overlook her somewhat unsavory methods. All in all, the play is sufficiently well acted to fulfill all reasonable requirements, and in this the play itself is not so much the thing as Mr. Crane, who dominates every situation, and is the prime mover in all the to and movement evoked by the situations. It is pleasant to be able to name the names of a few who, whether, and among a comedy, written by Americans, there from an American standpoint, and played by American actors in a distinctly American way. *On Probation*, if not very new, was first produced at a theatre in New York last season. It was afterwards judiciously revised, and was produced first in the present form in Chicago at the beginning of



ALONG THE SHORES OF LAKE MICHIGAN IN WINTER.—DRAWN BY A. WATSON.—(See Page Six.)



THE NEW BATTLE-SHIP "INDIANA."—From a sketch by Ernest G. Bennett.—(See Page 95.)

TRENTON'S UNRIVALED ICE GORGE.

Tree third and what gave every promise of being the most dangerous frocket and ice gorge in the Delaware River held the inhabitants of the city of Trenton in a state of apprehension for a week, dating from February 10th. The memorable flood of 1904, and the subsequent one of 1906, have been overruled.

Now that all danger is over, without any attending loss of life, and comparatively small damage to property, speculation rises with conjectures as to what might have occurred.

The bed of the Delaware for many miles above Trenton, once changed by forests, threw off its thirteen inch covering of ice, which, aided by the current, was driven against the ice dam at Perth Amboy, and soon upon it its huge jagged masses, forming a formidable rampart forty feet high. In the rush of the ice, trees a foot in diameter were snapped off like saplings, and when the wild sight of the charged torrent met with resistance at Perth Amboy, great masses of ice were forced over a twenty-foot embankment, to be piled ten feet high over an area of a hundred yards.

This invasion then directed the river from its natural channel, and forced it over the meadows on the New Jersey side, where it formed a new channel fifteen feet deep and a hundred yards wide. This saving outlet returned to the natural bed of the river again above Bordentown. The ice-floes covered an area of two miles and a half, extending from the bar to the old Trenton bridge.

At South Trenton the river, where highest, rose sixteen feet and ten inches, which instantly placed that portion of the city in imminent danger, and great apprehension was felt lest the outlying country should be inundated by the water reaching the height of the canal banks and overflowing them.

Considerable interest centered in the resistance of the great iron railroad bridge, whose abutments were completely encased in ice. A heavy train was switched on this bridge to help resist the undermining power of the mighty force only two feet below the platform. A corps of engineers kept constant vigil, and an attempt was made to dislodge the masses of ice by the use of dynamite. Eighty pounds of the explosive were discharged on the 14th, but the results were so slight as to discourage further experiment.

The houses on the two islands in the river Morris and Duck, respectively, were also objects of interest to the thousands of people gathered in Riverview Cemetery and along the banks. The ice had risen to the second story of these isolated river houses, and the inmates had escaped, leaving their cattle and household goods behind.

At the foot of Ferry Street, Trenton, stands the old colonial Bloomery House; when the flood was at its height, guests were taken from the second story into boats by means of ladders. Fair Street was literally transformed into a miniature Venice; bakers, grocers, milkmen, newspaper carriers, and general purveyors replaced their wagons temporarily by row boats as means of transit. The excitement on this street attending the transferring of personal effects and furniture into boats, and there in a point of comparative safety at a point inland, amounted to almost a frenzy. Mills and factories on the river-front were forced to close, and many thousand hands were without employment. Immediate danger existed on the 14th instant, when the river started to fall by dropping eighteen inches. There is yet a quantity of ice in the river, and more may come.

HENRY MITCHELL WEAT.



FAIR STREET—WORKS TAKING COALS FROM ICEBERG.



FOOT OF FERRY STREET.



THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD BRIDGE IN TRENTON—AN ICE JAM TWENTY TO THIRTY FEET HIGH REACHING UP TO ITS LEVEL.

THE RIXENT ICE GORGE AT TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.—FROM SKETCHES BY F. CRONIN SCHALL.



THE KANSAS TRIUMPH AT TOPEKA.—DRAWN BY W. P. BROWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. G. WELLS AND CAPTURED BY H. WOODALL KING OF THE SEPT.—[See Part 110.]

Arrived at the Mills at the East Wing of the State Capitol on the Afternoon of February 1864.



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WAIKOE ISLAND OF MAUI, APPROXIMATE KAHULUI, CLATS SPRINGFIELD ENTRY POINT



HAWAIIAN HOUSEHOLD GROUP



RAY BELLER

SKETCHES OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS—[SEE PAGE 310.]



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

JOHN G. FAIRBANK, OF NEWYORK,
SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

OLNEY





A TYPICAL "BLOCK" STATION.

RAILROAD SAFETY APPLIANCES.

BY A. E. WATROUS, WITH DRAWINGS BY F. CRENSHAW SCHILL.

THE great arch of the train shed seems to float on the fog. The rain blades of the atmosphere seem to cut great angles into the body of it as they rise and fall in mute, awkward reverence to some invisible power that elicits their gaze as birds high above the dripping tracks of the Jersey City st. There is fog on the head, the glowering clouds are in the gray thick flocks of it before the eye has followed

their course a dozen rail lengths out on their long paths to the first corners of the continent. There is fog on the river. The big hawling ferry boats come battling their way through walls of it so thick that it would not surprise you if they fell backward and crushed the flimsy wooden ferry-boats into their own ships.

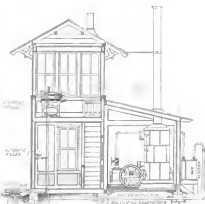
Fog like the mist that slept on us and laid the day of Arthur's last wild battle in the West, a mist wherein the kelpies went mad, and tilted at shapes of fog rather than shapes of flesh. Fog that breeds delusions in short of one and eye. So when you hear a short sharp whistle as of escaping steam, suddenly cut off almost at your feet, and look and see that there is no steam near there, you think your senses have tricked you. You think that they tricked you too late to be true that there was a warning waving in the web of gloaming that a certain change of figures in their intricate pattern followed the whistle. And last of all you are sure that they have tricked you when the gannet and rambler that you saw and heard come out of the mist far down the southernmost of the tracks grow into a plate and a tower, and come to a jangling rest on the southernmost of the tracks under the floating arch of the great train shed.

Union certainly is, like King Arthur on that day, you have "looked across the field of battle and no man was missing there." There is nothing but that which which you are not even you least, and that waving of the interlocking power of rule which you are not even you

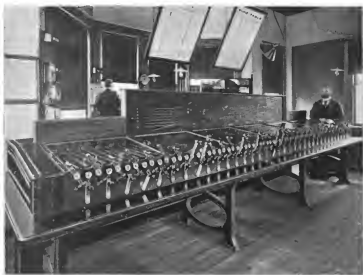
see, to prove to you that without apparent human intervention the Theatrical Venthole Limited, which ran out of the fog of the line on the southernmost of twelve tracks has run into the fog of the train shed on the embankment of them.

Nothing but the whistle and the waving of the metals in the rule! They are the outward and visible signs of the last evolution of the original block system. They are the external evidences of the electric, pneumatic, interlocking switch and signal device, the automatic guardian angel of each of the hundreds of neckless, headless, spiritless of steam and smoke which fill daily in and out of their bones under the floating arch.

The hand that presses the button rules the world now.



SHOWING CONNECTIONS AND OPERATIONS OF THE NEW PNEUMATIC INTERLOCKING SWITCH SYSTEM



PNEUMATIC SWITCHBOARD

days. The electric signal is the symbol of authority. The more queens no longer calls "What ho, what ho!" She touches an ivory disk set in the wall. The stage assistant, generally the minister of justice, no more summons the crowd to seize the hero in the first act and the villain in the last. He puts his thumb determinedly upon the button set in his desk. No work of the large and successful class of herald who find in such new device of civilization, the parlor, the telephone, the elevator, new materials in which to shape the old by figures of romance is greater unless an electric signal of some kind is, so to speak, blown in the glass. In real life we read of the British commandant at Bermuda, sitting in the citadel with a map of the harbor and an electric keyboard before him. He has but to touch one of the electric keys, and whatever portion of the harbor that he please goes roaring and spouting skyward as the electric spark kindles the submarine mine, and the enemy's vessel

which floated above the torpedoes goes with it. What in illustration art has caused more comment, attracted more attention, than that which on the first page of this periodical is about that sign depicted the modern naval captain in the conning tower of a sea-war fighting his ship with the electric bell?

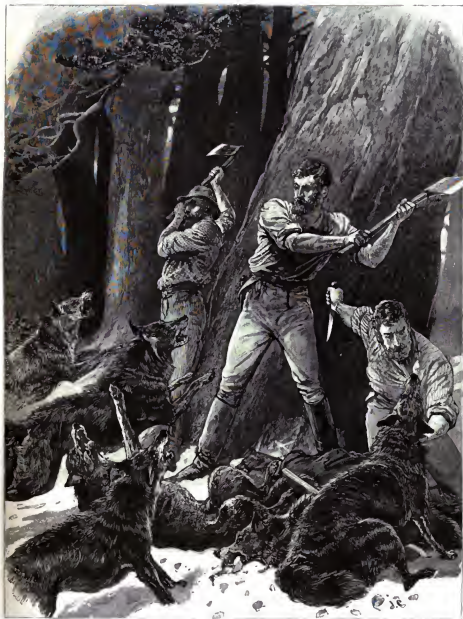
But all these poor people, stage queens and assistants, commanders, commandants, flag jib de mode ladies in the aerol and skaters, are trifles compared with that man who sits up there in the little black tower, so wisely and so mysteriously answer the whistle and the shifting of the pattern of the tracks. He exercises more electric authority in an hour sometimes than all these people do in a lifetime. The maneuvering of a squadron, the defense of a harbor, are nothing to his daily duties. A week's work puts more of life, more of property valuation in his hands, more of responsibility on his shoulders, than have fallen to the lot of

most of the train-shed droop from his horizontal position to an angle of sixty degrees. There is a train of empty passenger coaches crouched waiting out of the trainshed, piers from track 6 to track 8 on which are 76, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

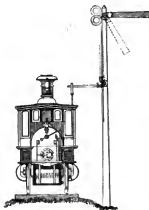
(Continued on page 994)



SYSTEM OF INTERLOCKING SWITCHES, HOLLERSTOWN JUNCTION, PENNSYLVANIA.



DAUGHTERS OF CANADIAN FRONTIER LIFE.—[See Page 209.]



AUTOMATIC BRAKE-ACTUATING ATTACHMENT TO SIGNAL AND LOCOMOTIVE.

(Continued from page 104.)

let a half-ton drilling engine into the yard, and let the train-director and his assistant switch them around for days before they get back on the regular traffic of the line.

Sometimes, when business is brisk, the train-director calls for about two "movements" to the signal. A "movement" is not a single switch, but of an engine from one track to another, that necessitates the handling of ten switches. There it is that the assistant's hands fly over his keyboard at a speed that would distance the fastest-haired Polish pianist of them all.

A headlong pace, it would seem, at which to be shifting track loaded in the hot suns with human life, say one of two cargoes of which might be destroyed by the mistake of an inch in the wedging on the parting of two steel rails. All the more risky it is when the electric mechanism in the tower cannot see as the hand switchman of old could on the tracks, whether the mechanism in his control has obeyed his will.

That is where the function of the automatic guardian angel comes in. If you look toward the end of one of those metal eyelines with which the case is filled you see above it a brass tongue which drops when the cylinder which controls a switch is handled. Unless the switch has done its duty, acted in accordance with the intelligence at the end of the handles, if it has

varied by so much as a quarter of an inch from its electric-pneumatic instructions, the little brass tongue will not drop, the red numbered handle cannot be turned, the red blade mechanism will not drop from horizontal (danger) to nearly degree (clear), the train will not come out of the shed. Switch and signal are interlocked. Signal cannot act till switch has acted. If an automatic guardian angel. The worst signal, so to large a factor in safety as accidents of the past, cannot, in brief, be given.

All this bears little, however, upon the duties of the man who it was badly promised had more responsibility than all the conductors and conductors and other folk who rule the rails at its great extent by a pressure of the electric button. It would seem to be a simple matter, knowing as he does where each track wants to go, for him to cut the numbers of the track over which it should run. The defect in this assumption is that each mile or so new lines are built for itself when it wants to go, or that it always runs the same place.

Look at the various indicators set before the train-director's eye in the tower window. One set is connected with the track, where the conductor of each train touches a button, which announces that the Lehigh Valley, the Milford, the Long Branch, or whatever track of the Fowler it may be is occupied the moment his train starts. Another comes from the

next tower down the line, conveying the same information as to east-bound trains. Another tells of the arrival of the ferry-boats. Besides this, there are the yard master's instructions as to what trains are to be moved whence and whether during the day. So the constant problem on the train-director's stand is a given number of tracks to be divided among a given number of trains. The divided of tracks is always the same, the division of train changes daily, the quietest-safety and safety—must always be the same. Though the problem is the simplest kind of long division as the figures of the divided wheel with the swing of the arrows on the indicators, making it seem at times as if a total house full of locusts and locusts had been sent in from the Jersey City yard, the train-director must survey the whole scene in his head. No time is his for looking on paper beyond the handily acted, momentaneous in the division of miles. How valuable time is, is shown by that ferry boat indicator. If big or ice shall have made the boat for the 212 train two minutes late, the trucks over which the 212 will pass must be put in service one for other trains during the 120 seconds' delay that makes in the 212 train.

The whole works, as it were, to me that the captain in the engine tower and the conductors in the class have relief, but, at least some pay, duties beside those of the young men in the faded frock coat of the tower window.

Such is the latest safety device for railroad travel—the electric, pneumatic interlocking switch and signal system. It has only been in use in the Jersey City yard since last May, though it was tried before that at Pittsburgh, the home of its inventor, Mr. Westinghouse, whose use of compressed air furnishes now the main guarantee of safety both on train and track. He broke old ways with the locomotive. His switch is doing away with the switchman.

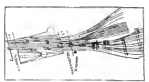
The result which still rely on human intelligence to set signals and adjust switches, the first inquiry of the corner and the newspaper after an accident is as to whether the switch or signal man did his duty. If he were ill or lamed or intoxicated when the catastrophe came, the responsibility is sure to rest on him or his employer. When the human agent fails, disaster is the result. That where the electrical agency in the latest application of the block system proper—on the line, that is to say, not in the yard—has the advantage over the human agent. When it fails, safety is the result.

There is a certain male difficulty about this phase of the long struggle for combined speed and safety. "The trouble is," says Lansdowne (Temple) and in the rest of his name, "that all these delicate new contraptions are too fine for use. They won't work. They get out of order. Then when you say 'Lansdowne is generally an old volunteer'—"

—Lansdowne, and applies this wisdom to a contract between steam and hand engine. Sometimes, however, Lansdowne is found to be right, as he often is in railway construction and operation. In very recent times on one notable occasion, he got into editorial print.

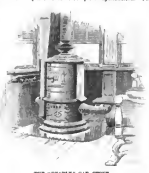
"But," says Mr. News, with a shadow of a smile, "if this delicate new contraption won't work we act as safety. When it fails to work it holds the danger signal. Do you see, Lansdowne?"

Yes, Lansdowne does on every day of his life as he "commutes" in his suburban home in a club car and wishes for the days of the stage-coach. He sees it every time that he passes a block signal, and there is a block signal every 1200 feet between Jersey City and Point of Rocks, but the rest of his time being Temperance here he will not venture into what he sees, or acknowledges that what he sees in the proof of what he has been told. Moreover, if he knew that every mile over which his club-car rolled was charged with danger



TOWER OPERATED FROM "A" TOWER, JERSEY CITY.

on a scale of sixty degrees, and the green colored blade is able to be horizontal, it goes ahead slowly; if both blades are on the sixty degree angle it goes ahead at full speed. Some passengers have gone so far as to describe that the horizontal position of the red blade meant a train on the next block, a horizontal red blade and a sixty degree green blade meant a train on the next block but one, and both blades at sixty degrees a clear track. As to the means by which these signals raised and lowered when there is no signal tower with a man inside of it and the danger is an electric bell, the latest uniform comes complete magnification. The



THE "BRADLEY" CAR STOVE.

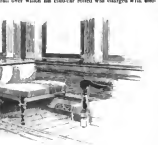
careless ones probably think that the signal supposed to be the pushing of a wire from the next station, perhaps two miles away, and even the conductor or engineer could not, perhaps, call the attention of the signal.

If we look at the end of the rail directly opposite the signal post we will find that it appears to be made of rubber—out of cork. That is an illusion. If it were not for it the twenty volts per second with which each block is charged by its particular wire might go working all along the line as soon as a train left its interlocking signals at their start will. When that block is clear of Lansdowne's train, the twenty volts go pouring up a wire to the signal post to a magnet, play around an armature, unlock compressed air chamber, and presto! down drops the red signal to safety. The next train may come on.

Just the moment that the next train passes on that block, Monsieur Twenty Volts are immediately diverted from this course. The great mass of metal passing over there has no power stronger attraction than anything in the signal post. Presto again! The twenty volts return up the whole loop into the car system. If it is the Columbus Express that is following Lansdowne's train, perhaps they are trying to fly out if the shrouded feet of the pretty Chicago girl in the dining car are as big as they are painted in the comic prints. At any rate, the circuit is out. The electrical agent has quit work. The signal goes to the horizontal—danger! The next train may not follow till the Columbus Express is off the block and the next twenty volts are free to create up the signal post and set the red blade at sixty degrees—safety.

It is not only by the passage of a train that the electrical agent is in the work, neither does it climb to the fifty altitude of the signal. There again the red blade rises to danger. There being no train on the block an inquiry into the working of the signal follows, and the broken rail is cleared. The same would be the case where any other accident, the cutting of a wire, for instance, broke the circuit.

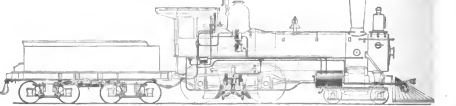
Such is the flexibility of the block system, only employed near great cities, where blocks are short and trains frequent that on the lines of the road described the towers will stand, though the road is advancing the automatic system more



THE STEAM-HEATING SYSTEM.

thetically, and that it run up into the wheels and spines of his club-car almost in his face, he would give up his conductor's ticket, write a letter to his favorite afternoon newspaper, and go about. Yet that is what happens to Lansdowne every time that he goes to his suburban home, and that is the guarantee of his safety.

Perhaps Lansdowne has noticed this much—some passengers do—that if the red blade on the high post beside the track sticks straight out the train stops, if it is inclined at



AUTOMATIC AIR-BRAKE AS APPLIED TO A LOCOMOTIVE.

and more. All this, of course, is on the Pennsylvania system, but though that road is the pioneer in this direction, there are many others, and the Pennsylvania corporation in the matter of safety, and are striving to equal it not only in the New York City and in the Pennsylvania system, but in the long Island, Jersey, and others, which do not use a signpost to ring the bell for safety or danger, but are automatically controlled right in the passage of the train itself. On the New York, New Haven and Hartford, in place of the localities between Jersey City and Point of View, there is a signpost, which is a small, round, black, has an electrical instrument which the flag of the color which strikes in passage. The Jersey Central will soon have the improved black system in operation as well as the New York.

The near approach of the time of the World's Fair will be apt to bring into view the idea of a signpost, which is a small, round, black, has an electrical instrument which the flag of the color which strikes in passage. The Jersey Central will soon have the improved black system in operation as well as the New York.

CANADIAN FRONTIER LIFE.

Two thrilling pictures on a wooden page is of a scene in a far distant part of the country, but it is such as it is that it was not so very long ago that we considered the scene of our war in New York State. At the opening of the war, the scene was a very important place, the outside of Albany, which was then a very important place. There are not yet gone from the State, and the scene is a very important place. There are not yet gone from the State, and the scene is a very important place. There are not yet gone from the State, and the scene is a very important place.

The scene is a very important place. There are not yet gone from the State, and the scene is a very important place. There are not yet gone from the State, and the scene is a very important place. There are not yet gone from the State, and the scene is a very important place. There are not yet gone from the State, and the scene is a very important place.

Some of the scenes that lumbermen look on account of their forests are such as would not be thought of by anyone who is tolerably familiar with the woods. For instance, up to the top of the mountain, the scene is a very important place. There are not yet gone from the State, and the scene is a very important place. There are not yet gone from the State, and the scene is a very important place. There are not yet gone from the State, and the scene is a very important place.

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THE FLYING TORPEDO.

Some test experiments in the throwing of projectiles from the dynamometer of the flying torpedo, which is a small, round, black, has an electrical instrument which the flag of the color which strikes in passage. The Jersey Central will soon have the improved black system in operation as well as the New York.

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By. They have acknowledged by displaying their flag with flag. The cylinder is a small, round, black, has an electrical instrument which the flag of the color which strikes in passage. The Jersey Central will soon have the improved black system in operation as well as the New York.

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water line. This armor extends along the sides for 146 feet, and then takes a diagonal course forward at an angle of 45 degrees for 28 feet and then a horizontal line. This armor is 106 feet or where the machinery and engine spaces are located. On top of the armor is a steel deck, 106 feet or where the machinery and engine spaces are located. On top of the armor is a steel deck, 106 feet or where the machinery and engine spaces are located. On top of the armor is a steel deck, 106 feet or where the machinery and engine spaces are located.

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THE LATE RUFUS HATCH.

A WALL STREET LEADER GONE.

By the death of the late Rufus Hatch which occurred at Hyattsville on the 28th inst., one of the most prominent and successful financiers of the country has been removed from among us. His personal life has been an interesting and aggressive, far more than a successful one. He was a man of great energy and ambition, and he was a man of great energy and ambition, and he was a man of great energy and ambition.

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GENERAL P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

THOMAS GENEVIEVE THOMAS BEAUREGARD, general in the service of the late Confederacy, and one who will be marked by history as among the half-wild and military leaders of the South, died at his home in New Orleans, La., on the 28th inst. He was born in New Orleans in 1812, of mixed French and Irish descent, his pa-

terial side connecting him with the old French noblesse. His early pursuit for a soldier's career was broken in childhood, and he was graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1836, the second most brilliant scholar in his class. Among his classmates who afterwards drew their swords on the same side in the civil war were Generals Hunter and Sibley, and Generals Wilburn, Barry, Gordon Granger, and Noble, who sailed for the States and Shiloh. The first of these Union Generals was found to be pitted against him at the battle of Bull Run, which opened the really great conflicts of the war. Young Beauregard was commissioned first in the artillery, but was at once transferred to the engineer corps, as soon for which he was especially fitted by his talents. He was assigned to varied constructive work at Fort Adams (Newport), Harpers (Virginia), the piers of the Mississippi, and Fort Mifflin, Maryland. At the outbreak of the Mexican war in 1846 Lieutenant Beauregard was placed in charge of the defenses of Tampico, and during this first experience of actual war he participated in the siege of Vera Cruz, and in the battles of Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Chapultepec, and the City of Mexico, in the last of which he was twice wounded, and in 1852 was made Captain in his corps. During the period prior to 1861 he was engaged in engineering work at the South, among which may be mentioned the construction of fortifications at Mobile and on the Mississippi, and the building of the New Orleans Custom-house. In January, 1861, he was appointed Superintendent of West Point, but resigned in less than a week, two days after the election of Jefferson Davis as President of the Confederacy. Mr. Davis at once accepted Beauregard's proffer of service, and assigned him to the command at Charleston, South Carolina, with the rank of Major General.

With the intensely dramatic episode ending with the capitulation of Fort Sumter on April 13, 1861, General Beauregard is inseparably connected. This event was "the fiery cross" twinkling on its thrilling mission to every household North and South, and a great war became inevitable. The name of Beauregard, in consequence of this bloodless victory, was blown to the very skies by Southern enthusiasm. He was promptly given command in Virginia in front of Washington, and he succeeded in repelling the Confederate forces with great skill and efficiency. The battle of Bull Run, or Manassas, was fought, with General McDowell in command of the Union army, on July 21st. The tide of victory, which at first set in favor of the Federals, was turned by the arrival of General Joseph E. Johnston with large Confederate reinforcements. The battle was in the main fought by Beauregard, and it was always claimed by himself and his friends that had General Johnston, who superintended, and President Davis himself, who was on the field, followed his advice, Washington would have fallen into the hands of the Confederates—an event which might have wrought a great difference in the final issue. The action of Mr. Davis at this time was a slight which the fiery ardent soldier never forgave, and the breach continued to widen during the life of the Confederacy. General Beauregard in after years was known to have expressed the opinion that President Davis had done more to destroy the Confederacy than had the military service of General Grant.

In the spring of 1862 Beauregard was appointed second in command to General Albert Sydney Johnston, who confronted the Federal advance under General U. S. Grant in Ten-



MR. CLEVELAND'S RESIDENCE IN WASHINGTON (H STREET BETWEEN 12th AND 13th STREETS).—From a Photograph in Bonn.

nessee. The battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, fought on April 6th, one of the most bloody conflicts of the time, nearly resulted in a great reverse to the Union army. Johnston was killed on the first day, and Beauregard, taking command, proved the Federals with such energy and tactical skill that they were on the verge of destruction. It was only the arrival of General Grant with fresh troops that enabled Grant to repel the Confederate onset and hold his ground. On the second day Beauregard withdrew his army and retreated in a hasty fashion to the north of a greatly superior force to Corinth, Mississippi. He evacuated this position on May 28th, destroying all his stores and munitions, and retreating southward along the line of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. After this he was involved for several months, and before he went on active duty was promoted to the full rank of General. He was seen only once in the command of the defenses of Charleston, South Carolina, which were threatened with a formidable attack. The remarkable siege operations conducted by General Quincy A. Gillmore at the head of the land forces, and by Admiral Dupont and Dahlgren in command of the fleet, rank among the notable episodes of the war. The brilliant defense by Beauregard, lasting from April 7, 1863 for about a year, shone as a piece of professional work, perhaps, with even more lustre than the successful and vigorous attack of the great civil conflict.

When General Grant inaugurated the final campaign in the spring of 1864 which was to give the coup de grace to the Confederacy, Beauregard was commissioned to Virginia to assist General Lee. He defeated General Hunter at Frying Pan, and commanded the defense of Petersburg against the greatly superior Federal army with the same military ability which had marked all his operations. In October he was assigned to the command of the Military Division of the West, but before he took Sherman's advance, he made a junction with Johnston in North Carolina, with whom he surrendered to Sherman in April, 1865, held on Lee's captivities at Appomattox. The students of Beauregard's career

as a soldier will find an authentic record in *Roman's Military Operations of General Beauregard* (Harper & Brothers).

After the war Beauregard received position in the command of the Hawaiian and Egyptian armies, but the negotiations fell still. As a civilian during later years he was president of a street car syndicate in New Orleans and of the New Orleans, Jackson, and Mississippi Railroad. He was also Adjutant General of Louisiana, and was in many ways associated with active business enterprises in his native State. General Beauregard was a soldier of remarkable scientific attainments, and the precision of his plans was well matched by unusual fire and energy in their execution in the field. He was the best and the greatest general of the war. His more important contributions to military literature, *Principles and Maxims of the Art of War* and *Report of the Defense of Charleston*, have become classics in their way.

MR. CLEVELAND'S PRIVATE RESIDENCE IN WASHINGTON.

It has been the custom for Presidents of the United States to reside in the official residence in Washington, commonly known as the White House, during their term of office, and since Mr. Lincoln's time a cottage situated in the grounds of the Soldiers' Home has been known as the President's Cottage, where the families of the different Executives have spent part of the year. But when Mr. Cleveland previously occupied the White House he purchased for himself a summer residence on the outskirts of the city, and set out to make use of the government cottage, and spent as much of his time as was possible away from the Executive Mansion. This year he was further departed from precedent by hiring a house in the city itself, within three blocks of the White House, which he will make his private residence for the present. Solicited for his baby daughter probably prompt the step in the first place, as the little granddaughter of Mr. Harrison has but recently recovered from an attack of scarlet fever, but it is well known that the idea of working and living at the same time in the White House has always been distasteful to Mr. Cleveland. The house taken by the incoming President is the old home-stead of Admiral Porter, situated at 1710 H Street, N.W. It is a house that is well known to all Washington people, and it is the centre of a delightful neighborhood. Some of the oldest and wealthiest families of the city have their homes in the immediate vicinity, and the location is in every way pleasant. There are generous grounds at the side and back of the house, but none in front, the dwelling being built right on the street. It is a three-story brick double house, painted to resemble brownstone, and spacious and cozy on the inside. There is no old-time aristocratic air about it that is so often disparaging, and Mr. Cleveland will probably find it a comfortable home. It is on the south side of the street adjoining the Metropolitan Club, and has a large stable and carriage house connected with it. There have been no gratuitous tales of his regarding the relinquishment or change of the White House, which was altogether fitted for both private and public residence. The President's office and library are well equipped, but Mr. Cleveland, having had experience, has acted according to his preference in making this other home. All public functions, however, will take place at the White House, for which it is suited in all respects.



GENERAL BEAUREGARD, THE CIVILIAN.—From a Recent Photograph.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD IN CONFEDERATE UNIFORM.—From a Photograph Taken in 1862.



THE LIBRARY.



THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.



THE PRESIDENT'S BEDROOM.



THE KITCHEN.

IN THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.—How BEHAVE PROCEDES.—[See Page 100.]

Florida—Our Own Riviera.



ST. AUGUSTINE,

Conceded to be the grandest and most attractive of Winter resorts.

The *Jacksonville, St. Augustine & Indian River Railway*, which extends from Jacksonville, *via* St. Augustine, Palatka, Ormond, Daytona, New Smyrna, Oak Hill, and Titusville, to Rockledge—on the beautiful Indian River—is the most elegantly equipped road in the Southern States.

O. D. SEAVEY,

Manager Hotels Ponce de Leon,

Alcazar, and Cordova,

St. Augustine.

JOSEPH RICHARDSON,

General Passenger Agent,

J. St. A. & I. R. Ry.,

St. Augustine.

LIFE'S PILGRIM.

Let those who travel downward through the day,
 See journey on the shadow of the day,
 Behold as such a shadow hasten,
 And suddenly on we are gone.
 Let all our steps a journey be,
 To be our fellow to the door of Death!
 Darker the path that moment grows, and then
 The journey ends, the journey ends,
 With the Shadow we lie down to rest,
 And slumber peacefully upon Earth's bed.

F. D. GORDMAN.

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Casper H. Whitney is now about on an extended tour through the United States and Canada, in the course of his trip he will read all the important sporting news, and make a thorough examination of the present condition of amateur sport in America. Having been the sole participant will be supplied with articles by prominent authorities on special topics connected with Amateur Sport.

FIGURE SKATING.

BY GEORGE D. PHILLIPS, AMATEUR CHAMPION OF AMERICA.
 There is probably no recognized sport in which the few points are so little colored by the general public as in figure skating. This is in part due to the fact that frequently before the exhibition of skaters as compared to ice hockey and football players. In many of our amateur championships competition has been the worst of all, and our daily papers have been the worst offenders, often putting their skates in the line when they have been in direct competition with the best of the world.

There was not only a lot in the contest of 1906 when a Canadian skater was defeated by an American, and under the very best judges in the country. It was the first time in the history of the sport, in January City, and again last year. To the untrained eye the fact is not that a man may use both feet alike, and when given the reverse of figure backward and forward and on outside and inside edges.

The best judges are sometimes misled, as in the contest of 1907, when Frank Smith, the old time champion, almost succeeded in giving the best of them. He was only able to do this in one way, by using his right foot in a way that the judges did not see. He first showed the figure facing them, and turning around a few times, he started with his back to them, and the same figure. The decision was not made at first, but when Mr. E. R. Cook, one of the judges, said him to repeat the figure, it was discovered that he could not use his left foot.

Any one taking up figure skating will shortly discover that he has a very imperfect balance on one or the other of the feet. The most common mistake is to use the right foot, and in order to overcome it, should learn to use one or both alike. This is labor, and unless he is an amateur, he may never get the balance, though he may have ability enough to become a champion.

The first consideration is the outfit, proper shoes and skates. A skater who is necessary, of a little more than the average height, which should measure to the top of the foot, so that it can be drawn right from the foot without rubbing. Of course such shoes are not necessary to become a champion.

The proper shoes is largely a matter of opinion. In Canada most of the skaters take off the skates and wear the skates to the sides of the shoes. In and about this neighborhood the old fashioned heel piece is used, giving the fact that the skater has a better grip. The skater is dressed with a very number of skates that fasten with straps, both heel and toe, but they are all too heavy, and weight is a large factor in figure skating. For figure skating it is necessary that the skater be wearing the top of the foot, which enables a more successful balance. In Russia, Sweden, Holland, Germany, England, Canada, and the United States, but to this country alone belongs the honor of holding both the figure and speed championships.

Owing to the geographical situation, and consequent uncertainty of ice, the New York skaters are at a great disadvantage, but even so they have been successful in the world for over twenty five years. The figure-skating contests abroad are very limited in character, and do not begin to demand such perfect results and balance as the American championships.

To better understand the requirements in the United States, I append a programme with full instructions.

The following is the programme for the annual figure-skating championship. There are twenty three steps.

The programme is in two parts, the first is the more modern of figure skating, as far as the technical side of the skater, and in an order that will economize the strength of the skater. The programme is in two parts, the first is the more modern of figure skating, as far as the technical side of the skater, and in an order that will economize the strength of the skater. The programme is in two parts, the first is the more modern of figure skating, as far as the technical side of the skater, and in an order that will economize the strength of the skater.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—EAST ENTRANCE TO THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.—DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

During the shortness of the interval between the inauguration and the time of our going to press, we are enabled to present only an outline of the ceremony this week—a double-page engraving of President Cleveland and ex-President Harrison returning from the Capitol. In the next number of the WEEKLY our readers may look for an exhaustive treatment of the great event from staff artists and to Washington for this purpose.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S first public utterance in assuming for the second time the duties of the highest office in the republic is eminently characteristic of the man. There is nothing flashy or sensational in it. It promulgates no new principles of government; it announces no new theories of administration. It is pitched throughout in the key of the healthiest conservatism. In simple, straightforward, strong language it points out the principles to be cultivated, and the duties in general outline the direction in which the required measures can be found. These evils it shows to consist mainly in a departure from the original spirit and design of our Government. A wise return to those principles and that design must itself be the appropriate remedy. Nothing could be more timely than the words of warning President CLEVELAND addresses to those Americans who have become so inflated with the material development and progress of the country as to imagine that we have risen above the evil tendencies of the rest of mankind, and that the laws of the universe stop where the boundaries of this republic begin. The first practical application of this warning President CLEVELAND makes with regard to the currency question in pointing out the error caused by excessive issue of paper money, principles without punishment, and that the laboring-man will be the first to suffer. The President's declaration that the Executive branch of the government will exert all the powers with which it is invested "to maintain our national credit or avert financial disaster," no doubt, entering to the selling of government bonds to keep up the gold reserve, is certainly calculated to have a reassuring effect with the business community. But what the Executive can do is only in the nature of a palliative. Legislative action strengthening the silver purchases in the thing really required, and it is to be hoped that the President will soon give Congress a chance to do this duty.

The President's arraignment of "Patronage" as the political disease of our country, instead of the people, for certain definite purposes, supporting the government, the government should include among its functions the support of the people, is most appropriate and striking. It furnishes in a nutshell the most important and the truest argument against degenerate, corrupt, and inefficient and all kindred devices. It was by no means improper or far-fetched to mention our absurdly extravagant pension policy under the same head, for in a very large number of cases we pay pensions not in discharge of a debt of honor, but in mere gratuity, the money for which is, by means of taxation, taken out of the pocket of one man to be put into the pocket of another. That such policies promote among us the tendency to "regard frugality and economy as virtues which we can safely outgrow," and that this tendency, in its turn, "results in the waste of the people's money by their chosen servants," is a truth which we have been made painfully to feel. The President tells us further that "public expenditures should be limited by public economy," and that this "should be measured by the rules of strict economy," and that "frugality among the people is the best guaranty of a controlled and strong support of free institutions." These are old, well-worn maxims to which so many of us have been so heedless of significance. But they have been so heedless of their guarded in our day and generation, the theory and practice of government followed by the party now going out of power have been no pointedly against these, and the systematic neglect of them has created habits of thought and action so pernicious to our

political as well as private morals, that it is a most serious act to press them upon the attention of the people by republicate repetition; and the President deserves grateful commendation for denouncing the charge of uttering commonplace in giving to such a repetition the prestige of his name and of a solemn public ceremony.

What the President says of trusts and monopolies, and of the justice and can do to the Indians, will be generally accepted as eminently proper and sensible. What he says of the rights of all citizens, irrespective of race or color, "appealing for recognition to American institutions and fairs," his appoints will call hypocrisy. But we have no doubt he spoke with genuine sincerity. If he does not feel the means to enforce that equality before the law in all places, he will simply fail to more than the Republicans fail when in power, for his most ardent adherents will be derided for protecting the rights of the colored voter only, if put into practice, only have resulted in supplanting them still more.

Nothing is more striking in this inaugural address than the entire absence of any display of partisan spirit. While the President may be expected, after all, he does so to realize it of the pledges it has made and of its duty to redeem them. He solemnly warns and admonishes it that "even if insuperable obstacles and opposition prevent the consummation of our task, we shall hardly be excused, and if failure can be traced to our fault and neglect, we may be sure the people will hold us to a swift and exacting accountability." No warning could be more impressive, and some could be more necessary; for the Democratic party should never lose sight of the fact that the President, while he may be expected to be fair, is in a large measure owing to the extraordinary confidence the American people reposed in the principles and character of its candidate, that three years hence its title to a continuation in power will have to stand exclusively upon the ability it will have to stand exclusively upon the ability it will have established for itself, and that every avowed pledge will fall against it in the balance with tremendous weight.

It has especially to take care not to give reason for the suspicion that it values its victory mainly for the plunder. Even the greediest and most inflated politician will have to admit that the spirit of civil service reform is vigorously alive when an incoming President pleads in its behalf as powerfully as Mr. CLEVELAND has in his inaugural address. The expectation of his first administration gives double strength to his utterances. "Our mode of the misappropriation of public funds is avoided," says he, "when appointments to office, instead of being the reward of partisan activity, are awarded to those whose fitness promises a better return of the compensation paid to them. To secure the fitness and competency of appointees to office, and to remove from political action the demoralizing madness for spoils, civil service reform has found a place in the President's inaugural address. It has already gained through this instrumentality, and the further usefulness it promises, added to the hearty support and encouragement of all who desire to see our public service well performed, and who hope for the elevation of political sentiment and the purification of political methods." Thus he places the practical as well as the moral significance of the matter firmly and clearly before the people, and his party will be judged to have acted against light if it fails to follow his leadership.

The whole inaugural address forebodes a patriarchy, who, conservative, and at the same time progressive policy, and if the Executive acts firmly and vigorously upon the principles there laid down, and is intelligently and faithfully supported by Congress, we risk nothing in predicting that President CLEVELAND's administration will be memorable for its beneficent results.

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE MACHINE.

THE HILL-MURPHY machine is in disrepute. The supremacy of the brigands is threatened. All good citizens will rejoice in the prospect of the overthrow of the men who not only have usurped the control of their party, but by their profligate disregard of credit and honesty, have brought the party into such a state of financial ruin that the Government is forced to take upon the intelligence and character of the party, but it ought to be simply the instrument through which the voters freely speak their will and desires. When it becomes more than this, it is an odious tyranny which, so far as the party is concerned, is a disgrace to the intelligence and character of the State. Every patriotic Republican as well as every patriotic Democrat will therefore rejoice when the power of the present New York Democratic machine is finally broken.

The breaking of this machine is desperate, because they recognize that their political prominence, if not their political careers, will be ended if they are unable to remain in command. The Democratic machine of this State does not represent the deliberate choice and preference of the Democratic voters. It

is thoroughly well known that the State Committee has come to be a thoroughly organized, absolutely, but a close corporation. This committee has already, by its absolute power over the State Conventions, which are theoretically deliberative bodies. The oligarchy determines all questions of organization and appoints the candidates on conditions, thus insuring the success of those who are loyal to the "suspension Convention" of 1892. Senator HILL himself is understood to have named the members of this committee. The majority of the country and now to committees are also under the control of the bosses, and maintain its power by fraud upon the voters at the primaries.

The majority of the Democratic voters have been powerless before these autocratic usurpers; but now the personality of Mr. CLEVELAND, which enabled the little supporters to win the success, has inspired the victims of machine rule with confidence in their own powers, and it is their intention to wrest the organization from HILL, MURPHY, and SULLIVAN, and to restore it to its proper functions and to the control of the voters of the party. Realizing this, the leaders of the Democratic party are endeavoring to maintain their position impregnable, but apparently they have over-reached themselves. Their forces in the Legislature are going to pieces. Seven Senators and twenty-four Assemblymen who voted for MURPHY for Senator next year, and who are now in the hands of the State government, are now in the hands of the State government. The Kings County Convention, which is now in the hands of the Governor who has heretofore been obedient to the will of his masters, expresses a determination to be independent.

The story of the machine's conspiracy is the tale of a carefully and coolly plotted out of a set of lands to escape their just fate. Instead of waiting until the memory of its offences against the national credit and its insolent assistance in making Mr. MURPHY Senator had faded, the machine has inaugurated an attack upon the State's credit and the State government. It is trying to break the Democratic organization in Albany by discharging men from the State employment because they have been friends of Mr. CLEVELAND. Governor FLOWER asserts to this, at least passively. He wishes DELANEY, a connection of MURPHY's by marriage, and a member of the Public Works, to fill his department with useless employees for the alleged and probable purpose of building up an anti-CLEVELAND machine in Albany, but he has rebelled against the attack on the city.

The most serious effort prepared by the machine, and one that immediately involves all good citizens in the State, is an attack upon the charters of the smaller cities. Notwithstanding the professions of smaller cities to the principle of home rule in local affairs, the machine has taken it upon itself to attack the Governor, the machine prepared amendments to the charters for several of the cities in which it is provided that the power of appointing certain local officers shall be taken away from the Mayor and granted to the Governor's appointees. Another important established principle in municipal government is that the Mayor shall be responsible for the character and capacity of administrative officers. The machine has assailed this doctrine in its Albany charter amendment, providing that the members of the various commissions shall be elected by district. The reason for this amendment is that Mayor MANNING is a CLEVELAND man. The machine expects that by a combination with the Republicans they can carry a majority of the district. Mayor Benson, of Buffalo, is also a CLEVELAND man. Another important principle of the Governor shall appoint the police commissioners of the city, who in turn shall appoint the inspectors of elections. The Mayor of Troy is a MURPHY man; therefore a different principle is to be applied in the amendment suggested to the charter of that city. Mayor MANNING is a CLEVELAND man. The machine has granted an unlimited power of appointing police commissioners, confirmation by the aldermen not being required.

These are not the only cities threatened by the machine. Besides these areburghood, Cohoes, Elmsburgh, Glenburgh, Oswego, Rochester, Ciro, and Lansingburgh. If the machine leaders could add to their Senators and Assemblymen from New York (the Kings County Democrats are now in revolt) those coming from the Democratic districts, these other cities they could not resist, and so the machine movement could drive them from the positions they had gained by long continued and cunning maneuvering. Coupled with this attack upon the city charters is the rural political reorganization bill, which would divide the rural districts into wards designed simply to decrease the rural vote of Irish parties.

In substance, this is the conspiracy of the machine for the purpose of perpetuating its power. Since the springing up of the Democratic opposition, the cities of the State have been in a state of anarchy. The Kings County Convention, its leaders have not dared to make a frank and honest appeal to the voters at the primaries. They know that they cannot remain in power except by fraud, and therefore they set out at the



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE ESQUIMAUX VILLAGE.—Dogs of T. de Toulon.—(See Page 146.)

huddled away anxiously in the centers of the blocks—where they are to be seen only by advancing into the twilight depths of the streets or up narrow courts. On Thirtieth Street, east of the Fifth Avenue, for instance, where a group of the old Irish Road, there is now as a dwelling a house which was built not less than sixty years ago, when all about it was open fields, and between Bleecker and Seventh Avenue streets, west of the Fifth Avenue, there survives in the center of the block a whole row of wooden houses—on the lot of the old Southampton Road, and once known as Polk's Place—which date from the yellow-fever summer of 1817.

Certain mild-mannered elderly people, folk of kindly aspect and gentle conversation, have a feeling of strangeness for three generations of old tenements (where all is so very new) we are pleased to style antiquity. For such there is pleasure in speculating upon how each little house came into being in the open country years ago, and upon how the city grew out toward them, and then around them, until at last they fairly were buried in its heart. For the whole process seems remote and curious, and therefore is permeated by a deliciously agreeable flavor of romance.

II

And yet, in spite of fact, one has only to take a train on the elevated railway, and so go northwest (if so befalling a wind as yet may be applied to the elevated railway service) for three or four miles, and one finds to-day precisely the conditions of open country and wooden houses and of vanishing city which obtained between Little Neck's Meadows and Long Lane a long lifetime ago. In other words, just as comparative ethnologists study primitive types in calculating those of a low order (such as the Maori and other savages) who lack intellectuality and dwell amply in bad conditions, so may comparative sociologists study very acutely in the upper half of the island at the present day what has been going on in the lower half of it for the past two hundred and fifty years. Constantly the line of substantial buildings is advancing seaward, and along the whole length of this line, from river to river, the old constantly is displaced by or is obscured by the new. Did the mass of brick and stone move forward with a uniform front, the new simply would overwhelm the old, and that would be the end of it. But the advance is made precariously as an army marches into a enemy's country—with a light skirmish line thrown out far ahead to feel the way, with substantial columns of reconnaissance supporting the skirmishers; and in the rear of all the solid masses of the main force—with the coming of which the enemy's defeat is achieved.

It is the beginning of the conquest that is interesting—the period between the arrival of the skirmishers and the

coming of the supporting force; that is to say (to drop the metaphor), the period during which the houses of brick and stone are coming into a struggling existence on the lines of the City Plan, but while yet many of the little wooden houses still stand at hopeless odds with the new thoroughfares, so nearly to the lines of country roads which have disappeared beneath a grating of city streets, and which still remain wide stretches of open country, across which are far outlooks to the wooded heights beyond the North River, and away eastward to the Long Island hills.

III

Nowhere on the whole northern front of the advancing city is the main body suffering plunging under the old of the new so severely with such dramatic intensity as in the vicinity of Ninety-seventh Street and Park Avenue, where a score or more of little houses, surviving from a primitive rural life, stand close under the shadow of the stately armory of the Eighth Regiment, and are pressed upon closely by solid built blocks of handsome dwellings of almost literally present day.

None of these little houses is entitled to much respect on the score either of age or of personal dignity. When the Commissioner's map was completed, thirty years ago, the only building in this immediate vicinity was the Hildreth farm house, on the line of the present Ninety-first Street between the Second and Third avenues. From that point northward to 104th Street, on the borders of the Hudson marsh, and between the line of the present Fifth Avenue and the East River, there were only three other houses at all. None of these wooden buildings, therefore, is more than eighty years old, and probably none of them is much more than forty. As for their personality, for the most part they are no more than shacks. Yet, as the city grows around them, they perfectly illustrate the process by which houses of a soldier sort in the lower part of the island have been surrounded, and as, for a longer or shorter period, have been preserved. Had a criterion from now such of them as then may chance to remain intact will put on, no doubt, vastly important airs on the old certain vulgar human nature like circumstances, for no better manner than that they have attained to several years. Yet will they then to some extent deserve respectful consideration, because—even as a personally unimportant tribute throws light upon an unknown epoch—they then will serve to illustrate a vanished age.

In the same time these shacks of low degree give a touch of the picturesque to a neighborhood that is otherwise fit for the redoubting glory of the army—would be an ill-assorted compromise between the sublimity of the city and the dull serenity of the advancing town. Once they



HENRY T. THURBER.
Presented: Continued a Private Secretary—(See Page 102.)

must have occupied a very picturesque site, but that point in their later long lives was lost. They are clustered together on what was once a hillside sloping down to the East River directly above Mill Gate. But now the streets leading to grade above them have left them in a hollow, and half a mile of houses standing in solid masses east of the old railroad cut—across the wild waste of the Mill Gate waste swirling about the Flying park and the Girl's land and meeting in the Pot. Around these shabby, down-at-heel dwellings, and even over some of them, go fishing men looking bearded gods in the grumpy grotesque fashion peculiar to their kind. In use of the doorways a very badly looking building sometimes may be seen. Quite the most respectable of all their individuals in a solid group.

Presently the whole of this upper little congregation will have disappeared, being hidden by a new line of brick dwellings—as in the old house off from Thirtieth Street on the summit of the Union Road, or, what is more probable, being absorbed completely—as was the sholar camp of small houses which stood, not much more than half a century ago, on what now is the block between Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets just east of Union Square.

As for the Eighth Regiment Armory—standing commandingly on a lower crest of rock between the East River and the valley in which, so far as the headwaters of Harlem Creek, and dominating all this portion of the town—it is no more a structure that only its own shadow has been from becoming a place of pilgrimage and from acquiring an honorable name. After the Palace of the Pope, the third building in America, the Castle of the Vatican, and the Villa Novata. That they may see this castle through the park, and its fame is spread over the world. But now as one very distant and almost unrepresentative spot it is on a far grander scale—the New York castle is fully as large as the castle at Villa Novata of Arlington—and there are thousands of New Yorkers who do not even know that it exists.

IV

In the same latitude as the Park Avenue shacks, but in longitude also are many further west—that is to say, near the intersection of the Bloomingdale Road with Ninety-eighth Street—the last remains of a whole row of wooden houses in the heart of a city block now in progress—the same process that was completed when the erection of the hotel dwellings on Seventeenth Street shut in Twenty-five, forty or more years ago.

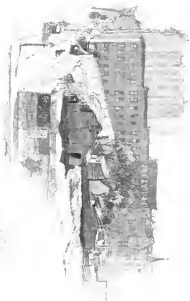
Nowadays the Bloomingdale Road is called the Boulevard—as exclusively absurd name for a street which has no more to do with boulevard, actual or exact, than it has to do with the moon. On its western side, between the lines of the present Ninety-second and Ninety-sixth streets, there was a hamlet of a dozen houses in the early years of the present century; and near by, on the actual line of the present Ninety-eighth Street, stood St. Michael's Church. None of those buildings still survive. While the mass hides many similar buildings—modest framed structures of two stories in height, with only one or two rooms, and some pretensions of dwelling of the villa type—have been erected in later times, and, as yet, the slender brick houses are few. These are represented in the map here, and are in contact with the conditions which obtained sixty years ago in the open, rolling country south of Greenwich Village—Jensen, say, the present Leroy and Spring streets, where the chain of little houses on the Zandberg was located, and which at that beautiful country side was dotted with tiny little houses, over which dominated such grand country seats as Trueman and Harwood Hill.

It is a part of this scattered settlement that now is in process of hiding the new row of wooden houses standing in a narrow court extending south from Ninety-eighth Street, just west of the Tenth Avenue—which court is a remnant of what once was a fine garden, parallel with the Harwood Hill Road. Already the enclosing wall to the eastward has been erected, the solid line of houses on the Tenth Avenue; and to the south the Roman Catholic Church of St. Holy Name of Jesus, now building on Ninety-seventh Street, soon will add its another side. When Ninety-eighth Street and the church—both of them—shall have been built upon, the court will be complete. And then, if the little houses in the area then live on—and, as they appear to be used in necessity, this may well may happen in the distant future—place at Seventeenth Street and the Sixth Avenue will have an exact antitype four miles away in the north.

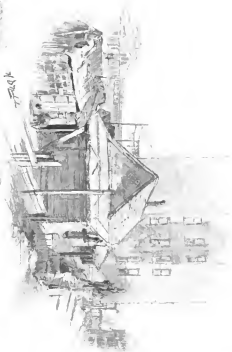
Each of the localities to which attention here has been drawn has individual features, but all of them are typical. They are representative in the present of processes which we are disposed to associate in our thoughts, but very erroneously, wholly with the past. Actually, to dwell on New York given is only another way of dwelling how New York grows, as may be proved in the satisfaction of any person perceiving nerveless legs who will go a walking in the upper portions of the island with open eyes.



CORPORATE ARCHITECTURE IN NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY H. D. SWANSON
Center the shadow of the Eighth Regiment Armory, Ninety-fifth Street and Park Avenue.



CORNER SHURTEN STREET AND BUSH AVENUE



SIXTH AVENUE STREET NEW PARK AVENUE



A SET OF THE DOCKLAND



WEST OF CENTRAL PARK



PARK AVENUE AND NINETEENTH STREET

COMPARATIVE ARCHITECTURE IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by H. D. Sennott.—(See Page 294.)





THE INAUGURATION CEREMONIES—PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND EX-PR



HARRISON RETURNING FROM THE CAPITOL.—DRAWN BY T. DE TROUW.



THE CYBELE FOUNTAIN.



THE TOLEDO BRIDGE.



EL JALEO (A SPANISH DANCE).



AT THE FLAMENCO CAFE.

admiration is Madrid, we must go to the Museo or picture gallery. We consider the Escorial of Philip II a marvellous structure, and rank it with the great buildings designed to endure times as modern, but the true wonder is in the artistically collected masterpieces on the Prado. Place the Museo of Madrid beside the vast rooms of the huge Louvre, and although it is fewer proportioned, it excels both in composition, in size and material grandeur, with that classic building. Compare it with the British Museum, or the Uffizi Gallery of Florence, and we find it inferior to the former in the rich variety of its art treasures, and to the latter in its series of historical paintings. Nor has it many such masterpieces of sculpture as the Louvre or the Vatican; such relics of ancient painting as the galleries of Rome, Vienna, or Berlin. Even under the arrangement of the Brera and Antwerp museums, and the richness of ornamentation of the Pinacotheca of Munich, Vienna, and Berlin. But the Madrid Museum carries off the palm from all of these, and its good fortune can never be too highly estimated, in that it owns, housed



A LADY OF MADRID.

beneath one roof as by a miracle, an absolutely unique collection of masterpieces such as can nowhere else be seen together or in so short a time.

The paintings, the carvings, and the objects of the Madrid Museo contain ones which in other museums would be reserved for the chief rooms. Sixty Titians, nearly a hundred of Tintoretto's, Rubens's, and Vermeer's best works; the "Madonna della Sponsa," the "Virgin with the Pearl," known as the "Perla," and the "Virgin with the Fish," by the divine Raphael; numerous Fra Angelico, Botticelli, and Cellini scattered about the walls; the Zuccherelli, Canova, and Venturi, dazzling and charming us with their resplendent beauty; statues in which the characters seem actually alive; such figures as are to be seen nowhere else but in Germany; the grand series representing the martyrdom of St. Stephen, by Juan de Juanes, as some examples of Holbein as at Basel; gems by Andrea del Sarto, equal to those at Florence; several Flemish masterpieces, which the very Beluga count, three scores of the time of Lullier, by Canova, Veronese and Tiepolo equal to those at Venice; many admirable



SOME OF THE HUMORS OF THE POULTRY SHOW AT THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY H. M. WILDER.



PARENTAL JOYS

The clock has just struck five, and papa does not enjoy his morning sleep!

Good Soup, Well Served,
how it refreshes after a long fast—how fittingly
it begins all good dinners, especially if made with

Armour's
Extract of BEEF.

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Armour's Extract in Soups and Sauces—a
different soup for each day in the month.

We mail Cook Book free, send us your address.
Armour & Company, Chicago.



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cocoa in the world
which is made
entirely of cocoa
beans and sugar.
It is the only
cocoa in the world
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beans and sugar.
It is the only
cocoa in the world
which is made
entirely of cocoa
beans and sugar.

which only attracts without attracting
GLORIA and CHOCOLAT MENIER are made to com-
pound with each other.

Glacé and Milk to Pure Cream.
CHOCOLAT MENIER is offered with the most particular
attention to all the details of its preparation, a whole
series of its products are made in a special man-
ner, and are of the highest quality.

CHOCOLAT MENIER
is the only cocoa in the world
which is made entirely of cocoa
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cocoa in the world which is made
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CHOCOLAT MENIER, London, N. Y.

"It might have been,"
It just may be.

There is time enough only keep
track of the minutes; they will ac-
complish wonders if wisely ended;
watching the minutes. Have you a
new, quick-winding Waterbury?
It is the ideal low-priced watch;
with all the genuineness, beauty
and accuracy of the high-cost ones.
Every woman might and ought to
have it. So should every man and
boy. It is a treasure in itself and
often saves a costlier one.

See why and why not, girl.
Read, in your hand,
the case of Waterbury.
Every woman who is in
the market for a watch.



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that binds the home.

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Dividends Paid - \$1,000,000 00

Surplus - \$1,000,000 00

Income - \$1,000,000 00

Interest, Bonds, etc. - \$1,000,000 00

Disbursements - \$1,000,000 00

To Policyholders - \$1,000,000 00

For Expenses and Taxes - \$1,000,000 00

The Assets are Invested as follows:

United States Bonds and other Securities - \$40,000,000 00

Loans on Real Estate - \$10,000,000 00

Loans on Stocks and Bonds - \$10,000,000 00

Loans on Mortgages - \$10,000,000 00

Cash in Banks and Trust Co. - \$1,000,000 00

Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, etc. - \$1,000,000 00

Insurance and Annuities

Insurance Issued and Re-
ceived - \$10,000,000 00

Insurance in Force - \$10,000,000 00

Reserve for Policyholders - \$10,000,000 00

Income - \$1,000,000 00

Interest, Bonds, etc. - \$1,000,000 00

Disbursements - \$1,000,000 00

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ALLEGORICAL

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1891.

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THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND—THE PENNSYLVANIA TROOPS PASSING THE REVIEWING STAND.
DRAWN BY W. F. SUTHER FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS.—(See Page 351.)

HARPER'S BAZAR.

EASTER NUMBER.

In the line of Fashion this Number is very striking, giving many beautiful and artistic designs from Paris, with full details of Spring wearing fashions, walking dresses, and house gowns. A special article is devoted to suitable costumes to be worn at the Columbian Exposition. It contains the costume designed by MARY E. WILKINS and ANNE TRENCHILL. Scotland, by an animated sketch of Holy Writ, made by ISA CARINGTON CABELL. A decorative cover adds value to this notable Number. Published March 1893.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(THIRTY FOUR PAGES.)

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THE ANNEXATION POLICY.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND deserves the thanks of the country for the prompt withdrawal of the Hawaiian treaty from the Senate. It will now be made apparent that all the commercial advantages which, according to the advocates of the scheme, annexation was to secure to us can be had without cost to ourselves, and especially without hindering this republic with the grave responsibilities which the annexation of the islands would involve. And it is not difficult to demonstrate the folly of the charge now made by his opponents, that President CLEVELAND, by blocking the annexation scheme, has thrown away a great opportunity for adding to our national power by acquiring for us a position of great strength in the Pacific Ocean. What he has really done is to protect the republic against the injection into its system of a dangerous element of weakness.

The position of the United States among the nations of the world is singularly favorable. We have no formidable neighbors obliging us to keep strong armaments on foot for the defense of our territory. We have a population approaching seventy millions, and steadily growing. This population is wholly given to peaceful and productive pursuits, rapidly increasing our national wealth. The Americans are not a military, but, when put to it, a warlike people, furnishing in case of public danger an almost unlimited supply of not only brave and enduring, but remarkably ingenious soldiers. They are also an uncommonly patriotic people, capable of any exertion and any sacrifice for the safety and honor of their country. Our national resources are, compared with those of other nations, practically inexhaustible. We occupy a large extent of continental territory, but our means of interior communication are such as to make it compact. No foreign power, and no imaginable combination of foreign powers, can bring any force against us which, even if it temporarily affected a judgment on our soil, would not soon be overwhelmed by a more powerful and infinitely superior force. We need not hold ourselves in constant readiness for great warlike emergencies, for the defensive situation of the country is an advantageous one to give us sufficient time for preparation when necessity arises. A great naval power might even what we have of maritime coasts of our sea, but by means of a comparatively small fleet of swift cruisers we would make ourselves to it equally disagreeable, or even more so, if its maritime commerce exceeded our own. A great naval power might blockade some of our ports, and inflict on our commerce with well protected, indeed some of our maritime cities with their long-range guns. But even if they could, which is not likely, bombard New York, Boston, and San Francisco, they would thereby suffer not serious financial damage. No serious effort could be produced by such means. On the contrary, such things would rather be calculated more to inflame than to end a war with us. No enemy could win from us a foot of ground that he could hold. We have, practically, no seriously vulnerable or really weak point. We are in our continental position, and with our enormous resources, substantially invulnerable.

A war with the United States would therefore be to any European power, however strong, an extremely discouraging enterprise. No European power would probably be well prepared, which we are not, but even from the completest preparation he would not be able to derive that essential advantage which consists in a sudden and overwhelming attack upon some point of defenseless weakness, for we present on each point. Besides, the European navy has consumed a large part of its resources by a preparation

kept up during long periods of time when it was wanted not practically a waste of means, while this country has its great resources at its disposal unimpeded and available for the emergency—the European power growing weaker as its prepared means of war are consumed, and this country growing continually stronger as its unimpeded means for preparation are transformed into means of warfare. And as war is now, more than it ever was, a matter of material endurance, of resources, of money, the United States would have the inestimable advantage not only of an invulnerable continental position, but of a comparatively inexhaustible purse. To a European power a war with the United States would therefore under present circumstances be a war without visible end. Nor could European policy calculate upon this as an equivalent to threaten its frontiers, for there is nobody here strong enough for a serious threat; while we could always, in case of need, find natural allies on the other side. In fact, as European power, and no imaginable European combination, could engage in a war with the United States under present conditions without presenting to its friends in Europe a welcome opportunity for advantageous attack, thus most seriously impeding its position against the powers of the world. It is evident, therefore, that every European power would go to the utmost verge of possibility to avoid a conflict with the United States so long as the present conditions exist—that is, as long as the United States present so vulnerable a point of attack, by threatening which the enemy would force us to fight on his chosen ground, and by winning which he might gain a terrible advantage, and thus a position far more favorable to him.

Such a point of attack the Hawaiian Islands, if we annexed them, or any far away possession of importance, would present. It is indeed said that such annexation might also serve to an important advantage, by establishing for the United States colonies. These colonies stations, in every body knows, we can have without annexing any foreign country. But upon the advantages offered by such colonies stations we can count only in time of peace. In time of war with a strong naval power, that power will certainly make it one of its first objects to seize all our existing stations it can lay its hands upon, and we shall have accumulated our coal merely for the benefit of the enemy. We can prevent this only by erecting strong fortifications to protect our existing stations, but this is impossible, not being able to get of our coal unless we have a naval armament strong enough to drive and keep the hostile fleet away. We shall have coaling stations for our fleet in time of war only if we build a fleet large enough to occupy all our coaling stations open to us. It is with all this at our disposal for every station on the continental shores. If the Hawaiian Islands formed part of our national territory, we should need a very large navy, a navy able to cope with the great navies of the world, to protect that our vulnerable point—the Pacific Ocean. In connection with this navy, and by proceeding to the enemy a chance seriously to hurt us. We should no longer be able to carry on our defensive war on our own ground where we are substantially unassailable, and to make our offensive attacks from our impregnable stronghold at our own convenience. We should find ourselves forced to defend a part of our national territory two thousand miles away from our impregnable stronghold, where the advantage would be greatly in favor of the enemy. If that navy be Great Britain, or a combination of the lesser naval powers. The possession of the Hawaiian Islands as part of our national domain, or of any similar distant possession, with all the responsibilities this involves, would, therefore, in our present condition, not be an element of strength, but an element of weakness.

The question is whether, in order to have and hold such possessions, we are willing to change these conditions. Are we ready to alter the whole character of the government, with its beneficent distributive policies, to impose upon the people the burdens of the building up and maintaining of a great and immense armament, and to expose this republic to all the political and economic consequences which such a policy would bring in its train here as elsewhere, and for which we have been in the habit of pitying the rulers of the Old World? Is this the evil day when the American people show themselves willing to do this.

ANXIETY OF THE TAMMANY MACHINE.

The anxiety of the machine increases. The punishment for its offences against the party to which it professes loyalty, the President who was the candidate of the party, the people of the State, and good government generally, is evidently near at hand. Its position is becoming more and more desperate. The "regularity" of its organization. They have supposed that a Democratic administration would have to overlook them, and have comforted their hungry followers with the promise that the President would finally be forced into filling the offices with machine politicians.

They have yet a good deal to learn about Mr. CLEVELAND. Of all the recent Presidents of the country he is least dependent on mere organization. It is true, of course, that he could not have been nominated or elected without some concerted action, or some support, and that much must be planned and carried out by committees. But the fact is that it is essential to Mr. CLEVELAND, and to the triumph of the political principles and policies that he represents, is an organization through which popular opinion and popular desires find effective expression. The machine which he is now in the process of organizing, the party of the State of New York could possibly have anything in common with Mr. CLEVELAND. In 1864 the State organization was for Mr. CLEVELAND because it was intelligent enough to understand and obey the demands of the people, and that when Tammany Hall was obstructive and especially when it was the way of the success of the CLEVELAND movement. It went down, however, before the force of public sentiment, just as it and the State machine went down in the election and election of 1892. There is no reason to expect a similar political organization to uphold or uphold such a machine. On the contrary, there is every reason why he should be glad to see it broken down. The good citizens of either party, as they demand, that the people should be put in the promised downfall of the machine, and that the property of the State as so much plunder, and regard the tax payers as the victims of their greedy cunning; but aside from considerations of a moral kind, there is no practical reason why Mr. CLEVELAND should do as he is urged to do. It is a political failure of the State. It is a wretched failure. It is doomed to defeat. So long as its leaders remain in control of the Democratic party, that party will never govern a State effectively, except under extraordinary circumstances, and consequently the political victims of the HILL-MURPHY-FLOWER combination, and will not endure it.

The bigwigs were here enough when they insisted on electing Mr. MURPHY United States Senator against the protest of Mr. CLEVELAND and his independent opposition of all good citizens. They were giving all warnings, for they expected to force the President to do their bidding. They have learned something since then. They have found out what previous experience ought to have taught them, that Mr. CLEVELAND is not a man to be easily deceived. They are trying to cajole the President, and are also trying to change him with bad faith if he does not grant their wishes. They are assuring him of powerful and dangerous intentions. They are asserting that there is to be no return to administration, while Governor FLOWER and Mr. MURPHY's friends are also asserting that the President will be forced to resign. They are not capable of recognizing the fact that even if they should convince Mr. CLEVELAND that they are his friends, he could not promote their designs upon the State government; that he would be compelled to do all in his power to save the State from their ruinous intentions.

The situation is most interesting and instructive. The battle has been fought out, and they know it. Their anger has disappeared, and their attitude has changed to that of despair and pleading. Mr. MURPHY has intimated that he will vote for every nomination that Mr. CLEVELAND makes, no matter what Mr. HILL may do. Mr. CROKER professes not to know that the bad men at Albany are doing anything wrong. They and Governor FLOWER express the hope that Mr. CLEVELAND will be "strong and tough" to take in all factions of the party, forgetting that a few weeks ago they were doing their utmost to shut out from the party most of its brains and all of its character. While they have all along insisted that they do not want any Federal patronage, they are now doing their best to get it. They are the President would be successful and ungrateful if he did not turn over the Collectors to the men who are mismanaging the city and the State, and who did their utmost, both openly and treacherously, to prevent the election of Mr. FLOWER to the governor. They have selected Mr. JOSEPH J. O'DONOHUE for their candidate, and have promised not only that they will not ask for any more offices if he should be appointed, but that he will appoint as his subordinates men but those whom the administration cannot get rid of. They are willing to promise anything if they can have their little office. They point to the fact that Mr. O'DONOHUE is not closely identified with Tammany, overlooking or concealing the most conspicuous episode in his recent career, his participation in the "black and white" system of slavery, the revolution following EDWARD MURPHY, Jr., a demonstration that he would be entirely at the service of Tammany and the State machine when ever they wanted him.

Such an appointment would naturally discourage all friends of good government throughout the State,



SOME OF THE CHARACTERS IN "TWELFTH NIGHT," AT DALY'S.—DRAWN BY W. H. HYDE.—[See Page 364.]



LEN CHUEN YEE'S REVENGE.

BY FRED A. WILSON.

He goes into a partnership with a gambler to get justice; he is killed himself; and he plays the part of thunder to avenge him. "The match."

LEN CHUEN YEE, the literary one, who knew all about Confucius, and who had graduated at Peking, had been robbed. That morning Chew Chung, who always had a smile on his face, and had not so much as would buy a little ink, or even a bet's leaf, on the reader's mind caused the door.

He had been up in the temple for two hours, praying Lord Kwang, the god of thunder, to make Chew Chung dead before he could enjoy the money, but even so he came out of the temple he saw the robbery one standing in the sunshine on the other side of the street, smoking a cigarette, and Chew had shouted, in derision.

"Ha, poor one, still I had some of that which was once your own!"

He had learned to realize this threat, but he remembered, as he clattered along to the room, that he had not poured wine on the floor before the thunder god, and that he had placed no offering at the shrine. No wonder Chew Chung was still alive! Gods do not work for nothing, and he hurried along to the shop of his friend the grocer man, and begged him to treat him for a measure of incense and some tea. The grocer man had not heard of his trouble yet, and so he treated him.

A few minutes later a hand-carry and excited Chinese ran up the temple to the temple. It was the literary one. In one hand he held the wine; in the other he held the offering of sweet things. The friends of Chew Chung showed as they came across the street, but he paid no attention to them. He went up the main temple in the temple like a wind from the north. He poured himself before the thunder god, and pouring out his treasures, prayed, as he cast the incense, that Chew Chung, the wicked one, the gambler, robbing one, might be ground to dust as the six gods, that he might be seized, scorched, burned, and tormented. All of this he, the literary one, prayed and begged, because he was also a good and virtuous one who hated robbery.

He walked down the stairs with a steady tread, like one who has performed a pleasant duty. He brushed the dust from his knees, and stepped into the street.

"Only the poor and the laborer pray," said Chew Chung to him. But he looked pitifully at the man who was to die so soon. The god of thunder had an evil eye,

and had never been known to fail. He walked to his room, but with his head straight up like a man who feels proud. He entered, set down upon a stool, looked around until his eye fell upon the sacred wood tablet in the corner, the cover of which was still raised. From a corner of that tablet had come all the cash he had stored in four years, 5000 taels. Ten hours ago it was there in a thick skin bag in the corner, and now—the blue bag was gone. He felt the crying; and he sat there, with his head resting in his hands, the tears came, and splashing upon the floor, made dark spots in the dirt.

Outside, the story of how Chew Chung the gambler had won from the innocent literary one all his cash was passing from mouth to mouth, and before the dusky tapers were lighted in the shop, long before the gambler's thought of seeing out their taking, everything was known, and a hundred heads had pointed the back of Chew Chung's forehead. He was always smiling on the fortunate. So, while Chew Chung snatched cigarettes and drank the dirty tea in his room, the unfortunate one was sitting in the dusk of his lonely room, waiting for the thunder to greet the robber into a million pieces.

Here is the story they were telling and laughing over:

For six months the police had been watching the gambling ones as it catches a mouse. They had to pay rent, and they had not the privilege of making any money. Such a country as this was enough to make them all but they were all but home the other side of the water. Besides, there were mysterious ones of the Americans going about making the Chinese to be photographed. It was a scheme, a government plot, intended to work ruin to them all. They did not come here to be slaves.

The gamblers were getting so poor that they no longer had a when they sat, and instead of eating four or five times a day, they had to be satisfied with two meals. They who had been used to picking chickens out of their teeth could never be satisfied with pork. The poorest one of them all was Chew Chung. The wine ones said he would always be poor, because even when the stranger ones were crowding around his table he acted like a sea half asleep. But the wine ones never asked there was a strange tale in the eye of Chew Chung, and they forgot that wherever played in his table left everything behind. When Chew Chung sat in the sun on his front porch with his eyes shut he was not always sleeping, and he always opened his eyes and went in his shop when the policeman who came marking down the street was twenty feet away. It was the corn who had dealings with him who called him to his table, causing one.

He was sitting in front of his shop one afternoon when Len Chuen Yee, the literary one, came walking close with the air of one who has plenty to eat and is satisfied with himself.

"Ha, friend," said Chew suddenly, uncurling his eyes and staring up. "You are the one I want." It was like the hungry fly saying to the dust, "I want you."

Len Chuen Yee stopped. "I want you."

"I want you to write a letter to my old mother in Foo-Chow," said the gambler, and he led the way down the eleven stone steps to the place where he lived, and where his chin-chen tables stood. He pulled two high stools up to the table, opened a drawer and pulled out a lot of paper, pushed it in front of the writer, and made a motion for him to begin. "Write, 'My beloved and respected mother,'" began Chew, and then he diverted as fast as the other could write. "Your devoted son grieves because he cannot send you money, and golden clappers are flying by my door at the setting of every sun. I could make enough money to take the house if I were fortunate enough to possess a like amount. There is a wealthy Quong-Tung merchant here who has learned a great American game called *hi-lo*. I know a trick of the game, and I can win his money. The hungry man is not particular at whose table he eats, and—"

The sharp pointed brush of the literary one ceased moving, and he made a gesture of fixing it. "Could you win much cash, Chew Chung?" he asked, never raising his eyes.

"If I had a thousand taels, I could win as much as that," said the gambler, "but I wish my lot. When one has not the cash, one must let the cash run somewhere else."

"But suppose," said Len Chuen Yee, still arranging the point of his brush—"suppose you had some good friends like who would lend you the money—that then?"

"Then my friend would be the thief for trusting me. I would work that in might be winning, and of every ten taels I earned I would give him one. If with his money I was a like amount, I would only ask a small part of the winnings for my skill."

"I will lend you the money, then," said the literary one, gladly, for he was proud to be on good terms with a gambler.

"What, my good friend?" said Chew Chung, expressing great surprise. "Have you a thousand taels?"

"Yes, and five hundred more."

"Ah, but with that we will make our fat Quong-Tung merchant dance with his shoulders. And in the end you shall have two parts of his money, while I will be content with the other part."

They a married couple, as friends will, each one wanting the other to take more for his share, but in the end it was the same.

The unfolded letter lay on the bamboo cloth of the gambling table, the point of the costly brush of the literary man was turned up like a pig's snout, and the ink-balls were pushed over to one corner. They talked about the money until the face of Len Chuen Yee was like a thing set, but



THE GEORGIA BIRDS.



UP PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE TO THE CAPITOL.



MARCHING DOWN PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE TO THE REVIEWING STAND.

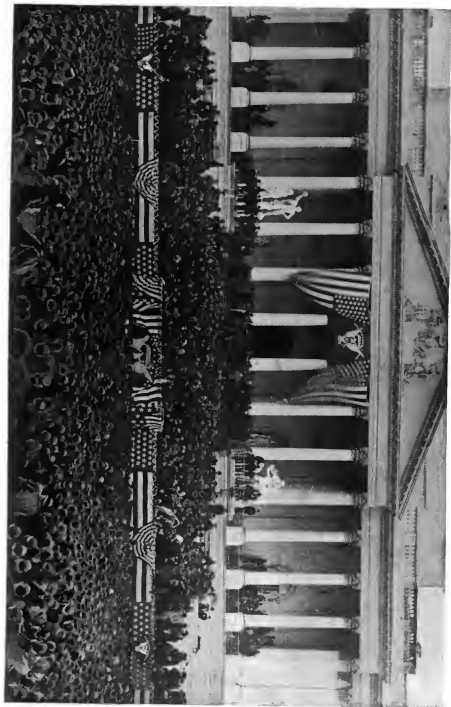


VICE-PRESIDENT STEVENSON AND EX-VICE-PRESIDENT MORTON RETURNING.



THE CLEVELAND ARCH IN THE PEN-SON BUILDING WHERE THE INAUGURAL BALL WAS HELD.

THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HELL (WASHINGTON), AND LANGRISH.—[SEE PAGE 241]

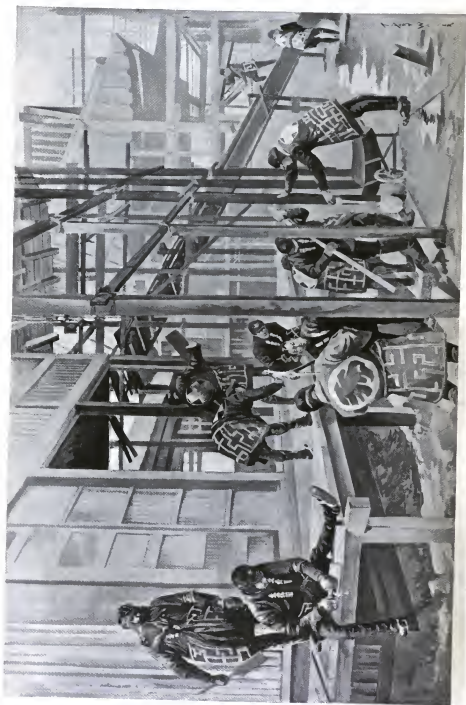




THE INAUGURATION BALL IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE F



ROON BUILDING, WASHINGTON — DRAWN BY T. DE THOUSSIER.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—AT WORK ON THE JAPANESE BUILDING—DRAWN BY T. HART WALKER.—[SEE PAGE 104.]



BUILDINGS AT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO.—DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS



JOHN B. KENNADY.



THE GENERAL OFFICE.



A BIT OF THE LECTURE HALL.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE BUILDING, FOURTH AVENUE AND TWENTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK.

THE NEW UNITED CHARITIES BUILDING AND ITS FOUNDER.—[See Page 262.]



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE COAST-DEFENDER "DESTROYER."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HART.—[See Page 262.]
The Projectile Eight Feet under Water.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

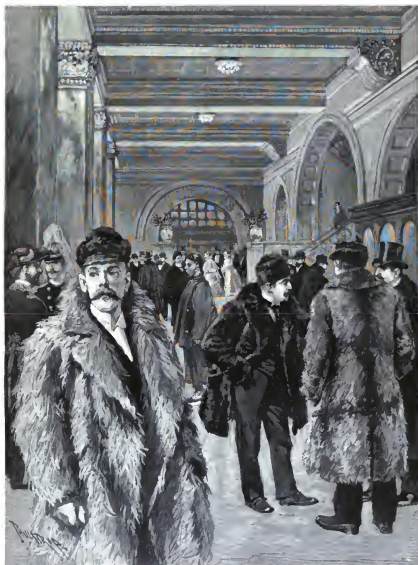
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WANTS A COPY
FOR COLLEGE A YEAR.

218
P. 100
P. 100
P. 100



THE LOBBY OF A CHICAGO HOTEL IN WINTER—DRAWN BY T. DE THULOUPE.—[See Page 194.]
A STUDY IN OVERCOATS.



"PEACE"—FROM THE PAVILION AT WAIKIKI, HAWAII
 Accepted for the Fine Arts Building, Columbian Exposition (See Page 104.)

THE DECISION OF THE COURT.*

A Comedy.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.



MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE time is late September, and the scene is the parlor of a cottage at Newport, the broad windows of which overlook the harbor. It is a handsomely furnished room, showing that its occupant is a woman of taste. On one side there is a conservatory how window filled with flowers, and having a hanging bird-cage in the centre. On the other side there is a mantel piece, with a mirror over it and a clock upon it. An open piano stands against the wall near the mantel piece. There sits a sofa near the centre of the room, with an umbrella leaning behind it.

Mr. Stanbury is now seated at a desk near the sofa engaged in writing.

Mary, the maid, enters through the draped doorway which connects the parlor and the hall of the house. She stands slightly behind Mrs. Stanbury.

Mr. S. (looking up). "Well, Mary, what is it?"

Mary. "What time is it you want the tea, ma'am?"

Mr. S. "At five o'clock always; you will understand your duties in a day or two. And serve it promptly, whether I am here or not."

Mary (glancing). "Yes, ma'am."

Mr. S. "And tell Martha to have the toilet carried better than they were yesterday."

Mary. "Yes, ma'am."

* This comedy is to be produced in New York by The Theatre of Arts and Letters on Thursday, March 31st, and by the courtesy of Mrs. Agnes Booth-Schoeffel, one of Mr. J. K. Anderson, who is to take the character of Mr. and Mrs. Stanbury on this occasion, we are enabled here to illustrate the play with photographs from the

Mrs. S. "Where was I? [Taking up letter from desk and reading it aloud.] 'If you will go to Japan and to India, you must not expect to have the latest news. Yes, it is true that I am sailing for a diver, Algernon and I are absolutely incompatible. If baby had lived, perhaps we might have got along together somehow—I don't know. As it was, we quarrelled every week of our married year, and almost every day of the third, yet when I try to remember what we quarrelled about, I simply can't. But we quarrelled twice, and made up again, and then quarrelled some that even at last I could stand it no longer. And Algernon was disagreeable enough to say that I was the most exasperating woman he had ever met! So you see what a bad temper I have! And he was abominably jealous, and at the same time he was so indifferent and easy-going that he was absolutely impossible! Well, you know what Englishmen are. At last we agreed to disagree once for all, and to be divorced. So I have been living here in Newport for a year now all by myself—it appears that divorce is necessary—and I have saved for divorce on the ground of non-support. I suppose you will smile at this, since you know my income is quite as large as Algernon's. That's the excuse I must give, so my lawyer says. I have an excellent lawyer, Mr. Richard Hiltbeck, really a most agreeable man, who has taken charge of my case himself, and he has been just too lovely. I wish Algernon's lawyer had been as considerate, but his name is Ball, and he is a brute." [Phew.] I remember what I was going to say. [Writing.] The case came up last week, and I testified that Algernon hadn't given me any money for months, and that he had abandoned me and left the country. You see he had asked the firm to let him go over and take charge of the Paris house. Algernon's lawyer made a cheap job about my being a guinea widow man, and being able to make her while she was alone. It's just the kind of a case such a man! I will say for him that I don't believe he would appear if it. The judge asked me a few questions, and then he took the papers and said he would think about it. Mr. Hiltbeck tells me that we must win, of course. He hopes for a decision soon—maybe this week. He is to telegraph her at once. So perhaps before this letter reaches Chicago I shall have been remarried. [She reads a note and then looks to herself, and then signs and folds the letter. While she is doing this, Mr. Stanbury is seen to pass the window and to stand before door where he rings bell. Mrs. Stanbury, seated on folding letter and on adjoining carriage, does not hear the bell. The door is opened and Mr. S. disappears from view, the door closes with a bang. Starting.] Perhaps that's the decision now! Really, it is a great strain on one's nerves not to see whether one is married or not. Mary enters and calls out, 'Nowing.' Is it telegraph?"

Mary (nervously). "No, ma'am, it's a gentleman to see you."

Mrs. S. (reading card; aside). [Algernon.] [Disgusted.] What does he want with me?"

Mary. "He wants to see you, ma'am."

Mr. S. "Well, you may show him in."

Mary (glancing). "Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. S. "I should care to go to the mirror over the mantel piece, I suppose I must look like a fright. [Glancing.] Show him in, and say Mr. Stanbury will be down in a minute."

[Exit through small door opposite the mantel piece.]

Mary. "Yes, ma'am. [Rings bell, and reappearing at once with Mr. S.] Mr. Stanbury will be up in a minute, sir."

Mr. S. (seated and looking at his watch). "Certainly, certainly; there's no hurry at all. [Seeing Mary may be late and on safe, looking at his watch and at the door.] Really, you know, this is awkward. A man doesn't really know what to do when he has to call on his own wife, not knowing whether she is his wife or not. It is dreadfully awkward, that's what I call it—dreadfully awkward. That American justice may have given his decision to-day, you know, and when I'm looking to my wife perhaps she won't be my wife. And it was quite awkward enough before, still, it had to be done. Wife or no wife, I wouldn't have her think I could do a thing like that, you know. [Pause.] She said she'd be down in a minute; but I never saw long her minutes are. I suppose she's prinking before the glass. Poor! her prinking for me now! [Pause.] It's been their long living since I abandoned her, as we agreed when we had our last row. That last row—it was pretty lively that last row—but there we were most of the others. I don't if any man and wife ever had more rows than we did in four years. And I don't see why we quarrelled either—I'm sure I'm good-natured enough. [Pause.] Long live civil this. She always had good taste. I will say that for her. [Rings bell and stands by door.] There's the waiting the water gave her, and that's the waiting the water gave her, and that's the waiting the water gave her, and that's the waiting the water gave her. [Pause.] Dearest daughter, these roads here in America. [Motion up and out her photograph on mantel piece.] Her picture."

[As he takes it to his hand, Mrs. S. enters, and stands to do so.]

Mrs. S. (aside). "What is he up to now? Oh, my portrait."

Mr. S. (shaking picture). "I say, she hasn't been meaning for me, you know. She's a fading away. She's positively improved. That's—she's positively improved!"

Mrs. S. (aside). "It's just as handsome as ever, and he looks at though he could be just as treating."

Mr. S. "She has filled out a bit and it suits her. [Putting back the photograph on mantel piece, he catches sight of her in mirror, and is positively surprised.] Oh, I say, my love, watching her. [He goes up, looking at her in mirror, and then looks at her in mirror.]

Mr. S. (standing in front of sofa). "APPEAR FOR YOURSELF, KITTY—MRS. STANBURY, I MEAN."



MRS. AGNES BOOTH-SCHOEFFEL.

Mr. S. is back of chair behind desk. He looks up and catches her eye. Moment of embarrassment. [Hesitating.] I have—I have called—

Mrs. S. (glancing up, calmly). "Take a chair. Mr. Stanbury is in her hand—Mr. Stanbury."

Mr. S. (aside). "That was our first row. Clever old girl. I thought she'd make it uncomfortable for me. [Sees chair and sits. Aloud.] Thank you, standing makes a fellow feel so awkward."

Mrs. S. "You have been alone, I believe, Mr. Stanbury, since of my—Mr. Stanbury."

Mr. S. "I got back yesterday morning, on the Atlantic, and so I—so I—"

Mrs. S. (after a pause). "And what gives me the honor of the visit?"

Mr. S. "That's what I'm coming to—only you—your—Well, last night at the club I heard two fellows talking about my divorce case, you know—"

Mrs. S. "Yes, I know."



"SEE PHOTO?"



"APPEAR FOR YOURSELF, KITTY—MRS. STANBURY, I MEAN."

Mr. R. : "They didn't know I was in New York, and one of them said that Bull-street lawyer, you know?"

Mr. R. : "Yes, I knew that too."

Mr. S. : "He said that Bull-street lawyer had made some sort of disparaging remarks about you, you know?"

Mr. R. : "Yes, I know. And what then?"

Mr. S. : "What then? Well, you know, I didn't want you to think that I had anything to do with it—and I ran down here at once to tell you it."

Mr. R. : "Oh, you need not have taken so much trouble for a little thing like that. Bull-street lawyer!"

Mr. S. : "Of course I wouldn't let my lawyer say an insulting word to you."

Mr. R. : "Of course not. That's a privilege you desire to reserve for yourself!"

Mr. S. : "Come, now, I suppose that's true. There's one below the belt. Bull-street lawyer! A horse, I dare say!"

Mr. R. : "Like natter, like man."

Mr. S. : "But I try to behave like a gentleman, I hope."

Mr. R. : "No doubt, but I don't think you're a gentleman."

Mr. S. : "And I never down here with you it's all a mile take, and I don't say anything to do with it; and then you jump on me, as if I had been a horse!"

Mr. R. : "I'm by way of being injured, as you English say. Your Bull-street lawyer was a brute—such a contrast to Mr. Ellettsworth. You ought to have loved Mr. Ellettsworth, your infamous conduct to me. He almost made me cry when he told the judge how you had abandoned me, and refused to contribute to my support. Just as if I would ever do you for a cent!"

Mr. S. : "Your lawyer seems to have been picking into me."

Mr. R. : "That's different."

Mr. S. : "Who is this Ellettsworth fellow? I've met him somewhere here— isn't it?"

Mr. R. : "Mr. Ellettsworth is my counsel. He has been kind to me—and as my counsel, he has the most capricious manner, too. Of course he simply despises your little law, but he treated me all along with the most disinterested courtesy—except when that Bull-street lawyer, and then he talked back. It was so like you to have a man of that sort. I could have sworn that I had been a horse!"

Mr. R. : "But I came here to tell you I—"

Mr. S. : "Oh, I understand you, of course; I know you wouldn't have permitted him to have told you."

Mr. R. : "Thanks, I mean."

Mr. S. : "I was just writing to a friend [taking note out of pocket], and I told him that I didn't believe you were reasonable."

Mr. R. : "That's really very good of you, you know [Purse]. Oh, I say, if you've been writing like that, then I must have looked like a horse!"

Mr. S. : "If I see him writing? So you are still as you please as ever. See how yourself?" [Holding up the letter.]

Mr. R. : "Really? I had better look here."

Mr. S. : "See for yourself!"

Mr. R. : "I don't want to read your letter, you know, but if you insist—"

Mr. S. : [Indiscreetly withdrawing letter.] "Perhaps you had better not read it, after all."

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Mr. R. : "It's all damned well enough to me, I don't know."

Mr. S. : "It is indeed."

Mr. R. : "You see that letter makes up my mind, I don't know whether I'm a married man or not."

Mr. S. : "Neither do I. I mean, I don't know whether I'm a married man or not."

Mr. R. : "I'm like this fellow's cuffs, you know?"

Mr. S. : "I feel like a coffin, Oh, Mohammed!"

Mr. R. : "You always know such a lot. You say that's it— is it?"

Mr. S. : "I don't know—perhaps between heaven and the other place, you say."

Mr. R. : "The other place! Meaning me? Oh, thank you!"

Mr. S. : "Oh, my!"

Mr. R. : "That was delicate, perhaps, but I was direct enough."

Mr. S. : "Come, now, I didn't mean that; you know I don't mean it."

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Mr. S. : "Come, now, I didn't mean that; you know I don't mean it."

Mr. R. (sings). "There's a fellow, I must be going. I've got to get back to New York to-night."

[They enter with both, who sit on the table. Mr. S. says to Mr. R. : "I don't think you're a horse, I'm a man, you know?"]

Mr. R. : "Yes, I know. And what then?"

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Mr. S. : "After all, I'm not a horse, I'm a man, you know."

Mr. R. : "And my birds are excited, too; that's another sign."

Mr. S. : [Looking at him with single eye glint.] "What sort of sign?"

Mr. R. : "Lovebirds."

Mr. S. : "Fussy little beggars."

Mr. R. : [They open their eyes for such other as either mind or not? But they don't get on of the eyes, you see, and like many other couples, perhaps they are surely making the best of it, and proceed to affection while those are looking down.]

Mr. S. : [Indiscreetly.] "You always did have a way of saying things."

Mr. R. : "I've practiced that speech before. The last time I said it to Mr. Ellettsworth."

Mr. S. : "Ellettsworth? Oh, he's your lawyer, is he? I remember that. You used to know him before we were married."

Mr. R. : "He's a charming man. It's a pleasure to talk to him. And I don't think you're a horse, I'm a man, you know."

Mr. S. : "I don't see that that's so very clever."

Mr. R. : "No! That perhaps you won't approve of my remark, but I don't understand why marriage should be a law to divorce. The first step of living is guaranteed to every American woman by the laws of the Republic. It is the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Mr. S. : [Indiscreetly.] "You had a divorce the first time I met you—at the Antislavery, wasn't it?"

Mr. R. : "I was at the Assembly. That just shows how much I know."

Mr. S. : "I did take notice of you. I remember what I said to the fellow who took me in the dance."

Mr. R. : "I said, 'That's a lovely pretty girl, that Miss Van Kestel, and clever too.' That's what I said."

Mr. S. : "Thank you. And what did he say to that?"

Mr. R. : "What did he say? I remember that too. He said, 'That's a lovely pretty girl, that Miss Van Kestel, is a terrible girl.' That's what he said."

Mr. S. : "The ideal. As if I were fitted!"

Mr. R. : "I don't think so. I know that. You wouldn't even dance with me."

Mr. S. : "You know you dance like a bear."

Mr. R. : "You English don't begin to know anything about dancing. I can't think what they teach you in your schools. I remember the first time you tried 'Dancing in the Ball Room.' You were so awkward, you were playing the same ball holding one of your shoulders to me, who had been a horse!"

Mr. S. : "I was here in Newport, at the Day Room. Two years ago, I never gave them the first at their new cottage on the cliffs."

Mr. R. : "You have such queer dances here, you know. I don't think you're a horse, I'm a man, you know."

Mr. S. : "I don't think so. I know that. You wouldn't even dance with me."

Mr. R. : "You know you dance like a bear."

Mr. S. : "I don't think so. I know that. You wouldn't even dance with me."

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Mr. R. : "You know you dance like a bear."

Mr. S. : "I don't think so. I know that. You wouldn't even dance with me."

Bishop: They'll never make divorce really popular with the women till it is as spectacular as a wedding, with ushers, maid and best men, and pretty girls, and cake—cake to take home in a box, so that every woman can dream of the man she is sure day to be divorced from."

TO IMPROVE THE GREAT BROOKLYN
BRIDGE.

As has been said, the New York city terminus of the old bridge is also to be remodelled. As it cannot be extended, it must be widened; but the result will be that of actually doubling the value and service of the large spans across the river, which serves the two cities *only* politically and geographically, but for all intents and purposes they form one great metropolis.



DRAWING ROOM IN THE STATE APARTMENTS



IN THE GERMAN CAFE



WASTE IN THE EMPIRE DINING-ROOM



FIRST LANDING OF THE MAIN STAIRWAY



THE SCENE OF HORROR.—By WALL & LOW
Calling It the *Mais Antiquaire* Room



DOORWAY IN THE LADIES' PARLOR



A CORNER IN THE SMOKING-ROOM



THE BALLROOM



THE ACTOR DINING-ROOM, A RESTORATION OF THE DINING-ROOM IN
THE OLD ACTOR'S MANSION.

FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE NEW HOTEL WALDOFF.—FROM DRAWINGS BY VICTOR PERARD AND A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 100.]
Designed by William Waldorf Astor on the site of the former home of his Father, Southwest Corner Fifth Avenue and Thirty-third Street, New York. Cost, \$4,000,000.



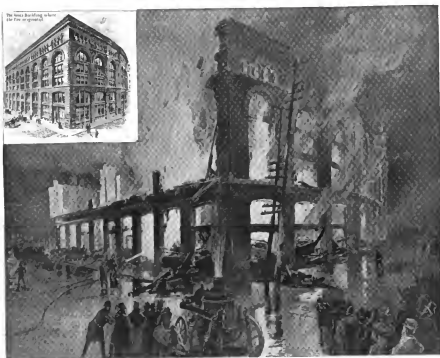
ESCAPE OF A WOMAN BY JUMPING FROM A WINDOW TO A TELEGRAPH POLE.



THE EMERGENCY HOSPITAL IN KINGSTON STREET.



CHIEF JAMES F. RYAN ESCAPING BY AN ELECTRIC CABLE.



RUINS OF THE ARM MUSEUM.

THE THREE-MILLION-DOLLAR BOSTON FIRE.

DRAWN BY AL HENCKE and WARREN B. DAVIS after Sketches made on the Spot by BERT POOLE.—[See Page 266]



ONE OF THE LARGEST LOADS OF LOGS EVER RAILED.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.
11 FEET HIGH AND 10 FEET WIDE, CONTAINING 6,000 FEET.

IN THE MINNESOTA PINES.

BY W. S. HARWOOD.

THE snowy death-hall is folded thick about the cold bosom of the silent earth; the pinery pines are standing awaked watch in the dim gray of the wintry noon; no sound but the interminable rustle of the heavy river rust at head—thunderously strange sound which comes from the left throat of the cotton stream like some grown man's challenge of the captain of the dead.

A faint thick black smoke spirals gently up from the rusty stove-pipe set in the snow-covered roof of a low large log building, and in the dim green of the lofty pines, a belated late Jay, resistant of frost-time birds, waves from his winter night nap and screeches out an interminable note or two by way of main vocalization. The sun would be several degrees high were it a dense day dawn, for it is few by the big-bellied work of the "bull cook," who has been snail since June, getting up an early breakfast for the first crew. They have severely shivered up their sturdy heads, and are off to the dinner woods in the early gloom.

The bull cook has a long day's work before him. He must superintend the preparation of the day's meals for maybe thirty-two hungry-housed dockmen, whose pressing capacities for baked beans and brown bread and corned beef and root beer and fragrant raisins and meat potatoes and probiotic pie, and all that tasty mass of mystery which befriends in the cat-grog under the capstan "canned goods," are known all too well by the chef and his white-capped assistants. When, along in late October, the economy is control of the camp fired out their commissary department for the winter they brought such a list as this:

Beef, 17 quarters; pork, 12 barrels; sugar, 10 barrels; beans, 21 barrels; flour, 47 barrels; milk, 12 barrels; vinegar, 1 barrel; butter, 1000 pounds. Then there were 10 pounds of sardines, 2 pounds of eggs, 100 pounds of molasses, 15 pounds of pepper, 1 barrel of lobsters, 1 chest of tea. There are some of the supplies which are now being drawn upon by the crew and the crew.

But the men are in the woods in reality now, and close work it is, for the short winter day has few hours, and the demand of the relentless commercial world for down in the warmer lands of the world may not be ignored; the great forests must be swept away, no matter what may oppose. The undergrowth, as he is called, has been of work on previous days making selection of the trees which are to be felled. He is a man of keen judgment, and he has been long a woodsman. With steering eye he picks out the splendid old pines which are to be sacrificed, and upon their closely sided he leaves the path of his axe. He knows just the size and the shape of the trees which are to be cut up into the most advantageous. This is the most important part of the job of the logger.

Following close upon the chipper and the sawyer, for both are to play a part in the death scene of the pine. Until the great tree's weight makes interfere the saw is put to work at the thick base, the chipper with his keen axe adding meanwhile in cutting for the fall. No delay for the fall is an unimportant part of the scheme. To know just how and just where and just when to drive in the big wedge of wood which is to cut to the trunk over the fall tree is not the work of a novice. Great care must be taken that the tree shall fall

right; for if it be misdirected in its course, it may lodge in the branches of a larger conifer, or it may fall so that even its massive trunk may break in twigs, or, most sad event, it may crash into the snow the body of some faithful logger, and leave no trace of life in his belated body.

The men have trimmed the emerald top, which, the snow-proof plane, has been waiting in the wind-swept forest through the centuries; they have cut the trunk to the right length for the sledges; the puffing teams have sailed up through the snowy marsh to take to the frozen river level the sweet-smelling balsamic freightage. The log, as it has been the scene, is a monstrous head in itself, one would say. The "go-devil" must now come into play to aid in getting the log into place, so that it may be loaded upon the wide sledges. The go-devil is made of short heavy work, so to speak, and it is one of the essentials of lumber life. It is a primitive sort of sledge made from two bent rods of a strong knotty pine, joined together at the sharp point of a triangle, and extending backward some eight or ten feet. The runners of the go-devil are of some kind of hard wood, and they become very smooth and polished by the friction of the loading.

Upon the go-devil the log is rolled, and then it is drawn by two sturdy horses, or maybe a pair of steaming cars, to the skidway. Here it is rolled off upon the skidway, and then it has ready for the great sledges. The skidway is made of two strong timbers laid upon the earth in parallel lines, about six feet apart. Long after the heavy snowy woods is loaded to the skidway and piled up to await the team.

When these are enough logs on the skidway for a load the strong team of eight horses is driven in the "made" road up alongside, and the logs are drawn up or rolled up on the wide runners. The size of the load which is placed upon these sledges is something else concentrated to the ways of the woods would be best to discredit. In the illustration shown an excellent representation is given of the load which may be put upon the sledges, and which, too, may be loaded to the river. The illustration is of one of the largest loads of logs ever successfully handled. Its dimensions were as follows: 31 feet high and 20 feet wide, containing 31,000 feet. Hauled by 4 horses one mile. The runners of the sledges were 5 inches thick, 12 inches high, 9 feet long, and 4 feet apart. The bars were 12 by 18 inches square, 12 feet long. The poles were 12 by 18 inches square, 12 feet long. Estimated weight of sledges and chains, 5 tons.

Down the long road to the river the logs are loaded, the teams with their gay trappings—for your woodsman is not averse to decked out his horses with sundry dandified quilted bells and shawls every ribbon and what not—the men in their picturesque park, the dandied strokes of snow, the extended poles, the rig of the saw in the distance, the fat old voices of the men at work, all making up a sufficiently interesting scene.

This morning, you will see, there is a singularly smooth ice track to the river. The constant packing of the heavy loads along the way has worn the snow down to the brown leaves and the abiding cones left in the late autumn, where they were discarded by the thick undergrowth and the leafy pines. The sparkling cut has been at work these many

hours. Its enormous depths have been filled from the deep river, and along the river it has passed for many an hour, sending out in this spray, and making the road as smooth as glass.

Now has been loaded on, too, to help to make the road possible, and this, with the fine work of the splitter, makes a terrible thoroughfare.

Here we are at the river's brink. Skillfully the logs are skidded upon the bank, ready to be rolled down upon the ice, or, if it shall be deemed necessary, they will be led until the river, in Western parlance, "breaks up." Then they will begin that interesting journey which every log takes down to the waiting logs hundreds of miles across the Gulf.

But if you look down the stream a little distance you will see that the intention in this camp is that the most, if not all, of these logs shall be placed upon the ice direct, there to await the annual freeze of the imprisoned stream. The river's exposure is thick with logs as far as you can see. Load after load has been loaded down for weeks past, and one would think the patient ice no longer would withstand the enormous burden. But it bears all uncomplainingly; and there is foundation for its patience, for has it not two or more solid feet of substance?

When the load up comes, and the logs slowly sink down into their cold bed, there begins a journey, one of the most interesting in the world—see long a journey and too full of experiences for narration here.

But we have left the major portion of our crew away back in the dinner forest, and we will load ourselves on this big sledge, sure that our hospitable driver will not say to us, and back more and more to the men in the woods.

It is of interest to note that the break, when the snow is very deep, is troubled with an excess rather than a dearth. In that case it becomes necessary to break the road through, so that the sledges may load their loads in safety, and so that the horses or men, as the case may be, may not get stuck fast in the drifts. For the most part the snow falls smoothly in the depths of the forest—much as frost at that time we see in, on the crest of the great ridge which separates the northern portion of the State of Minnesota. The forest is so vast, the trees stand so closely together, the wind has such a poor opportunity to wedge its way into the company of the great pines, that for the most part the snow is lying like a soft fitting carpet, undisturbed save by the long strides of elk or deer. Sometimes, however, the wind sweeps in, and then the snow, if it has not already been frozen to a sticky crust, is piled high by the trunk of the towering trees.

In any event, the road breaking becomes a necessity when there is a heavy snow fall. A wide V-shaped snow-plough is improvised, generally of rough stout boards set on edge, and this with a stout team or a big rake of men affords a fairly good substitute for the rotary plough which has now come to be the great blizzard driver on the Northwestern railways.

We are back in the deeper woods now, and, fortunate for us, we are to have a chance to pursue the snow-lake here. It is a woodland's heart, and there may be labeled beans and pork, and all such kinds of stuff? Yes, to be sure.



CLEARING THE ROAD AFTER A HEAVY SNOWFALL



A TYPICAL HOTEL



A VIEW OF THE STABLES



STANDING BY WITH THE LOGS LAYING
IN THE MINNESOTA PINES—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



THE SPECKLER TRIED IN IMPROVING THE ROAD.



ON THE RIVER—READY FOR THE SPRING THAW.



THE "ODDEVIL" SLEDGE AT WORK.



AN ORIENTAL HAIL
IN THE MINNESOTA PINES.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.



COMPASS



AN OLD-TIME GUN.



THE "SANTA MARIA."



A REEL OF THE TIME OF COLUMBUS.



A CURIOUS COLLECTION OF FLAGS AND BANNERS.



ADMIRAL'S LANTERN.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE CARAVEL "SANTA MARIA."
From Drawings by HARRY C. KOWALKE, and a Photograph.—[See Page 261.]



THE HON. ISAAC PUSEY GRAY.
United States Minister to Mexico.



THE HON. JAMES H. SLOOEY.
Consul-General in the Hawaiian Islands.—From a Photograph
by Bell, Washington.



THE HON. WILLIAM M. WOOD.
Assistant Secretary of the Navy.—From a Photograph by
Bell, Washington.

MR. CLEVELAND'S NOMINATIONS.

MR. CLEVELAND'S first appointments are of men thoroughly well known in politics. They have excited no surprise, for they were natural appointments for Mr. Cleveland to make. There is not one of the nominees who was not an important factor in the campaign that resulted in Mr. Cleveland's nomination and election.

The most important nomination is that of Isaac Pusey Gray as Minister to Mexico. Mr. Gray has for several years been one of the most prominent Democrats in Indiana. He was born in Pennsylvania October 18, 1829. When he was a child his father took him to Ohio, and when he was married, in 1853, he went to Union City, which is partly in Ohio and partly in Indiana. He was first in business, then became a lawyer, and when the war broke out he went into the army, and was a captain in the Fourth Indiana Cavalry. He was a Republican until Grant's administration, having been the Republican leader in the State Senate. General Grant offered him the Consulate in St. Thomas in 1870, but he declined the offer, because he did not agree with the President's policy. In 1872 he joined the Liberal Republican movement, and from that time to this he has been a Democrat. In 1878 he was elected Lieutenant Governor, and after the death of Williams, the Governor, he filled the higher office until the expiration of the term. He was elected Governor of the State in 1884, and was the choice of his party in Indiana for the Presidential nomination in 1892.

His friends early saw, however, that Mr. Cleveland's nomination was an absolutely certain, and therefore withdrew Mr. Gray's name. He was then made a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, but was defeated by Mr. Stevenson. During the campaign his conduct was worthy of his previous reputation, and it was confidently expected that he would go into the cabinet. The appointment of Judge Gray, however, made it difficult to select him for

the office that he desired, and he was made Minister to Mexico at his own request. The Mexican mission is new on the same footing as the four first chairmanships of Europe, and the salary is the same, \$17,500 a year.

The most valuable office, particularly in the gift of the President is the Consulate General at London. Its revenue

is \$10,000 a year. He served as a State legislator for several years, was Judge-Advocate General on Governor Cass's staff, and served three terms in the Federal House of Representatives, retiring voluntarily because his law practice, which is important, Mr. Collins is one of the cleverest and ablest orators in the country and his services to Mr. Cleveland on the money, especially in 1894, when he held the Irish vote to its old-time party allegiance against its tendency to stampede to Mr. Blaine, was of the utmost importance. It was Mr. Collins's role in the last campaign to defeat Patrick EGAN's attempt to carry the Irish vote away from Mr. Cleveland.

He is, first of all, an American citizen, and next a most devoted and intelligent friend of his native land. He is probably the most popular Irishman there is with both wings of the Home Rule party, and will be warmly personal to Mr. Gladstone's government.

Joseph Quincy, who has been appointed Assistant Secretary of State, is one of the ablest, perhaps the most intellectual, of the young men who have come to the front in Massachusetts Democratic politics. He is of the family which has given two mayors of his name to Boston. He is about thirty-five years old, a graduate of Harvard University, and a lawyer. He is a most able and capable campaign manager, and as Chairman of the Massachusetts Democratic State Committee has conducted the campaign which have ended in the election of Governor Russell. He has been a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, but has not held any other office.

James H. Russell, who has gone to Hawaii for the purpose of investigating the question of the annexation of the Sandwich Islands to the United States, has for twenty years been one of the most prominent Democrats of the South, and one of the leading men in the Federal House of Representatives. He has been especially active as the Chairman of the Com-



DANIEL HUDSON BURNHAM.
Chief of Construction of the Columbian Exposition.—(See Page 284.)



THE LATE JUDGE PERRY.
President of the French Institute.—(See Page 284.)

mission are large, and the social duties required of the Consul-General are nothing. Mr. Patrick A. Collins, who has been appointed to the office, is one of the best known Irishmen in this country and in Great Britain. He came to the United States when he was four years old, and he has lived at Chelsea and Boston, Massachusetts, ever since. He gained his legal education while he worked as an upholsterer, and was elected a State Senator while he was a student at Boston College Law School. He served as a State legislator for several years, was Judge-Advocate General on Governor Cass's staff, and served three terms in the Federal House of Representatives, retiring voluntarily because his law practice, which is important, Mr. Collins is one of the cleverest and ablest orators in the country and his services to Mr. Cleveland on the money, especially in 1894, when he held the Irish vote to its old-time party allegiance against its tendency to stampede to Mr. Blaine, was of the utmost importance. It was Mr. Collins's role in the last campaign to defeat Patrick EGAN's attempt to carry the Irish vote away from Mr. Cleveland.



THE HON. PATRICK A. COLLINS.
Consul-General in London.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.



THE HON. JOSEPH QUINCY.
Assistant Secretary of State.



THE HON. ROBERT A. MAXWELL.
Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General.



THE PROPOSED TERMINAL OF THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE IN BROOKLYN.—DRAWN BY GEORGE W. BAKER AFTER THE ASSORTED DUNSTON.—[See Page 275.]
Showing the projected Connection with the Brooklyn Elevated Railways.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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DEMOCRACY AND CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

IF we may depend upon what we hear from Washington, President Cleveland has not cut it too short. Mr. HOSMER presumed to do but did not do—that is, to apply the fundamental principle of civil service reform not only to the classified service covered by the civil service law and the rules made under it, but to every branch of the service, including the so-called Presidential appointments. He reported to have said to an office-seeker who rattled all of his campaign woe: "We should not talk of what we have done for the party, but of what we can do in the future. The people do not ask us what I have done, but what I am going to do." He is also said to have declared the special reference to consular officers, which always are in very great demand, that he will appoint only men who can show specific fitness for the duties to be performed, particularly with reference to the extension of our foreign commerce. It is to be hoped that the same principle will be practically applied to offices of every kind. The country has heard with genuine satisfaction of the openly avowed determination of Mr. HENRATT, the new Secretary of the Navy, that the civil service reform established in the navy by his predecessor will be strictly adhered to. The new Postmaster General, Mr. BURGESS, is credited with utterances of the same tenor, and this is especially welcome, since the postal department, with its immense patronage, has hitherto been the theatre of the greatest scandals of the spoils system. That Democratic office-hunters had in the pocket of plunder should hear such declarations with dismay, and denounce them indignantly as rank heresy or morbid self-denial, is indeed not surprising. The Democratic spoils-bearer is in the habit of saying that he has his brother on the Republican side. But the young Democracy, of which Mr. CLEVELAND is the representative and leader, is gradually recognizing the fact that the principle underlying civil service reform is in the truest sense one of the world's democratic principle.

True democracy means, as ABRAHAM LINCOLN expressed it, "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." Public office, bestowed either by the people directly or through their chosen agents, is therefore a public trust. It is instituted not for the benefit of the office holder, now for the benefit of his party, but for the benefit of the people. The people are evidently entitled to the best service they can get; and those who are entrusted with the power of appointing officers are, therefore, in duty bound to appoint the persons fit to give the people the best possible service. They can discharge this duty only by selecting persons for office according to their fitness for the service to be rendered. The most faithful observance of this principle will also secure to every man aspiring to public employment his rightful chance, for every man will have a chance according to his merit, and not according to his "pull." This is genuine democratic doctrine.

In fact, nothing more un-democratic can be imagined than a system of appointment to office by favor. It rules out the good citizen who is poor and without friends, however great his personal merit may be. It yields a decisive advantage to him who has power at his back. It takes from office the character of public duty, the character of reward. It bestows this reward not for services rendered to the people, but for services rendered to a political party or to some influential politician. It thus transforms political contests that should turn upon questions of public interest, into mere scramble for plunder. It enables politicians to sustain themselves in public life by building up an influence through the organization of place hunters. It thus fills legislative halls and executive positions with small selfish schemers, and drives away from public life men of conviction, of the grain of ability, and of high aims. It degrades the character of the office holder, for it makes him a dependant on the favor of an influential patron, instead of a man standing upon his own merit as a servant of the people. It promotes in politics a vulgar aristocracy of influence, and an irresponsible despotism of bosses and machines. Nothing could be more significant and instructive than the historic fact that as long as the aristocracy predominated in English politics, the distribution in the distribution of patronage was the acknowledged rule; but in the more humane and democratic rule advanced in England, a reformed

civil service system, giving all an equal chance according to merit, supplanted the old rule of favoritism. And this victory of merit over "pull" means nothing else than the victory of the democratic over the aristocratic principle.

It is true, the belief that the distribution of offices as rewards is necessary to hold political parties together is still entertained by many. It is a humiliating belief, for it is based upon the assumption that the American people would cease to take an interest in their own interests if they were not stimulated by the expectation of individual pay for their zeal. It is a demoralizing belief, for it brings forth appeals to the lowest order of motives. Fortunately, it is an unfounded belief. We do not deny that there are many necessary persons engaged in American politics. But it is not true that there would be an end of American politics if the greed of these necessary persons were systematically disappointed. The gaps caused by their disappearance from the field would quickly be filled by men whose professions had driven away in disgust. It is a mistake to suppose that the large number of adroit rogues, the low they are an element of strength to a political party. And the more the party in power treats the offices as spoils, the greater an element of weakness they become. Since the party in possession of the federal patronage has been regularly losing its national contests. A Democratic Journal in the West wisely remarks, "If Democratic Congressmen from the different States openly organize themselves into patronage boards, they will probably be convinced of their own weakness. It is the nature of the beast in an election." In order to retain power the Democratic party must remain true to the genuine democratic principle. He is the best Democrat who is the most strenuous opponent of the aristocracy of influence, and the most earnest advocate of an equal chance for all according to merit. And this means civil service reform.

THE PASSING OF HILL.

DAVID B. HILL has enjoyed a singularly successful career. Few men have risen to be United States Senators who were not rich, or who arose contributed a thought to the discussion of public questions, or gave the slightest evidence of possessing any common business sense. Mr. Hill, however, has accomplished the seemingly impossible. He is a Senator. He is said to be comparatively poor. He never makes a speech on the tariff, or silver, or any subject demanding knowledge and thought, that the daily press does not begin to guess who its author is.

Mr. Hill's day is passing. The people cannot always be deceived, and the senior Senator from New York has been found out. Even the politicians have discovered that his usefulness is gone, and the junior Senator, by securing the larger share of their attention. How Mr. Hill rose to the detachment of the New York Democracy is a tale that has been often told. He certainly betrayed a remarkable talent for organization, and an utter insensibility to the rights of others. His most famous act, his securing of the tariff bill, was accomplished because in all the history of machine politics no one has been more of an autocrat than he. He controlled a State Committee which is practically self-perpetuating, and against the decree of which the Democratic voters of the State are powerless.

A year ago, on the 28th of February, Mr. Hill, seemed to be at the zenith of his power. From that day to this his course has been downward, until even the machine, which then declared him to be its chosen President, and substituted itself, existing for the second time, Cleveland would not carry the State if he were nominated at Chicago, has turned its back upon him.

It is true that Senator Hill, in apparently in accord with Mr. HENRATT and Mr. CROMER. He cannot quarrel with them. He must act with them, or go out of politics. He is with them because he has no other refuge. But once commanded, and now he obeys. Mr. HILL's hatred of Mr. CLEVELAND became an insanity, and the cooler-headed leaders among the Democrats, who at first hesitated, were compelled to follow him. Therefore, they calumniated him, and are asking the forgiveness of the President by turning their backs upon him.

Mr. Hill wanted to make a deal against the President at the beginning of his administration. He would have delighted in preventing the confirmation of all of Mr. CLEVELAND's appointees. That would have brought disaster to the machine, and Mr. Hill was forced to surrender to the dictation of Mr. HENRATT.

Mr. Hill's fellow-Senators from other States could not be brought to support him in such an effort. When Mr. Hill was Governor of the State, politicians who had never met him, who only read of his successes, and who believed the adulations that were poured upon him by his organs of the press, were so impressed with his greatness that they joined his party. They saw the shining of the rotten wood, but

could not know its essential worthlessness because they had not come in actual contact with it. It required only the presence of Mr. HILL in the Senate to dispel the illusions of Senators who had regarded him as great.

Mr. Hill is no longer to be greatly feared. He was strong only while there was no effective force of party sentiment against his machine's autocratic methods. There has not been a day in the last five years when Mr. HILL would have dared to face the voters of his party at the local primaries. And now that the machine must bend to law, Mr. Hill, is an obstacle to leading. Therefore he must go. He can no longer lead. No one ought to be so able as he to see the truth of the situation. He can no longer help HENRATT and the rest of the pack, and he must go. He must go, and he will turn his back on him and his kind. But the pack will continue to be just as dangerous as before the passing of HILL.

THE LAW OF ORGANIZED LABOR.

The Toledo, Ann Arbor, and Northern Michigan Railroad Company has complained in the Circuit Court of the United States for Northern Ohio that the Interstate freight dealers used by it to order railroads to stop work, and that they were to be caused by the refusal of engineers and other workmen upon connecting roads to move trains or cars carrying such freight. This refusal is in obedience to orders from the Brotherhood of Engineers and other labor organizations, which have been established with the wages paid by the Ann Arbor company, and who establish this "boycott" to compel it to yield to the demands of its men. On proof of these facts, the court has directed the chief of the Brotherhood to countermand the order in question, and has forbidden the engineers and laborers of the other railroads to obey such orders. Several of the men, who suddenly abandoned the service of one of the roads after the decree of the court was made, have been arrested on a charge of contempt of court. Their actions being plainly in support of the boycott, and in evasion and defiance of the decree.

Thus far the action of the court has been simply the enforcement of the letter of the Interstate Commerce Act. That law forbids any discrimination by railroads in the rates for freight or for passenger any of its connecting roads in forwarding such freight, its freight. Every act of an engineer or other workman, therefore, making or compelling such discrimination is clearly a violation of the act, and can be enjoined or punished by a court of the United States. The action of the court in such cases, and orders incidental to its enforcement, have produced such alarm and excitement among the chiefs of the great labor organizations as cannot be explained by the announcement of a familiar rule of law. They are regarded as acting in such a manner as to lead to labor organizations. If it is sustained on appeal, they declare that such communications are useless, and may as well be dissolved. They insist that the real question is whether a man has a right to quit employment at his will; and that if this is denied, work is compulsory when its terms are unfavorable, and the principle of law are assumed or suggested in this case which are far broader than those involved in the technical construction of the statute regulating interstate commerce—principles, indeed, of universal application to organized labor in its relations to society, and the occasion is one which calls for such a definition of these as will guide our judgment in all similar cases.

This is the more important if principles essential to justice are required to be applied to the case, as attacked by the constitution and ordinary conduct of many labor unions. But the present issue at Toledo has brought into startling prominence the fact that it is so. These unions affirm the right of every man to labor or be idle at his pleasure, to enter any occupation when it suits him, and to leave when he will, with no reason but his will. They then combine under an organization which centralizes in one or a few officers authority to control the employment of all workmen, agreeing to quit their respective jobs at the will of their officers. The purpose of the combination is to wield such a power over employers as will compel submission to its terms. Hence its aim is to be able to inflict the utmost damage possible upon them and upon the community which they serve. If the case of a railroad it seeks to control such numbers and class of its servants that the business of the road will be paralyzed by a strike. The greater the embarrassment of the road and the distress to the public, the more fully the purpose of the union is achieved. The purpose of the union is to control the business of the public without discrimination and under heavy penalties, the combination of workmen, by forcing upon it the choice between unlawful discriminations in its service and a sudden destruction of its ability to serve the public at all, hopes to extort from it such concessions as it may desire.

In every such case the plot is founded on an error.



ENTRANCE TO THE PARK LANDS



BELOW THE DAM ON THE BRONX RIVER—LORILLARD PLACE



THE "BANKS" TREE ON THE BANK OF THE BRONX



OLD MILL ON THE BRONX



THE OLD SHUFF-MILL FLUME—LORILLARD PLACE



THE BUNKER TREE



NEAR WILLIAMS BRIDGE



SPICKER LANE



FROG WILLOW, NEAR OLD LORILLARD MANSION

THE PROPOSED SITE FOR THE BOTANICAL GARDENS, BRONX PARK, NEW YORK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 255.]



Gorset (England).

Kings and Ketches (Japan).

Boston, Mahan, and Albatross (American).

WAR VESSELS AT PRESENT ANCHORED IN THE HARBOR OF HONOLULU.



ARION HALL.
Artillery returning from Bell.



THE "BISHOP" RESIDENCE.
Where the Boston Detachment is encamped at present.



ARTILLERY DRILL—"CAMP BOSTON."



THE THIMBLE ROOM.
Where the Queen tried to force her Cabinet to sign the Constitution.



GATEWAY LEADING INTO "CAMP BOSTON."

THE ANNEXATION QUESTION—VIEWS IN HONOLULU.—FROM RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 296.]



AN ARRIVAL AT THE INN, BEDFORD, CONNECTICUT, 1796.—Worcester Thompson.



A YOUNG WOMAN.—ALFRED KEMP.

Yokohama by C. D. Widdow, A. N. A., like "Manner Born" and "Casting a Spell," each of which contains a little Japanese woman in brilliant tregery, and one of which has a Japanese baby. Mr. Widdow's Japanese seem built of paper models, while Mr. Hiss's are living; the former gives character, hard painted features, the latter, smiling, alert human beings.

An entire, yet a character in our own land, is painted by Alfred Kemp, A. N. A., in the last given here in black and white—"A Yachin," the likeness of a masculine-looking negro, whose yellow face is lit by the flames of the fire which he is lighting. As a piece of architectural art, the modeling of chin, nose, and brow is the bright in excellent, but the illustration cannot give the color of the features on the gold rings in the ears, or the fit of yellow turban through the hair, nor the stunner effect of the more than swarthy skin. Still newer lease is the lamp-light group by Frank W. Benson, of Salem, No. 300—"Lamp-light-Group in Red, Black, and Gold." A head in the rear is dominated, but the chief figure half stands, half sits in the foreground, looking straight out of the picture. She is a young woman in a black dress, with dark hair and dark complexion, and is in the act of drawing about her shoulders a narrow wrap of bright red like a Canton silk scarf. The face, dress, and lighting suggest Spain—Fanny Rives, perhaps the living Elton of Paris—and the face is nicely modeled. Another picture, which is also given herewith, tells more of a story, and looks back to the end of the last century, when houses, trees, and manners were colonial. Worcester Thompson, N. A., adds to the line of his portraits of last century scenes—"An Arrival at the Inn of Bedford, Connecticut, in 1796." Two gentlemen in black, one old, the other with naturo locks, have arrived on horseback, and having tied their steeds and harrowed mud-spots over their rear, have approached the old inn, where the looker-on stands in long waistcoat and short breeches, bidding them welcome with an easy and jovial gesture. Being men of experience, they are poring for terms, and their discourse brings the black coat to the door of the kitchen in the entrance, and the old wife of the looker-on out on the porch. Horses, carriage, brother, dog, and eat and life to the scene. It is afternoon, and the sunlight bathes the roof and trees behind the roof in soft color. The fourth illustration is after a humble house with old women, painted by J. G. Brown, N. A., and called "Home Comforts." The old woman is of the clearly, self-respecting farmer type with which Mr. Brown has made an old familiar. With her back to her comfortable bed, she sits in



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN.—EDWARD JENNISON.

her chair, her feet touching the stove, and leaning her legs in slumbering in an armchair. This composition and the method of its painting lend themselves very well to black and white, so much so indeed that a few lines reproduce this leaves very little to be desired. The same artist's "Bene Between Two Trees" is the portrait of a waggle, looking wide-eyed out of a box between two smiling bookshelves. The car has once more reached the other door, and seems anxious to know what the next joke is to be. The boys are always faced, but their shoes and trousers are more real than have been those of former bookshelves as depicted by Mr. Brown.

Mr. Eastman Johnson's portrait of a lady in black is simple in pose, firm and reflective in expression, dignified and restful. She is standing, but the feet are not seen. His portrait of a gentleman, here reproduced, is a likeness of Mr. Orson D. Mason, of the Cuban League Club, and while not so simple and straightforward a piece of work as the portrait of the lady in black, it has Mr. Johnson's solid qualities as a painter, especially the look of dignity and repose, which are qualities so much wanted in many portraits far more cleverly wrought from the technical point of view.

There are many beautiful landscapes in the sixty-eighth annual exhibition by colorists like Deane D. Martin, Charles Melville Dewey, F. E. Muddell, J. B. Brevort, J. Francis Murphy, H. W. Hauger, Cornish, Knapp, Linsen, and Lewis and Goldman, and by others who are not exactly that. The flower pieces, except from Elliott Blair-Goldberg ("Caryatids"), Thomas Hovenden ("Promises"), and C. K. Linsen ("Purple and Gold"). A clever Indian scene from pagans takes Alfred Z. Baker's "The God of Science," an odd and two workpieces in a decorated room of old Mexico. Julius Scott shows an Indian shepherdess milking before her flock, "A Song in the Desert—Going to the Coral Arizonas." Howard Russell Hazler has a fine large landscape with soldiers from Mexico, "Hundred Crossings the Yacates," with very good color, and a few background of peaks touched with snow. "Under Fire," by Louis Mochler, is an attempt to paint India in a modern drawing room, this artist having hitherto confined himself to European-American of the opposite sex. Among the portraits is a full length of Mr. John D. Jones, president of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, by Dean's (Hastings), formerly president of the academy. William M. Chase has a brilliant landscape from the Statenland Hills, and Mrs. Charlotte B. Coville a charming winter bit, "Winter Morning on the Hudson," with ice-does in the water.



LAMP-LIGHT-A STUDY IN RED, BLACK, AND GOLD.—F. W. Benson.



HOME COMFORTS.—J. G. Brown.

SOME NOTABLE PICTURES AT THE SIXTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—[See Page 299.]



THE HON. THEODORE TILTON,
United States Minister to Germany.—(See Page 100.)



THE HON. JAMES B. EUSTIS,
United States Minister to France.—From a Photograph by
Bell, Washington.—(See Page 100.)



THE HON. JOHN E. HULEY,
United States Minister to Denmark.—(See Page 100.)



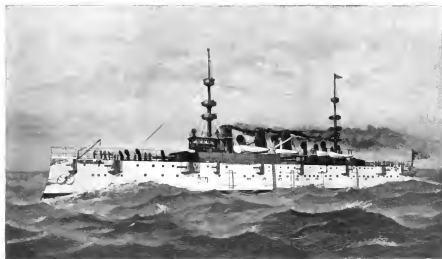
J. W. REINHART,
Recently elected President of the Atchafalaya, Spokane, and
Puget Sound Railroad.—(See Page 111.)



THE LATE JOHN TAYLOR JOHNSTON,
As he appeared when in active business.—(See Page 106.)



THE LATE COLONEL ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD.
(See Page 106.)



THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "NEW YORK" ON HER TRIAL TRIP.

much more tastily arranged than elsewhere are the goods displayed for sale in the windows.

French influence is also considerable in more important matters. The educated Brazilian reads and speaks French, follows French fashion, wants to know all that is going on in France, applauds Portuguese translations of French literature, and is up to date on every detail of French politics. Really, in Rio one seems nearer to Paris than when in Germany, and the republican has carried enthusiasm so far as to make July 14th a national day, and perhaps when the worthy Flaminio children turn up in their Brazilian uniforms, that all observers took part in the taking of the Bastille Saint Antoine.

One of the first things to strike a new arrival at life in the immense number of trainways, the cars on which are called *boas*, because the spacing of the first has coincided with an issue of *boas*. These *boas*, which are mostly open cars, are drawn by mules, and start from nearly every corner of the Rias subdivision. They are all crowded with passengers, and take up a great many more than there are seats for, others clustering on the foot boards, clinging to straps, on the sides of the conductor's platform.

It is estimated that some 120,000 passengers daily use the tramways. On many of the lines the cars run all night, and you can go from end to end of the city at any time you like. Everybody sees the beads, and it is no rare thing to see ha-



THE BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

Railways connect Rio with the neighboring states of Minas Gerais and São Paulo, and steamers, like the *Motina-Mocho* and *Alencastro* of the same, ply between the city and Praia Grande or Niterói, which is the real capital of the state of Rio de Janeiro, Rio itself being only the federal capital, belonging to no state in particular, and in this re-

Some idea will be formed of the amount of traffic in life when it is stated that it is a factor of the first class, and that on an average 5000 men and other vessels touch at it every year. In its small stuffy warehouses millions of sacks of coffee are accumulated in the course of every twelve months—in fact, Rio is the chief coffee mart in the whole world.

There are several well-edited daily papers which have a wide circulation. Chief of these is the *Jornal do Commercio*, founded in 1841 by a Frenchman, and carried on by a group of his fellow countrymen and their descendants. This paper has now become the largest sold in any country occupied by Latin races. It was recently sold to a new company for the trifling sum of nine million francs. Two French periodical publications are also issued at Rio, the *Revue du Sud* and the *Breuil Napoléon*.

In describing his illness and its cause, he said all reference to the yellow fever, which is the great dread of all foreign visitors. It is a malady imported from abroad, and appeared in Brazil in 1848, having been introduced by a vessel calling from New Orleans.

Since then, as is the case in all endemic affections, its periodic appearances have been marked by low and low virulence, and Dr. Domingos Freire claims to have discovered a mode of inoculation with the attenuated virus of the disease which is a preservative against its attacks. It really seems to have been beneficial in many cases. According to official statistics, the yellow fever has



THE PALACE OF ST. CHRISTOPHER



A FRUIT-SELLER.

Every one who stops at Rio is only for a few hours is bound to go by train car from the Rua Gonçalves Dias to the Botanical Gardens, by way of Botafogo, and no train could be more

spect surrounding Washington in the United States. Moreover, the new republican constitution, inaugurated on February 24, 1888, as it has added to the union a vast district on the central plateau of Brazil, will probably lead to the foundation of a new mixed federal empire. But it will be some time before this comes about; and even if Rio de Janeiro loses its crown as a capital, it will ever remain the best southern succession of South America.

Rio is not only well supplied with trawways, it has also an admirable system of telephones, which has been in full working order since 1890, before the new mode of communication was introduced even in Paris.

carried off nearly 25,000 persons in thirty-five years, being an average of 800 per annum, which seems to prove that it is not so much a terrible maelstrom as a maelstrom with a terrible

The climate of Rio is far from deserving the bad reputation given to it by some travellers—lords of passage who, though they incurred no danger, like to pose as martyrs on their return home. "Every night and morning," says Rear-Admiral Mackenzie, "Rio is visited by variable winds which sweep down from the neighboring mountains and raised three or four leagues along the coast. These winds vary, according to the locality, from southeast to northwest, and an



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laureating or better educated to give a stranger an idea of the ways of the country. Inland traders scorn the cars, preferring their wares on the passengers. Some, chiefly living in the Indians' shacks, eat the manioc of their little papers—a *candeia* de Natchez, a *douglas* de Pount, a *Pine*, a *Tule* de Tardis, a *Cabote* de Rio, a *Rosita*, a *Bonito* de Caramuru are common, usually made of wool, often bonbons and eaten by the Indian in a hopelessly irrecoverable jargon—*Baba, wa-ah?* whilst flower sellers march sedately along with cut flowers for sale peddled to little sticks.



A STREET IN IND.

sometimes very fresh; they start in the morning, and about ten o'clock there may be a calm; then about eleven or half past the wind from the offing comes gradually increasing, and the first and best known to sailors marked by white ripples on the surface of the sea, but gradually gaining force as the day advances, to fall again at sunset. This is what is known as the *Vizcaga*, and it never fails to come except in bad weather. Bad weather and high winds are extremely rare at Rio, and hurricanes are quite unknown.

But in spite of all that can be said, there are still some people who think that yellow fever lurks in every crack of the Bay of Rio, and that rattlesnakes watch for the passer by at every street corner. Not many years ago a celebrated French surgeon landed at Rio with his family, and put up in one of the aristocratic quarters of the town. On the day of his arrival a fevered man came in to visit the son of this surgeon to go for a villa with him, and when the carriage

* The translator took himself beyond the author's own words here, but surely the relations of the two persons mentioned mentioned per annum were justified in considering yellow fever a terrible malady!

that he had a good head of at least two lengths over the Northern champion. A male cried the corners of his heavy lip, the race was his already.

Suddenly El Rayo's legs raised his head, and down came the maddening quips, first on one side, then on the other. His ears drooped, the blood spouted. The crowd burst into a howl of delight as their favorite responded. Startled by the sound, Viriato's rider darted a glance over his shoulder, and saw El Rayo bounding down upon him like a thunderbolt, rearing the ground that he had lost not an inch, but by feet. Two hundred paces from the field he was at the black's flank; one hundred and fifty, he was at his girth; one hundred, and the brown was neck and neck; and still the quips whirled down on El Rayo's leaping flanks, the space day deeper into his quivering flesh.

The vaqueros of Viriato shot him a graver image, using neither whip nor spur, his north eye, his eyes rolling from the goal ahead to the rider at his side.

The breathless intensity of the spectators had faded. They had begun to click their teeth, to murmur hoarsely, then to shout, to gesticulate, to shake their fists in each other's faces, to push and scramble for a better view.

"Holy God!" cried Pio Pico, caught out of himself. "The South is lost! Viriato the magnificent! Ah, who would have thought! The black by the goal! Ay! What! Not Holy Mary? Holy God?"

Six strikes more and the race is over. With the towel of a champion the vaquero of the South leans forward over Viriato's neck. The big black rears back like a creature of passion, and comes the quip once—only once. His forty fifth his

Tell her she shall not know until she comes down. We will tell her. Ay! poor Guido?"

The Governor turned and waved his hand, then continued the ascent of the hill, toward a long low house which showed no sign of life.

He alighted, and glanced into a room opening upon the corridor which lay beyond the front. The room was large, and dimly lighted by dimly set windows. The floor was bare, the furniture of horse hair; mats and family portraits adorned the white walls, on a chair lay a guitar—a typical Californian note of that day. The ships brought few luxuries, beyond canvas and jewelry, to even the wealth of that landed country.

"Yahel," called the Governor, "where art thou? Come down to the town and hear the fortune of the race. Alas, such news alarms like a comet. It is not according that the Star of Monterey withhold her light."

A girl rose from a sofa and came slowly forward in the corridor. The president beauty in California, La Favorita of Monterey. Ruccosini turned her face as she gave her hand to the Governor to kiss, and looked down upon the brilliant form. For the victor Dolia Yahel Herrera was poor. Were it not for her uncle, she would not have been to lay her stately head, and she was La Favorita of Monterey, the president beauty in California. Her father had gambled away his last now his house his saddle, the source of his luck; then sent his motherless girl to his brother, and buried himself in Mexico. Don Antonio took the child to his heart, and sent for a skilled coachman to be her driver. He sought her beautiful parents from the ships that loaded the port,

manlike grew about his mouth; about his ribs, from ear to ear, was a short stubby beard, whiter by contrast with his copper-colored skin. He looked much like an Indian chief.

And Yahel? In truth, she had reason for her pride. Her dark hair, unadorned by glass or tinge of blue, fell waving to her feet. California, healthy, passionate, restless, pleasure-loving, looked from her dark green eyes, the soft black locks dropped like a curtain when they became too attentive. Her full mouth was deeper red, but only a faint pink lay in her white cheeks, the nose curved at bridge and nostrils. About her low shoulders she held a blue sash, the finger tips of each arm band resting on the opposite elbow. She held her head a little back, and Pio Pico laughed as he looked at her.

"Don," he said, "but thou mightest be an Estrenos or an Bepi y Monacho. Here, that forty head better suits old Bepi than the republic of Mexico. Draw thy ribbon about thy head now, and let us go down. They expect thee."

She lifted the sash above her belt, and walked down the steep rutted hill with the Governor, her brown gown flaring with a silver chain about her. In a few moments she was listening in the side of the room.

"Ay, Yahel! God of my soul! what a day! A young sister from Los Angeles won the race—almost all the races—the better Don Vicente de la Vega y Arizaga. He has never been here before. His horses? Mother of God! they run like horses. Poor Guido! Valguero huh! Even those would have been agreed to give. But let us to our husbands! Look! Look! His cousin now, side by side with General Castro,

"DON RAN HER SLIP WHITE FINGERS THROUGH THE JEWEL."

home ahead and shoots into victory, winner by a neck. The South has vanquished the North.

Don Vicente looked at the race was his. But even Calafates made no further demonstration toward De la Vega. Not only was he weary and depressed, but the victory had been badly won.

It grew late, and they rode to the town, exulting, pushing at elbow to elbow as they dived, drenched in close attendance, one time on the lip of all. Anger gave place to respect; moreover, De la Vega was the guest of General Castro, the well-to-do man in California. They were willing to extend the hand of friendship; but he rode last, between the president and Dolia Modesta, and seemed to care as little for their good will as for their ill.

Pio Pico rode ahead, and as the caravans entered the town he broke from it and ascended the hill to carry the news to Yahel Herrera.

Monterey, rising to her place spiked hills, swept like a crescent moon about the bay. The sea roared and fought the white sand hills of the distant shore; and at that hour the town exhaled the first gasp and rule, but pulsating with military life, and short for American onslaught. In the valley the red-tiled white adobe houses stretched a little city which was a series of canyons rolling from a central city to the sea. A few mountains rose on the hill side to the left, black craters dead by the sea on the left, the perfect curve of hills, that with green woods and dense green undergrowth, rose high above and around all, a rampart of splendid symmetry.

"Ay, Yahel! Yahel!" cried the young people as they swept down the broad street. "Bring her to us, Excellency,

but had no inclination to gratify her famous longing to hang robes of purple in her soft black hair, to wind them about her white neck, and hand them above her green republican dress.

"Colored thy brow," said Pio Pico. "Winkles were not made for youth."

Yahel moved her brows apart, but the clouds still lay in her eyes.

"Thou dost not ask of the race? Oh, thou indignant man! What is the trouble, my Yahel? Will no one bring the people? The jeweled girl in all the California has said, 'I will not and no man who does not bring me a handful of pearls.' And I am his hand the front of that pretty dowered gown. But have reason, sister. Remember that our Alta California has no pearls on its shores, and that even the pearl fisheries of the terrible lower country are almost worn out. Will nothing less content thee?"

"Nothing."

"God of my soul! thou hast ambition. No woman has had more ambition than thou. But thou art worthy of the most that man could give. Had I not a wife myself, I believe I would throw my jewels and my ugly old head at thy little feet."

Yahel glanced with some envy at the magnificent jewels which the Governor of the California was long, but did not covet the crown. An uglier man than Pio Pico had rarely entered this world. The upper lip of his enormous nose dipped at the middle; the broad thick order lip hung down with its own weight. The nose was big and round, although there was a certain spirited suggestion in the enormous nostrils. Intelligence and refinement were also in his little eyes, and they were far apart. A small white

diaper his sash in as stiff with gold as the vestments of the Pope."

Yahel looked up at a man rode past. His bald profile and thin face were passionate and severe, his dark blue eyes were full of power. Such a face was rare among the longed, shallow men of her men.

"He rides with General Castro," whispered Bertha Ortega. "He stays with him. We shall see him at the ball to-night."

As Don Vicente passed Yahel their eyes met for a moment. He opened suddenly with a bold eager flash, his arched nostrils twitching. The color left her face, and her eyes dropped heavily.

Love needed no kindling in the heart of the Californian.

II.

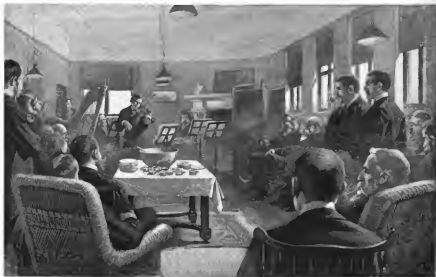
The people of Monterey danced every night of their lives, and went nowhere so eagerly as to the great sala of Dolia Modesta Castro, their leader of fashion, whose gown was made for her in the city of Mexico.

Yahel envied her sisterly. Not because the Dolia Modesta's skin was whiter than her own, for it could not be, nor her eyes greener, for they were not; but because her jewels were richer than Pio Pico's, and upon all grand occasions a string of wonderful pearls gleamed in her storm-black hair. But one feminine compensation had Yahel: she was taller, Dolia Modesta's right, elegant figure lacked Yahel's graceful lines, and perhaps she too felt a pang sometimes as the girl undulated above her like a peacock about to strike.

above the entrance, a mass of them assumed the form of the crucifix, throwing a golden trail full upon the Lady of Loreto, proud in her shining jewels. The long narrow body of the church seemed to have swallowed the shadows of the ages, and to yawn for more.



GOING TO WORK IN THE MORNING.



PASTIME OF CHIEFS OF DEPARTMENTS—AN INFORMAL SUNDAY AFTERNOON CONCERT.



A COLD DAY.



AN AGENT.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—SKETCHES IN AND ABOUT THE FAIR GROUNDS—DRAWN BY T. DE TROUWET.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE UNITED STATES CORNER IN THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

DRAWN BY VICTOR PERLÉ FROM THE DESIGN BY JOHN DU FAÛL.—[SEE PAGE 210.]



UNION DEPOT AND FERRY-HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.—A. PAO BROWN, ARCHITECT.—DRAWN BY VICTOR PERARD

TWO GREAT STATIONS.

In about a year from now the passengers who arrive in San Francisco will no longer be dumped out of the comfortable cars under the long wooden sheds that now do service along the water front for passenger stations for the N.-western, Pacific and Union Pacific railroads, and also for the roads from the north. The trains from all of these roads will run into a commodious union depot, which will also serve as a ferry house. This improvement will be made by the Harbor Commissioners, and the cost—something between a million and a half and two million dollars—will be paid from the San Francisco Harbor and Improvement Fund.

The outside dimensions of the new depot and ferry house will be 600 x 100 feet, and the general cornice-line will be 30 feet above the base. Three entrances will extend the entire length of the building, and a like number of grand staircases will lead to both of the upper floors. These entrances will have three large arches extending through both stories, and from the central arch in each entrance there will be a staircase to the second floor. The staircases will project 33 feet from the sea wall, and thus break the long line of the building. The arches will be one on either side of the main entrance, and the third in the center. On each side of the arches will be great Corinthian columns 21 feet in circumference. The whole front of the ground floor will be crossed by a continuous arcade, a covered passageway leading directly to the ticket office, baggage rooms, etc.

Surrounding the center of the facade will be a tower of 250 feet. To support this a separate foundation is needed. The tower will not only be the first object to meet the eye of the passenger on the ferry boat, but will serve as a clock-

tower and beacon, visible for many miles. The tower will be made of brick and steel, and will not only be fire-proof, but, what is of as great consequence in San Francisco, earthquake proof as well.

The first floor will be divided into various waiting rooms, baggage rooms, post office, and express-office. The second floor will in a measure be a duplicate of the first, and will be so constructed as to accommodate passengers to or from the upper decks of the ferry boats. On this floor the refreshment-rooms will be located, and also the offices of the Harbor Commissioners. The principal feature of the second floor is a corridor 30 feet in width, and extending the whole length of the building. The exterior face of the building will be of Roman brick and terra-cotta, with a base of granite. The interior face will be of glazed and enameled bricks.

In St. Louis the late mercantile growth has intensely increased the railroad business, although the city has for some time been one of the great railroad centers of the country, and in order to meet with the demands of travel a new Union Depot is in course of erection under the direction of the Terminal Railway Association. H. P. Tamm, chief engineer of the association, is in charge of the work, together with Engineer George H. Feggin, the latter having designed the great train shed in connection with the depot. The main building is Romanesque in character, designed by Architect Theodore C. Link, and extends from Eighteenth to Twentieth Street on Market, a distance of 600 feet. It is of red brick, with irregular design, with numerous towers and arches, and surmounted at one end by a square tower 260 feet in height.

The exits and the entrances are divided with much skill,

and apertured so as to prevent confusion between coming and arriving travelers, the latter reaching the street through great arches opening directly from the track, while the arriving traveler is led through the entrance, just above it, across a sloping terrace down either end of the building. The great waiting room, which is reached by the lower staircases and the main promenade. This room is 210 feet in width, 100 feet in height, with a vaulted ceiling 45 feet above. A number of smaller rooms for the convenience of travelers are connected with this room, while galleries extend about the second and third stories, supported by an arcade. A stairway 40 feet wide leads to the lower where are the ticket-office, post office, immigration and other waiting rooms. Beyond this is the external promenade, which can also be reached directly from the waiting room above. This promenade is 70 feet wide at 600 feet long, separated from the tracks by an iron fence. All the lower rooms open on this promenade, and can be reached from the full width at either end.

The train-shed adjoins the promenade. This immense structure covers a piece of ground 600 by 700 feet in area. The great roof is constructed wholly of steel and glass, and from side to side of the shed are thirty main tracks. The building which contains the waiting room, etc., will be finished in brick and marble on the first floor, and the staircase leading up will be of brass and iron. The large waiting-room will be finished in granite, and altogether the best of taste will be exercised in the decoration throughout. It is expected that the cost of the building will be ready early in 1910, as the work is being pushed on it. When completed the entire depot will have cost four and a half millions of dollars.



THE NEW UNION DEPOT, ST. LOUIS.—THEODORE C. LINK, ARCHITECT.—DRAWN BY J. A. JOHNSON.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—FINISHING THE LARGE STATUES—DRAWN BY T. DE TULLEURY.—(See Page 308.)

The Owners of the Quadriga: Figures by B. C. French; Horses, by R. G. Potter.



INDIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA PITCHING A "DECOY" CANOE.



THE INTERIOR OF A BRITISH-COLUMBIAN INDIAN'S HUT AT DINNER-TIME.

HUNTING-LIFE IN THE ROCKIES.—[See Page 221.]

HUNTING-LIFE IN THE ROCKIES.

BY THE HARRISON OF LORNE, E.T.

Illustrated by C. E. Frip, R.C.A.

"Of course that's not his real name?"
 "Well, it's what he wants to go by, anyway."
 "Did he tell you anything of himself?"
 "Not of his early history, but a lot of more recent adventures."

"What makes you think he's a gentleman?"
 "Well, chiefly his manner, and then his accidentally mentioning things that had happened to him in England."
 "Oh, he's an Englishman, is he?"
 "There's no doubt about that, and no doubt in my mind that he's a gentleman—a perfect gentleman—an English gentleman."

"That's rather an acquisition. If he'll come with us, I bet he's up to more dodge than getting game and in making a cozy camp than anybody."

That was the talk of a rough hotel, or rather boarded shanty, at Kamloops in British Columbia, a good many years ago, and the subject of the talk broke it off sharp by entering the bar room. He moved at the two fishermen who had been discussing him, and strode to the counter. Then filling three glasses, he took one, and passed the two others towards those who had been inquisitive about him, and said:

"Drink."
 One of the two young men addressed at once took a glass. The other shook his head, and said, politely:

"Thanks very much, but I've had my quantity."
 The "perfect gentleman" made one long stare towards "our Mr. Brooks" (as the commercial house for which the young man worked rejoiced to call him), and said, as he looked down seriously upon Brooks:

"By, in this country people are supposed to drink when they're asked to."

Needless to say, Brooks took the glass at once and swallowed the contents with a weak gulp, which seemed to expand all the breath that was left in him. Brooks's friend had already grasped the situation intuitively, for he was of robust build, and had no special tastes and reasons for a drink. But the robust and the delicate travelers soon looked up at the "perfect gentleman" with marked attention. But there was nothing very extraordinary about his appearance. Tall and thin, with arched nose and fair mane and red hair, and deep clear blue eyes, he seemed, but for a very decided accent and low sloping shoulders, to be "a very pretty man," as his Highland countryman would say. For it was apparent that his name—Scott—was Canadian, and the sternness of his face when quiet at once made Brooks and the younger Tom both hope that his wildness would prove the only poetic license on his part. This really seemed to be the case, for, seeing that Brooks was claimed at the end of the evening with which he had been induced to swallow his frog, he sat down with a decided smile on his bag face, and said to the two who stood still:



A DANGEROUS FRONT-GLIDE IN THE MOUNTAIN RANGES WEST OF THE ROCKIES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.



TRAPPERS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA FINDING AN ANIMAL IN THEIR TRAP.

"Well, I'm pretty tired, for I've been a journeyman."

Brooks stared with a yet more scared look, but the robust Tom found an inquiry that Mr. Scott was not remain long.

"Yes, I have been puzzled for the trial of the fellow who shot at the Chinaman. But of course we all whined the Chinaman and were shot. It was a mighty hot day, and the evidence decidedly long and tiresome. Then, in the middle of the chief witness's story, when we were hoping to finish the thing off, came news that the Governor was arriving by the river. So the Judge thought that the Governor couldn't stand without the assistance of the Judge, and up rose 'the Court,' apparently expecting us to remain where we were until the Governor had landed and gone down to the river. Then out went the audience, and the jury didn't see why they should stay, and I went out with them. Goodness knows what a become of the prisoner. Perhaps he went down to meet the Governor too. Anyway, the trial's broken off, because the jury communicated with the outside public. I drink to you, sir, you are a part of the outside public."

Further conversation revealing the fact that he was not over anxious to be employed again, Tom made a venture to the tall drinker, which ended in his promising to show them what he could do of the spot to be and the mountains. He could not hate any one else go with them, but said they must carry some food, and that he would guarantee that they would get prompt enough, provided they would shoot decently straight. "And if they couldn't, he could." And they had to leave to regret the decision.

The entrance day had become cold enough to bring snow to the mountains, and the cold had driven the mountain sheep to the lower slopes. Several small flocks were seen in the valleys and to walk them and to get a pretty good shot on every ground, and to respond to Mr. Brooks's name. He was moderately successful, probably because the fine salubrious air that used to guard the flock did not suppose him to be so formidable as he really was. It was rather pleasant to see so fine an animal fall to so prosaic an antagonist. The first lead of the wild sheep with its great curving thick horns, would be thrown up as though surprised of impending trouble, and intent to guard against it. He would give an impatient stamp when aware of the approach of man, and set upon a moment longer to make sure, and then they would come the rifle shot, and with one bound into the air, he would be the next minute a mere convulsive mass of foam and white, his eyes glaring, and the hair of his coat raised with the stroke on which he fell. For these sheep have no wool. A coarse brown hair like that of a dog but less fine, covers them. But coarse enough, the snow with great hair wood on his back, and the saddle of the back there is a snow white fleece, and this every when, on his body give place to long sticky hair.

The stouter of the two sportsmen was much the heavier after these ancient looking goats, with their woof faces,



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION: DECORATING THE DOME OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.
Dodge at Work in the Interior.

MURAL DECORATIONS OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING DOME.

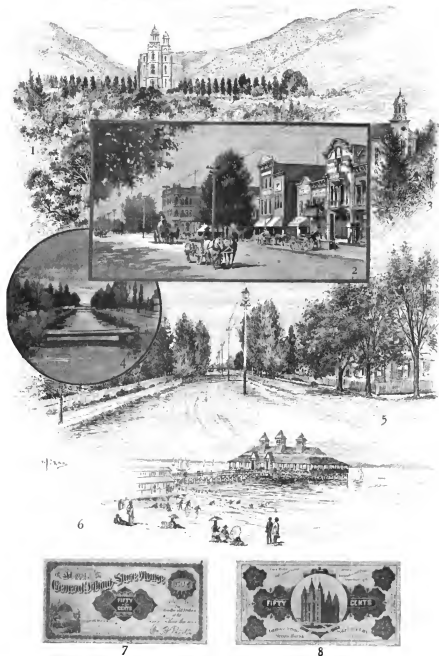
THE decoration of the inside of the great gilded dome that crowns the splendid Administration Building designed by Mr. Hunt has been confided to a young artist, Mr. William Leitch Dodge, who is not yet twenty-five years old. Mr. Dodge, though so young in years, is not barren of honors, for five years ago he received a gold medal from the American Art Association, and three years ago he received, while a student at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, a third-class medal from the Paris Exposition. He did not imitate Mr. Whistler, and wears this third-class medal with his third-class thesis, but was glad enough to get it. Probably his best known picture is "The Death of the Minotaur," and this proved that he had capacity to make a large picture. Of course any painting to decorate a surface as high as the altitude in the interior dome of this building would need to be at once large and bold. Though the outside of the dome is 775 feet high, the interior is less by 85 feet. The surface he has had to paint on is 215 feet in circumference and about 40 feet in width. An able chief assistant in the work Mr. Dodge has had his brother, Robert Dodge.

The scheme of the fresco might be called a classical allegory. He has represented Apollo high on a marble throne receiving the representatives of the arts and sciences, who advance from either side bearing gifts or displaying trophies. Architecture is represented by two winged atlantes carrying a car containing a model of the Parthenon. The representative of sculpture bears with him the Venus of Milo. Agriculture carries a sheaf of wheat. Besides these there are figures bearing musical instruments and flowers and various emblems. On the steps of Apollo's throne sits a mother with a beautiful and naked child. Behind Apollo sit as judges the great men of antiquity. Above him is the sky a symbol ascends a wreath of laurel, while other symbols show back a sort of half-nude figure.

A visit to Mr. Dodge at work is exciting to one unaccustomed to tread the roads of holders in dusty heights. Indeed, it is alarming to timid souls, for after climbing a narrow and dingy stair till the visitor finds that the rest of the distance must be by means of a vertical ladder on the outer wall of the inner dome. And during this ascent the visitor is in almost complete darkness. Presently you emerge from this darkness upon a circular platform, and there you meet Mr. Dodge, the presiding genius of the place, very much as Mr. Theobald has represented him in his picture. This room, of which the platform is the floor, is furnished principally with colors and brushes, with a small painter's stool of the dome in two pieces, and a sort of step-ladder on which, which may be raised from side to side of the surrounding walls in the painter desires to work at different parts of his fresco. While the painter is at work close to the figures he is making, one realizes how much these figures have to be exaggerated so that they will look all right from the ground when finished. Max is but a giant compared with them. It is quite impossible for a layman to judge as to how effective these figures will be when the scaffolding is removed and they are viewed from the ground. But it is likely that they will be all that they should be, for Mr. Dodge was selected to do them by Mr. Miller, who is not in the habit of making mistakes.



THE NEW MORMON TEMPLE AT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 524.]
First year in building: began April 6, 1892; dedicated April 6, 1893. Cost several millions of dollars.



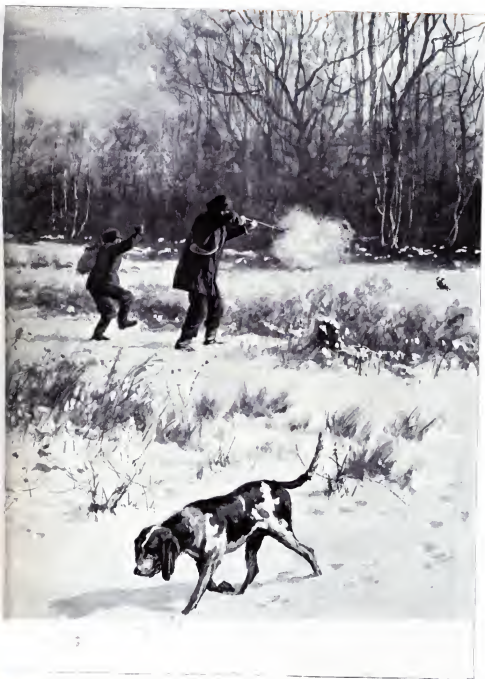
A WEEK WITH THE MOHMONS.—DRAWINGS BY VICTOR PERAND.—[SEE PAGE 226.]

1. The Temple at Logan. 2. Business Quarter of Logan. 3. Logan Tabernacle or Meeting House. 4. Male Ditch for Irrigation, Logan.
5. A Residence Street, Logan. 6. Pavilion at Garfield Beach, Great Salt Lake. 7 and 8. Mormon Currency.



A. B. FROST.

RABBIT-SHOOTING



DRAWN BY A. H. FROST.



THE HON. THOMAS F. BAYARD, AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN.—[See Page 345.]



RESCUING THE CARAVELS FROM SPAIN TO HAVANA.

DESIGNED BY ALBATROSS AFTER A SEARCH BY U. S. ENGINEER STAFF PETER, UNITED STATES NAVY.—[See Page 345.]

The Nina in tow of the Cruiser Albatross, and the Pinta in tow of the Gunboat Albatross: 4650 knots in 26 days and 6 hours.



A VIEW OF THE SAN JUAN RIVER, MATANZAS



COURTYARD IN A CUBAN DWELLING



CHURCH OF SAN AGUSTÍN, HAVANA.



MORRO CASTLE AND ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF HAVANA.



THE CATHEDRAL IN HAVANA, CONTAINING THE TOMB OF COLUMBUS.

IN THE ISLAND OF CUBA—SCENES IN HAVANA AND MATANZAS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.



THE HON. JAMES A. MCKENDREE,
United States Minister to Peru.



THE HON. JAMES D. PORTER,
United States Minister to Chile.



THE HON. LEWIS BAKER,
United States Minister to Costa Rica and San Salvador.

NEWLY APPOINTED MINISTERS.—[See Page 326.]



JUSTICE JOHN M. MALLAN,
Arbitrator on the Part of the United States.



HON. JOHN T. MORGAN,
Arbitrator on the Part of the United States.—From a Photograph
by Bell, Washington.



JUDGE H. W. BLOUNT,
Counsel for the United States.



HON. R. A. PHELPS,
Counsel for the United States.



HON. FREDERICK B. CONDIT,
Counsel for the United States.



HON. JOHN W. FOSTER,
Agent of the United States.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.

THE UNITED STATES MEMBERS OF THE BEHRING SEA COURT.—[See Page 324.]

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REAR-ADMIRAL BANCROFT GHERARDI, U. S. N.—[See Page 514.]



REAR-ADMIRAL A. E. E. BUSHAM, U.S.N.
From a Photograph by Tait, San Francisco.

THREE AMERICAN FLAG-OFFICERS.

GREAT differences of opinion upon the subject of promotion exist among the officers of our navy. By law and regulation an officer is now advanced step by step, grade after grade, solely by a seniority rule. All other things being equal, the man who is graduated first of his class remains head of his class, and the order of precedence from top to bottom goes on until death as it was regulated by the scholastic achievements of boyhood.

An active minority believe this to be all wrong, and an active minority believe that seniority promotion is detrimental to the best interests of the service. They remedy this by a system of selection which will enable the superior equipment and the finest spirit to rise rapidly to the higher grades, where, should occasion arise, the government will have at its disposal the best material.

A majority of the officers oppose selection with a lifetime and a majority that would appeal less to defense and undervalued accuracy. They dry that the evils exist, and hold that seniority promotion must give and has given the average man seniority and the best man playability, and all that is needed is such a readjustment of the laws as will enable the flag and commanding grades to be reached earlier. Between both these classes are the typically philosophical thinkers, who claim that theoretically the superlatives are all right, but practically the men who remain have the advantage of the poker. These concede that selection will undoubtedly result in the discovery and employment of the best, but who, they ask, with a due regard—who are to do the selecting? Simply set the men who want to be promoted over the heads of their seniors, and as certainly not the seniors who brook no such suggestion. They scoff at boards, and point to the blighting influence of other star Chamber outcasts in the past, and hint that only when the character and capability ceased to set risk true selection—oh, slings the best—be attained.

The question is still as open now, but that the existing system is not without merits is amply proved by the records of the three men who by its operation have risen to command our representative squadrons in the Columbian Naval Review.

Rear-Admiral Bancroft Gherardi is the senior officer of the United States navy, and so the commander-in-chief of the fleet of peacetime. He is at his post at the blue flag of seniority. Gherardi was born in Louisiana in 1852, and at the age of fourteen received from his uncle, then Secretary of the Navy, his warrant as a midshipman, the appointment being credited to Massachusetts. His first service was on the ship of line the *Ohio* in the Pacific, and on the steam ship *Serrano* of the home station. After passing his examination he was attached to the *St. Louis* of the Medford training squadron, and thence took part in that memorable assertion of the rights of American nationality by Captain Inglishman when the Austrian officials refused to give up the revolutionary Michael Koss, who had already taken out his first papers as an American citizen. The captain of the *St. Louis* became the popular hero, and even after the lapse of forty years the incident is still regarded with pride by every American sea officer. In 1885 Gherardi was commissioned Master, and soon after Lieutenant, and after service on the home station, found himself at the outbreak of the civil war on board the *Lawrence* in the North Pacific. In 1867 he was made Lieutenant-Commander, and after more active and useful duty was appointed at the age of thirty to his first command, the *Cherokee*. He was constantly employed on the Pacific, took part in all the memorable battles of that famous leader, and was conspicuous for his energy and activity in all the duties assigned him. He was commissioned Commander in 1866, attached to the Pacific squadron, where he again returned when promoted to Captain in 1872. From 1877 to 1880 he commanded the flag-ship of the Mediterranean squadron, and after being made a Commodore in 1881, was on duty as member of the standing board and in the presence of the Naval Home. In 1887 he was promoted to Rear-Admiral, and ordered to the command of the Navy-yard, New York. In 1890 he was detailed for the command of the North Atlantic station, and his conspicuous services in Haiti and in command of the squadron sent east from the Pacific are too recent to need recapitulation. His total service extends over forty-seven years, during which time he has been nearly twenty-six years at sea, fifteen and a half years on shore duty, and only six years on board or unemployed.

Rear-Admiral A. E. E. Busham is the fourth ranking officer of the United States navy, and was appointed to service in 1867 from the *Stanza* of New York. His earliest services were in the East Indies and in the home squadron. He returned to the Naval Academy for his first examination, and was graduated and promoted to passed midshipman in 1865. From this date to the beginning of the civil war he served in the Pacific, on the *Casco* sloop, and in the memorable Paraguayan expedition. In 1862 he was promoted Lieutenant, and in 1864-65 was attached to the *Cruiser*, where he again returned when promoted to Captain in 1872. From 1872 he was attached to vessels performing blockade and cruising duties, and in 1882 received his promotion to Lieutenant-Commander. He served with the famous West Gulf blockade squadron, sharing its hardships and participating in all its excellent work, and after the close of the war was detailed to the *Sagadahoc* and then employed as operations officer. In 1887 he was promoted to Commander, and after duty at the navy yard, New York, and as Light-house Inspector, was ordered to the command of the monitor *Conestoga*, and subsequently of the monitor *Albatross*. After being promoted to Captain in 1893 he commanded the *Albatross*, on the Atlantic station, and when his cruise was done returned home and was assigned to duty at the Portsmouth Navy yard, and later to the command of the Light House district, New York, the most important assignment in that line. In 1895 he was made a Commodore, and commanded the navy yard at Mare Island, and upon his promotion to the rank of Rear-Admiral was ordered to the command of the North American station. Circumstances have prevented him reaching the level of his station, as he was ordered to Europe in connection with the Spanish-American celebration, and upon the completion of this he was actively engaged in various duties up to the Mediterranean. His latest duty was in Havana from Spain the summer of 1898, and this was most successfully performed. Out of his forty-six years' service he has been twenty-two years at sea, sixteen years on shore duty, and five and a half years on board or unemployed. There is no doubt as to the services that every man who has served with Busham wants to serve with him again, and there is no duty where he would be asked to lead in a retirement would not shrink



REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN O. WALKER, U.S.N.

Popularity is sometimes merely bought, but the effective and service record for Busham are so strong as the choice for which he evoked them.

No officer is better known at home and abroad than Commodore and Acting Rear-Admiral John O. Walker. For many years he has been a most important and influential figure in naval affairs, and has been gladly accepted by the service at large as one of its foremost representatives. He was born in New Hampshire, and in 1860 was appointed a midshipman from Maine. After a year's service at the Naval Academy, he was detailed to the Pacific squadron, and upon his return in 1868 as a graduated and promoted to passed midshipman. He was on duty in Brazil and off Cape Cod, receiving his commission as Lieutenant in 1868. His first service was in the West Gulf blockade squadron, and he took part in Farragut's passage of the forts and the capture of New Orleans. For the next two years he was engaged in all the last work upon the Mississippi and adjacent rivers. In 1872 he was promoted to Lieutenant-Commander, the *Albatross* took part in the operations against Victoria, in the two attacks on Haida Bluff in the engagement at Albatross Point. In the expedition upon the Yaku, the attack on Fort Perimeter and the capture of Yano City, commanded the naval battery upon the ship of the *Albatross*, and was soon afterwards transferred to the North Atlantic squadron. He assisted in the capture of Wilmington, and until the end of the war was an actively and honorably engaged on the Atlantic coast as he had been on the Mississippi River. He was promoted certain numbers for conspicuous service, and was commissioned a Commodore in 1896. After duty on board the *Albatross* in Brazil, and with the *Sabine* on special service, he was detailed first duty at the Naval Academy as Light-house Inspector and as Secretary of the Light-house Board. He was made a Captain in 1897, and two years' work subsequently in connection with a Western railroad, to which he brought his characteristic energy and ability, and was then ordered to sea in command of the *Puritan* on the North Atlantic station. In 1898 he was made chief of the Bureau of Navigation, held the office for eight years, and then with the retiring commission of a Rear-Admiral, was assigned to the command of the well-known squadron of review. When this was dissolved, he was given the command of the North Atlantic station. In his forty-three years' service he has been seventeen years at sea, twenty years upon shore duty, and but five years on board or unemployed.



THE CLEARING-HOUSE OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 387.]

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

Author of "THE REVEREND," "THE GREAT GAME," "MICHAEL CLARKE," ETC.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE "GLORIA SCOTT."

"I HAVE some papers here," said my friend Sherlock Holmes, as he sat in his study, looking at the clock on the wall. "I really think, Watson, it would be worth your while to take over. There are some documents in the extraordinary case of the 'Gloria Scott,' and this is the message which struck Justice of the Peace Trevor and his brother when he read it."

Whether, however, and blue eyes which were born to the verge of detection. Yet he had a reputation for kind, new and charity on the country side, and was noted for the leniency of his sentences from the bench.

"Evening sitting after my arrival we were sitting over a glass of port after dinner when young Trevor began to talk about those habits of observation and inference which I had already formed into a system, although I had not yet appreciated the part which they were to play in my

own and I were. His attack did not last long, however, for when we united his rather and spiritual the water from one of the flagon glasses over his face, he gave a gasp or two and sat up.

"Ah, boys, said he, feeling a male. 'I hope I haven't frightened you. Strong as I look, there is a weak place in my heart, and it does not take much to knock me over. I don't know how you manage this, Mr. Holmes, but it seems to me that all the detectives of fact and of fancy would be children in your hands. That's your life of life, etc., and you may take the word of a man who has seen something of the world."

"And that recommendation, with the exaggerated estimate of my ability, with which he proffered it, was, if you will believe me, Watson, the very first thing which ever made me feel that a profession might be made out of what had up to that time been the merest hobby. At the moment, however, I was too much concerned at the sudden illness of my host to think of anything else."

"I hope that I have said nothing to you?" said I.

"Well, you certainly touched upon rather a tender point. Might I say how you know and how much you know?" He spoke now in a half-jesting fashion, but a look of terror still lurked at the back of his eyes.

"It is simplicity itself," said I. "When you have your eyes set to draw that look into the face I saw that I, A. Conan Doyle, in the hand of the other. The letters were still blank, but it was perfectly clear from their blurred appearance and from the making of the lines round them that 'Eve' had been made to deliberate them. It was obvious, then, that those initials had once been very familiar to you, and that you had afterwards wanted to forget them."

"What an eye you have!" he cried, with a slight of mind. "It is just as you say, but as was told of it, off all possible chance of any old letters are the worst. Come into the billiard room and have a quiet cigar."

"From that day, and all his confidence, there was always a touch of suspicion in Mr. Trevor's manner towards me. Even his son remarked it. 'You've given the governor quite a taste,' said he, 'that he'll ever be sure again of what you know and what you don't know.' His father's manner to show it I was sure, but it was so strongly in his mind that it peeped out at every action. As for I, however, I was so sure that I was carrying him around that I drew my visit to a close. On the very day, however, before I left an incident occurred which proved in the sequel to be of importance."

We were sitting out upon the lawn on garden chairs, the three of us, looking in the sun and admiring the view across

"FIXED HIS LARGE BLUE EYES UPON ME WITH A STRANGE WILD STARE."

He had picked from a drawer a little tattered cylinder, and holding the top, he handed me a sheet of paper scrawled upon a half-sheet of cheap paper.

"The supply of paper for London is going steadily up," it ran. "I don't know, however, but we have been told to receive all orders for dy paper and for preservation of your own pleasure's life."

As I glanced up from reading this enigmatical message I saw Holmes chuckling at the expression upon my face.

"You look as if little bewitched," said he. "I cannot see any such message as this could inspire horror. It seems to me to be rather grotesque than otherwise."

"Very likely. Yet the fact remains that the reader, who was a fine robust old man, was knocked down by it as if it had been the butt end of a pistol." "But why did you say just now that there were very particular reasons why I should study this case?"

"Because it was the first in which I was ever engaged."

I had often endeavored to elicit from my companion what had first turned his mind in the direction of criminal research, but had never caught him before in a communicative humor. Now he sat forward in his arm-chair, and spread out the documents upon his knee. Then he lit his pipe, and set for some time smoking and turning them over.

"You never heard me talk of Victor Trevor?" he asked. "The weather only first I made during the two years I was confined in the army. It was a very peculiar fellow. Watson, always rather fond of napping in my rooms and working out my own little methods of thought, so that I never asked him the time of my year. But knowing and knowing I had few athletic tastes, and then my line of study was quite distinct from that of the other fellows, so that we had no points of contact at all. Trevor was the only man I knew, said that only through the accident of his last letter pressing on to my table one morning as I went down to chapel."

"It was a peculiar way of forming a friendship, but it was effective. I was told by the books for two days, and Trevor used to come in to inquire after me. All first it was only a minute's chat, but soon his visits lengthened, and before the end of the term we were close friends. He was a hearty full-blooded fellow, full of spirits and energy, the very opposite to me in most respects, but we had some subjects in common, and it was a bond of union when I found that he was as fearless as I. Finally he invited me down to his father's place at Dendehorpe, in Norfolk, and I accepted his hospitality for a month of the long vacation."

"Old Trevor was certainly a man of some wealth and consideration, a J. P., and a landed proprietor. Dendehorpe is a little hamlet built to the south of Langmere in the county of the British. The house was an old-fashioned, wide, spread, oak-beamed brick building with a fine tiled roof and a massive chimney. I found that she had died of diphtheria while on a visit to Birmingham. The father interested me extremely. He was a man of little stature, but with a considerable measure of male strength, both physical and mental. He knew hardly any books, but he had traveled far and seen much of the world, and had remembered all that he had learned. In person he was a thick-set, bony man, with a stock of grizzled hair, a broad

face. The old man evidently thought that his own was as agreeable in his description of one or two trivial incidents which I had performed."

"Come now, Mr. Holmes," said he, laughing good humor. "I am not a very good subject, if you can find me anything from me."

"I fear there is not very much," I answered. "I might suggest that you have gone about in a few of your personal attack within the last twelvemonth."

The laugh faded from his lips, and he stared at me in great surprise.

"Well, that is true enough," said he. "You know, Victor," turning to his son, "when we broke up that sporting gang they were to have on, and Mr. Edward Holly has actually been attacked. I've said a few words on my guard since then, though I have no idea how you know it."

"You have a very handsome stick," I answered. "By the inscription I observed that you had not had it more than a year. But you have taken some pains to have the head of it and your method lead into the hole so as to make it a formidable weapon. I suspect that you would not take such pains with a stick you had some danger to fear."

"Anything else," he answered.

"You have been a good deal in your youth," I said. "Right again. How did you know it? In my own knock-out a little out of the straight."

"No," said I. "It is your eyes. They have the peculiar shadowing and the lowering which mark the long long man."

"Anything else?" he asked.

"You have done a good deal of digging by your old habits."

"Made all my money at the gold fields."

"You have been in New Zealand."

"Right again."

"You have visited Japan."

"Quite true."

"And you have been more intimately associated with some one whose initials were J. A. and whose initials were ever so much more in evidence to you."

"Mr. Trevor stood down upon the lawn in the center of the garden, and then he turned and looked at me with a strange wild stare, and then he turned and looked at me with a strange wild stare, and then he turned and looked at me with a strange wild stare."

"You can imagine that I was a little bit of a detective, but I was not a very good one, and I was not a very good one, and I was not a very good one."

"WHILE THE CHAPLAIN STOOD WITH A PROUD PISTOL IN HIS HAND"



THE HON. JAMES O. BROADHEAD
Chief State Minister to Switzerland.



WILLIAM EDMUND CURTIS
Recently appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury



THE HON. EDWIN H. STETTIN
Consul State Minister to Japan.

SOME NEW APPOINTMENTS.

WILLIAM EDMUND CURTIS, who has been appointed one of the Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury, is among the strongest young men of the mill snappers of New York. He is a lawyer by profession, being the son of the late Chief Justice Curtis of the Superior Court. He was one of the original committee of fifty which began what is known as the May movement, resulting in the Syracuse convention. He has a very large and lucrative practice. In fact, his business is of such importance that it was very difficult to persuade him to accept the office which he now holds. It was only after Mr. Cleveland insisted that it was Mr. Curtis's duty to come to the aid of the administration that he consented to make the necessary sacrifice involved in giving up his business for four years. Mr. Curtis is thirty-seven years old, and was graduated at Trinity College in 1875. Mr. Curtis, like other mill snappers, supported Cass for Mayor against Grant. He is secretary of the Democratic Club, a member of the B. F. form, Manhattan, and Century clubs, and of the Bar Association.

In selecting a new Minister to Japan, Mr. Cleveland has departed somewhat from the usual custom in such cases, as he has not chosen a political adherent, but has possessed a gentleman already in the diplomatic service, and peculiarly fitted for the post by his training and long residence in the country to which he is now appointed. Mr. Edwin H. Stettin, the new Minister, has lived in Japan since 1872, when he went to the East as an assistant to General Hensley Capron, then the agricultural adviser in the Japanese government. Later, Mr. Stettin was placed in charge of the government farm at Suifu in the Island of Yezo. This position he held for several years, and for his ability and fidelity in the management was decorated by the Emperor. During General Arthur's Presidency Mr. Stettin was made Secretary of the United States Legation, and promoted to First Secretary when Mr. Cleveland became President eight years ago. In this position he has continued till now. He was born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1848. The members of his family in Ohio are Democrats, but he has lived so long abroad that it is not likely that he is a very zealous partisan.

James O. Broadhead, who has been named as Minister to Switzerland, has long been a familiar figure at the national capital. Something like twelve years ago he was a member of the House of Representatives from St. Louis, and was considered then to be one of the leading lawyers of the republican branch of Congress. He is about sixty-five years old. In 1861 he represented the cause of the Union against the Southern Confederacy, and was a member

of the constitutional convention of 1861 and 1863 which deposed the Confederate Legislature. He has not been in active politics recently, and, indeed, was never what might be called a practical politician. He has always been a

man, being recognized rather for solidity of judgment and for brilliancy. He was not prevented by the Senate Congressional delegation of Missouri, but was named the President himself.

Pierce M. B. Young, who was appointed a Minister to Guatemala, is one of the best known men in Washington. Some years ago he served in Congress from the State of Georgia, and was one of the ablest members of the House. He is a tall, broad, solidly man, and moves a good deal in the literary society of the capital. During the war he was very gallant and widely known courageously offered Confederate army, and was a soldier of great military. When Mr. Cleveland was first elected, it was not he made Mr. Young Consul General at St. Petersburg, and he performed the duties of that post with credit to his government. There is probably no in Georgia whose selection will give more gratification to the State than that of General Young.

Mr. Bartlett Tripp, of South Dakota, is appointed Minister to Austria-Hungary. He is probably one of the most accomplished men in the new States, as he has long resided. He was one of the pioneers of South Dakota before the Territory was divided into North and South Dakota. He is forty-eight years old, and obtained his first political prominence from his head during that gentleman's first administration. He served then as Chief Justice of the Territory of Dakota. He was very active in the last campaign, and was especially on tariff questions, and was used as a friend for the place of Commissioner of the Land Office, but Mr. Cleveland found in him a foreign minister, and has sent him to the most important and elegant court of Europe.

The appointment of Elen Alexander as Minister to Greece is another of the President's personal selections. Professor Alexander is not a politician, although a politician of North Carolina has not only acquiesced but was in advance of the appointment in favor of him. Mr. Alexander is a scholar and a friend of Greek in the North Carolina University. He is a graduate of Yale College, and has been a professor at the University of East Texas. It was largely due to the fact that Professor Alexander was personally interested in Greece and in its language that Mr. Cleveland appointed him. Alexander being a scholar, he is a man of first rank ability, as he showed when he was acting as the late Tremont Institution. He is a man about forty years of age, and is described as of the manner and personality proving himself favorably.



THE HON. CHARLES D. WASHBURN
Recent Mayor of Chicago (See Page 318)

such Democrat, of the kind that accepted the teachings of Thomas H. Benton, and consequently is an earnest tariff reformer. He is a member of the National Democratic Committee, and was a delegate to several national conven-



THE HON. BARTLETT TRIPP
Consul State Minister to Austria-Hungary.



THE HON. P. M. B. YOUNG
Consul State Minister to Guatemala and Honduras.



THE HON. ELEN ALEXANDER
Consul State Minister to Greece, Romania, and Serbia.



A RECEPTION AT THE ART MUSEUM, CINCINNATI.—DRAWN BY FRANK O. SMALL AND W. A. C. PAPP.

AN ART MUSEUM RECEPTION.

The Cincinnati Art Museum is a creation of the private liberality and public spirit for which the "Queen City" is noted. It was founded by the late Charles W. West, a two-hundred citizen, who gave \$200,000 for the purpose, on condition that \$300,000 more be contributed by others. This condition was promptly fulfilled, and the present building has one wing and central offices of the entire plan. It stands in Eden Park, which is upon high bluffs of the Ohio, reached from the basin of the city by an inclined plane, upon the tracks of which electric cars are run, lifted to the hill-top, and sent down upon their journey through the park.

The art galleries are already rich in contributed treasures, and although paintings predominate, there are many choice specimens of sculpture. While the museum proper is fairly illustrious of the art industrial work of all lands and ages.

The receptions given at the museum are almost unique in character, inasmuch as they combine an official tete with social exchanges. They take place once or twice a year on general principles, and the attendance is representative of all that is best in Cincinnati society, intellectual, artistic, and fashionable. It is upon occasions when large national conventions, such as the medical association of the United States, or the American Institute of Architects, are being en-

tertained in the city that the academy receptions are most important.

The receptions are by card, and there has been a disposition to criticize the fact that any concentration of a public institution should not be open to all. To this it is answered that the Board of Trustees assumes personally the costs out of the music and refreshments, and that the doors are given at hours at which the museum would otherwise be closed to the public, and that therefore it is within the discretion of the trustees when to invite. The institution has in usually large, several thousand cards often being issued, and the ample halls and art galleries afford plenty of room for the galleries. The view in the museum is the vestibule of the central building. The stairway to the left leads to the main picture-gallery, where the receiving line of prominent notables is usually formed. When a light collection is served, which is not always the case, the route in the basement is utilized. There are several hundred annual contributions to the museum and art school endowment fund, and these are the basis of the local initiative for and assembly to aid in enriching the guests from abroad.

Among the important pictures are the Longworth and Spangler collections, which were bequeathed to the museum almost entire. The art school, endowed by precisely the same people as the museum, stands near by on a site dedicated by the city in the park grounds.

THE MAYOR OF CHICAGO.

MR. CARTER H. HARRISON has just been elected Mayor of Chicago for the fourth time. It was his fifth race for the office. Two years ago he ran against Mr. Washburne and Mr. Cregier, and was defeated by the former. This year his opponents were Mr. Cregier and Mr. Samuel Albion, a wealthy packer of pork. Mr. Harrison was elected by a plurality of 10,000. The canvass was active and bitter, and, moreover, it was nasty, as Mr. Harrison's opponents, with the aid of all the papers in Chicago except his own paper, the *Times*, accused him of pretty awfully every sin in the calendar. The election is recorded by all to have been extremely fair, and to have demonstrated that a majority of the Chicago voters preferred Mr. Harrison over either of his opponents.

Mr. Harrison is in his sixty-eighth year, and a native of Kentucky. He comes of the Harrison family of Virginia, of whom ex-President Harrison is also a member. He was graduated from Yale College in 1883, then he studied law, but he has never practiced that profession. He formed in Kentucky for several seasons. After two years spent in foreign travel he settled in Chicago, and went into the real estate business, in which he has accumulated an ample fortune. He has served two terms in Congress, in which he was elected as a Democrat. His first term as Mayor began in 1879.



STATUE OF CHARLES XII.

will have their wish if they open it at a white leaf, but will be disappointed if they light upon a red one." If, however, the possessor of the mirror were very powerful, or good willed, he might with cheerful hope even if he did open the book at a red leaf, as it is always possible to get a propitious oracle out of an unlucky page.

A strange book truly, but it has of late lost its prestige amongst amateurs, who would rather burn to the history of the Academy of Sciences, which contains the complete manuscript works of that strange and powerful genius, Borelli. We long to trace how the interesting biography of this great spirit, but our readers would, perhaps, not share our enthusiasm, and would rather that we turned to pay our respects to the Dictionary of Linnaeus, which is indeed a precious relic.

Copenhagen has given a very good picture

of Swedish intellectual development which it may be well to quote:

"It was in the reign of Gustavus Adolphus and Christian that Swedish events began to attract attention; at the same time the University of Uppsala, which had been under

a cloud throughout the sixteenth century, was reorganised, and took the first steps in the brilliant career before it. It was at this period that Nodding published his *Scandinavia illustrata*, and the brothers Petrus and Urban Mægel composed their vast works on ancient Scandinavian history. A little later, Hædicke, extending the field of his mythological and classical researches, produced his great *Diabla*. Whilst protecting native-born men of note, the university of Sweden also attracted to their court illustrious foreigners. Two centuried at Stockholm's *Scandinavia illustrata* and *Nordiska* two French scholars, were named by Gustavus Christianus, under Charles XI the German, Puffendorf, the great of Uppsala, and one of the founders of the science of the Rights of Manhood, accepted a chair at the then infant University of Lund.

"In the eighteenth century one great intelligence seems to have concentrated in himself all the scientific genius of Sweden, we allude to Linnæus, the Father of Botany. At the same time French influence became more and more apparent; Stockholm already had an Academy of Sciences, as well as one corresponding with the Académie des Sciences at Paris. Gustavus III., an enlightened prince, an enthusiastic lover of all things French, although he became a declared enemy of the Revolution, founded in 1796 a Swedish



STOCKHOLM—VIEW FROM LAKE MÄLAREN.

now carry off the palm in literature. In science, on the other hand Sweden has no cause to be envious of any one. To complete this picture of the intellectual life of Sweden, we say add that the young University of Stockholm has taken first rank in mathematics."

anyday in imitation of that already existing in France. For all that, however, this period, perhaps because of its very intimacy with Gustavus III., we need only mention the *Bellina*, the light-hearted singer of Stockholm.

A powerful reaction marked the commencement of the present century, the signal for which was given by a professor of Uppsala, Aftterberg. The *Phosphorus*, as called from the name of their journal, the *Phosphorus* sent for their inspiration to the then last days ripened sources of Scandinavian antiquity. They gave life once more to Swedish literature, hitherto condemned to sterility; and their influence was great, as they spread among the people a taste for national history, which revolutionaries followed better than any other movement.

"The great writers of this time were Tegner, Bishop of Västerås, and long professor at Lund University; Frander, Bishop of Helsingborg, in Stockholm; and Lindberg, Bishop of Västerås, the greatest poet of Sweden, author of the national song of the red blood. All are now dead, and have not been replaced, some prominence, most of them in the true and temperate style of Madame Bremer, with a few dramatic pieces, we all that Swedish literature has produced in the present time. It is the Norwegians, a young people, full of youth and vigor, who now carry off the palm in literature. In science, on the other hand Sweden has no cause to be envious of any one. To complete this picture of the intellectual life of Sweden, we say add that the young University of Stockholm has taken first rank in mathematics."

(Continued on page 354.)



THE PORT OF STOCKHOLM IN WINTER.



"ALL HANDS TO SKY"





ENTRANCE TO THE PORT OF STOCKHOLM.

(Continued from page 804.)

Canadian adds: "This would seem to be the place to notice those national dishes which are matter of common knowledge, and a very important element in public feeling. True, all Scandinavians agree in the cultivation of national mythology; but they remain very vague of each other in other matters. Scandinavians, a dozen, copied from Pausanias and Pausanias, is still a thing of literature only. In 1860 Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian scholars met at Stockholm with a view to the adoption of a common orthography for Scandinavian languages; but they could not make absolutely intercomprehensible concessions. Talk to a Swede, and his suspicious politeness could rank nothing above old Norway, with a Swede, and he would dwell with emotion upon the time when Christian Adolphus, with six thousand men, made the holy Roman Emperor tremble, with a Dane, and the barbers of his discourse would be the time of Valdemar the Great, when the Baltic was a Danish lake, and the conclusion was inevitable that no Scandinavians will ever accept the action of the three kingdoms except on the condition that



THE ROYAL PALACE.

the song-writer Bellman. Pretty and elegant homes are dotted about amongst the trees.

The palace of Drottningholm, which is built after the model of that of Versailles, occupies one of the loveliest islands of Lake Mälaren. Many are the pictures contained in this palace, and some of them are extremely very quaint. If nothing else, I am not sure whether there is very much to admire from the point of view of art, but it would not be fair to pass over without a word those Swedish landscapes made up of green trees and water, and bathed in a soft and tender light which can never be forgotten.

The Castle of Gripsholm is generally called the Swedish Versailles. Its chief claim to this title is its historical museum, which is much better in material value than is the French palace. Many a good drama has been produced in the round towers of Gripsholm which has been adapted for the French Châteaufort Theatre.

To sum up, lovers of nature will find, near Stockholm, much that is most picturesque, perhaps even grand. In the long waters the blossoms of the twilight especially produce grand effects. Swedish lakes are essentially dramatic and remind us of those of Spain and Italy, introduced to us by Strindberg and Björnstén. Education is and has long been universal in Sweden. Every peasant can read, and the common schools are regular palaces. Agricultural studies are more eagerly pursued and held in higher esteem in Sweden than in any other country. As a sea town and commercial city, as well as the owner of great art treasures, Stockholm, in the opinion of competent judges, takes high rank; and the natural beauty and fact of the Sweden make a visit to their country very pleasant for the foreigner.



ENTRANCE TO THE PORT OF STOCKHOLM.

his own country takes first place in the confederation.

The best time to live in Stockholm is in the winter, which is the season. It can only be compared with that of St. Petersburg when sledges and skating sleds and skis are the order of the day. There are everywhere and everywhere looking upon as the best possible opportunity for living and we may add that in Sweden the young girls are generally pretty and

* * * * *
The Swedish capital is in Stockholm, the city of the North. It is a beautiful city, built on islands and connected by bridges. The water is clean, and the air is fresh.

STATUE OF BENNADOTTE



STOCKHOLM—THE CITY QUEEN.



TEACHERS COLLEGE—MAIN BUILDING.
12th Street, between Amsterdam Avenue and the Boulevard, New York City.

was realized that a professional school should be affiliated with a university, and conferences were held with representatives from the Board of Trustees of Columbia College. After careful consideration and discussion an alliance was completed in February of this year, by which all courses leading to a degree are placed under the control of Columbia University, and students in Columbia and Teachers College are allowed to elect courses in the Teachers College as part of their regular work. A permanent charter was also granted by the State Regents in place of the temporary one previously given.

A start upon fulfilling the requirements of the second need was met by the presentation to the college by one of its trustees, Mr. G. W. Vanderbilt, of twenty lots on 12th and 13th streets, between Amsterdam Avenue and the Boulevard. This will bring the college opposite to the new grounds of Columbia, and in close relationship to other great

institutions. Plans of buildings were prepared by the architect, Mr. William A. Potter, working with the heads of the several departments, and last spring contracts were made for the erection of the main building, after \$125,000 had been given or pledged. This building will contain, besides a hall and lecture rooms, the kindergarten, the school of observation and practice, the Bryson library, and the laboratories of the departments of psychology and science.

In February of this year a third of the college, whose name is likewise, presented \$75,000 to use in the erection and equipment of the Arts Building, for the departments of mechanic arts, and of form study and drawing, and their appropriate museums, exhibits, and libraries. Certain gentlemen have also promised \$60,000 on condition that \$100,000 additional is secured by July 1st, the \$250,000 being needed to finish the main building. There still is required that portion of the building which is for domestic science, and

other needed rooms for the girl and women students. So much hoped that some one may desire to give this building to the girls of New York, as another has given such a good opportunity to the boys. Nowhere does effort tell more than in a teachers' college, for each student represents the future training and development of hundreds of young lives. Theoretical training alone is not so valuable as practical laboratory methods, where prospective teachers can do and see as well as learn, and where they gain skill in methods of teaching all subjects, especially of those directly related to the training of the hand and eye as well as the brain. The Teachers' College has a grand field of usefulness in just this direction, and it is hoped that many more thinking men and women will wish to co-operate with such a unique and powerful agency, which is helping and must still move and grow upon the educational thought of our city and country.

GRACE B. DOUGLASS.



TEACHERS COLLEGE—THE MECHANIC ARTS BUILDING
12th Street, between Amsterdam Avenue and the Boulevard, New York City.

THE IDAHO STATE BUILDING.

The pride of the people of Idaho at the World's Fair will be their State building. To-day upon the site where it could be erected for the limited sum appropriated for this purpose, and at the same time have a building that would do credit to the State, was a troublesome problem to Commissioner James M. Wells, who alone has charge of Idaho's interests at the World's Columbian Exposition. It was desired to have a typical home production, something illustrative of the life, soil, and climate of this young Western commonwealth, and yet a building which would not seem out of place alongside of the elegant structures erected by the older and wealthier States. It is frequently remarked by travelers that high up among the mining camps of the mountains the rough logs and weather-beaten "shacks" of many loggers are adorned with luxurious interior appointments, and a life of refinement which is as agreeable as it is unexpected. This thought was no doubt in mind when it was decided to build a structure of logs in the style of a Swiss chalet. Messrs. Carter & Piets, of Spokane, are the architects of the building, and have already carried out the conception of Commissioner Wells.

Of the \$50,000 appropriated by the State to make an exhibit of the products and resources of Idaho at the World's Fair, \$15,000 were used in the construction of the building. But this does not say by means represent its actual cost. The people all over the State have contributed with a liberal hand towards this fund. The ladies of Blaine City alone have raised about \$200 for furnishing the ladies' reception room in the Idaho building. The owners of the McCall mill, near its Laish County, have donated \$20,000 worth of lumber, to be used in furnishing a room to be known as the Moss Hall. Nearly every town in the State is represented in some way, and some whose purposes are not in keeping with their earthy aims have contrived themselves with presenting to the commonwealth solid silver drinking cups, of which there will be a half-dozen or more for use in the building. Thus it is estimated that the State appropriation for the building will be amply doubled by donations from the people.

Idaho's building will be a log cabin, built of tall and sturdy cut logs from forests which cover millions of acres, and make this one corner the wealthiest timber region in the West. It will be roofed with cedar "shakes." It will make no pretensions to grandeur. In magnificence it cannot be compared with those costing ten times as much. Some of its features, however, are worthy of special notice. There is found in this State a lava rock, like slate, of a red-brown color, weathered heavily over the surface of the ground, and the house-builder has only to pick it up to have an excellent building material. Several car loads of this lava have been sent to Chicago for use in the Idaho building. The building itself has a frontage of 20 feet, with a total depth of 80 feet, 7 by 10 feet. The first floor is divided into four offices and two toilet rooms. These office rooms will be known as the Fir Room, the Cedar Room, the Tamarack Room, and the Pine Room, each one being furnished in the wood which gives it its name. The second floor will be occupied by two reception rooms, one for the gentlemen and one for the ladies, separated transversely by the Moss Hall. The gentlemen's room will be typical of a hunter's lodge, and



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE IDAHO BUILDING.

how well be on exhibition all that is needed to make the life of a lumberman in the far West seem romantic. The fireplace, built of Idaho marble, will have large bear traps for andirons. The trophies of the chase, being profusely around the walls, will be sufficient to arouse a desire in the tourist to visit the East for a chance to hunt in the forests of Idaho. The ladies' reception room will be noted for its luxurious appointments and the delicate handwork of those who have set the furniture in charge. A pure white marble fireplace from Idaho quarries, with andirons of pine, cedar and hickory, emblematic of a lumberman's tools, will be one of the features. The second floor will also be extended to form a roof garden. In this will be grown the wild flowers of the mountains. The third floor will be used as an exhibition room, and here will be made a display of timbering. Many a bird that one would expect to find only in a more Southern climate makes Idaho its home, and efforts have been made to secure a pair of each variety.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE CLEARING-HOUSE.

Any institution which simplifies and safeguards great financial operations in a money center is a public boon. It is not too much to say that the Clearing House of the New York Stock Exchange provided a financial panic at the time of the great break in trading last February, by the untimely certainty as well as the swiftness of its work in handling the tremendous volume of its business at that critical period. The Clearing House is only a year old, while its members of the house are forty years of age. The latter deals with only one article—money, while the former deals with that, and also with twenty-one other factors, that bring the number of securities that it clears. The general principles governing both institutions are practically the same, they simply act as intermediaries to avoid the necessity of bringing together in every transaction those immediately concerned in them. Thus, through the New York Clearing House Association, an exchange is effected every day of the checks and bills held by each bank against all

the others, and a balance made up and settled to every bank, whereupon the banks send legal tenders or gold to the Clearinghouse and pay their balances. The Clearing House of the Stock Exchange effects precisely this purpose in so far as the stock transfers of each day. There are fifty-five banks in the New York Clearing House Association, and the daily business done through its account averages over \$100,000,000. The largest amount ever handled by the Association in one day was \$200,000,000, and it, on February 28, 1891. The Stock Exchange Clearing House handles twenty-one different stocks, including securities as many as twenty thousand transactions in one day, and including also very much of the business formerly done by the New York Clearing House Association.

The result when figures up to from \$400,000,000 to \$200,000,000 per day. At the height of the clearing excitement the daily business done through its account was upwards of \$200,000,000, and amounting to more than four billion shares of stock.

The idea of a Stock Exchange Clearing House had been applied in Philadelphia and Boston prior to the organization of the one in New York, but of course with transactions having no relation to those handled by the one under consideration. In no State or Exchange in Europe is any precisely similar institution, the use of the establishment for the purpose of "clearing" money exchanges between brokers being purely an American invention. The New York Stock Exchange Clearing House was organized May 17, 1890, under the direction of a special committee of the Stock Exchange, of which Mr. F. L. Kane was the leading spirit and active worker. From the beginning it has been under the immediate direction and management of Mr. W. V. Crellet, who it has assumed the purpose for which it was organized goes without saying, as also that its conduct is as fair and work as can be predicated of any intelligent business organization whatsoever. The transactions relied on the strain of Wall Street in periods of great excitement is one of the chief merits of the enterprise. Whereas formerly no broker knew before noon exactly what his financial status, and he is thoroughly informed regarding it at the hour when business begins. It is demonstrable that the reduction in the labor and risk of stock transactions was as much as 50 per cent, while the reduction in the amount of bank credit necessary to do the business was not less than \$500,000,000 per month. Here, it will be seen, the labor of bank clerks are reduced by an amount of very serious importance. Then, also, the uttering certainty of the Clearing House work, when every computation is made over and over again, is itself a great relief to those engaged in stock dealings.

The plan of the Clearing House is very simple. Brokers send in statements and tickets covering the day's transactions, with drafts or checks to pay balances. The statements are sorted and sorted, about twenty letters and checks only being supplied in three days, and by 8:45 a. m. of the following day every broker gets an exact recording of his situation as to whether he is to deliver or receive stocks and to or from what other party. Our illustration gives an exact picture of the scene when the Clearing House is in full operation, certainly one widely different from the apparent confusion and disorder which usually characterize the transaction of business in Wall Street. The Stock Exchange Clearing House is at No. 25 West Street.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—UNPACKING EXHIBITS IN THE ART GALLERY.—DRAWN BY T. DENT WALKER.



WASHINGTON—OFFICE-SEEKERS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.—Drawn by T. 188. Engraving.—[See Page 264.]

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SALUTING THE ADMIRAL'S BARGE.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZIEGLER.—[SEE PAGE 125.]



THE HON. JAMES S. EWING,
United States Minister to Belgium.—(See Page 254.)



THE HON. LAWRENCE MAXWELL, JR.,
Minister-General of the United States.—(See Page 255.)



THE HON. DANIEL S. MORGAN,
Treasurer of the United States.—(See Page 256.)



MEMBERS OF THE TAVERN CLUB AS ITALIAN MERCENARIES OF THE 16th CENTURY.
THE BOSTON RENAISSANCE FESTIVAL.—DRAWN BY FRANK G. SMALL.—(See Page 255.)



THE HON. HANNIS TAYLOR,
United States Minister to Spain.—(See Page 256.)



THE HON. CUSHMAN K. JORDAN,
Assistant Treasurer of the United States of New York.—(See Page 17.)



THE HON. WILLIAM LOCKHART,
Commissioner of Patents.—(See Page 257.)



OREGON IN STICK



FROM THE DECK OF THE "OREGON"



AFR. CHARLOTTE, A FRIEND, AND THE MARSH WARDEN—
APPROXIMATELY IN 1910



THE EXTERIOR OF THE STUBBINS HOTEL



A NEARBY VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR

THE COING NAVAL REVIEW—WITH THE BRITISH FLEET AT HAMPTON ROAD—FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY HART—(See Page 10)

Coffin's "Autumn Evening," J. Appleton Brown's "June," Theodore Robinson's "Valley of the Seine," Robert Van Hook's "Holding Clouds" may stand for landscape, while every scene is led by Walter E. Palmer's "Race Ladies' Room."

The gay effect of these galleries is largely due to portraits in full length of young women in bright costumes. Witness Mr. Robert Reid's sketch, portrait in pink tones of Mrs. Bevil, Mr. W. M. Chase's "An Artist's Wife," the lady turning her face round from the picture she has been examining, and his Venetian lady, "Portrait of Miss C." in pink-lavender open cloak, white gown and white feather trimming. As the picture here seen forth, Mr. William H. Hyde has in "Place du Carrousel," a pretty, slender young lady, tripping along in the shadow of the Louvre, with the arch of the Carrousel Court in sunlight beyond.

A half-dozen ladies brighten the Vanderbilt Gallery, among which is "The Bath," bought by the jury for Mr. Samuel T. Shaw with his usual sum of \$5,000. It is by E. C. Turrell, but the subject is not so thick and solid with paint as his outdoor pieces. A handsome young woman lounges on her boudoir divan with her feet in a bath, while a maid, kneeling with back turned, dries her arms. Though the brushwork is more dainty than usual, it is still rather coarse, and the picture itself is a trifle coarse, too, not because of its subject, but in handling. Perhaps there is too strong an impression of an effort on the painter's part to make it, at any rate, the chosen is absent which one expects in such a subject to relieve its animality. In a different way the same lack of charm and nobility is seen in Mr. George Cox's "Place," a woman slung down in a difficult foreshortened position, with eyes closed and a poppy in her hand. It is too suggestive of the Bacchante overcome by strong drink or by opium. Mr. Robert H. La "Study of Nabe," a young woman on a Polar bear skin, with



THE VIRGIN.—JAMES H. THAYER.—BY PERMISSION OF CHARLES L. FARRIS.

freight playing on face and dress, has few of this quality. Mr. Herbert Dorman's "Venus of the Spring," is a half-nude nymph with antique lyre seated on a mossy bench and surrounded by a peach-tree in full blossom. The flesh painting here is not so hot as on Mr. Reid's work, it, however, more green and olive in its color, but the impression is that of a being less fleshly human.

In the supernatural section one may place a pretty fancy from Mr. F. S. Church, "The Little Lass," a fairy maid overcome by dream, head and cradled in a dreamy pose; also "Psyche" by Mr. Louise Cox, rather suggestive in face and figure, also "The Autumn Hours," graceful and poetical fancy of much originality, by Mr. C. C. Curran, being a young woman in a green dress with daisy and wreath of wild flowers from it. In the religious line there is a noteworthy "Christ in the Boat of Gennesareth," by Professor John F. Webb of Yale; a portrait for altar by Mr. Kenyon Cox, antique in its arrangement, giving the temptation of Adam and Eve on one side of the tree, and the expulsion on the other, and a "Flight into Egypt," by Mr. Guy Rose.

Mr. Valdie Huxman has beautiful work in "The Last Light of the City," a garden on a roof, with two graceful women. But to many the large painting by Mr. Abbott H. Thayer called "The Virgin," here reproduced, will seem the most important in the exhibition. A young woman with a wavy startled look steps boldly forward, looking a little her and a still smaller girl. They have the same intense, almost feverish expression, and his tumbled hair and Egyptian wraps add to the mystery effect. The flesh tones are not good, but they harmonize with desperate, and the whole group seems to be possessed of some fear, or some terrible knowledge which borders them along in a speculative agony. What the picture means is not unfolded, but it has the merit of presenting that question, and the further interest—shall we call it a mere shot—of never giving an answer.



EXTERIOR.



THE GRAND STAIRWAY.

THE NEW CITY HALL, CINCINNATI.—SAMUEL HARRINGTON & SONS, ARCHITECTS.
See Article "Municipal Art" on Page 371.



THE PLACE DU CARDENEL.—W. H. STEAD.



THE BATH.—ERNESTO C. TABORDA.



WORKING IN SPRING.—SILVIO WALTER.



"THEY BEYOND THAT FOR A LOOKER, SEE HAD."

men in the city there is not one who comes to gaze upon the chambers of the goddess of Shun Lee.

As she spoke she picked up two of the prayer sticks, and held them toward the air of incense. The breath of Kwon-Guest moved like the frame of a man who breathes heavily. He put the wooden end of the sticks in the air, and with a taper she lighted them. The mouth of the god of magic closed, the candles struck out, and moved, like two eyes, and then he bent, slowly at first, like a spring spider, then harder and harder, until the web swept around the maiden, and made the shimmering sticks flame up like eyes in the head of an angry beast. The ashes flew up out of the air like a storm cloud, and the sticks, first one, then the other, fell forward upon the pedestal between them, dust-stained feet of the god of night. The figure shivered, and the maiden emerged closer to the mat. The wind ceased, and she looked up at her sticks.

"It is the god of death, Chama," she whispered. "I have offended him."

Yone, one little white hand crept forward, like a thing which is afraid, towards the sticks. She took one and placed it back in the ashes; she reached for the other, too, trembling, leashed the dust from off the left face of the image. It was as if her hand had been thrust in burning oil. She heard a great noise, as of thunder, and she bowed her head in fear, and groveled on the mat.

The spell was cast. The image of the god of night began to shrink, down, down, until it was no taller than a man. It moved, and from wind it turned to dust and blew. It was easily blown, for it was upon the neck and hands. It was a man, and the maiden's lover had come to answer her prayer. He stepped from off the pedestal and bowed over her.

"He Yone, He Yone," he said. "I have come to you at last." He touched the bare white neck, and the silver that came upon him passed to her. He put a hand under each ear, and gently, as a mother would lift her child, he pulled her up until she stood beside him. "I love you, He Yone," he said. "I have never loved but you."

As a maiden should, she looked timidly at him, and she knew that her prayer had been answered. Her eyes never wavered to the pedestal where once had stood the god of night. She was so happy in her love to think of him that she thought it strange that he should take her to heart before the god of magic, and that his prayer should be so long and so strange.

Like two children they went out into the street. He supported her by his slender fingers. It seemed to her as if he had never seen these things before.

They walked out into the country, and when the moon came up they sat beside the road and talked of love. The maiden no longer feared.

"Who is your best friend?" she asked him once.

"That that is the god of magic," she answered. "I mean, who man is your best friend?"

"I mean it," he said, slowly, like a child to whom the world is strange; and she wondered.

The hours pass quickly for lovers, and the night was at its quietest when he came in. Never more had he the thought of love or her parents. It seemed to her as if her lover

was the only human being in the world. The hour of parting was at hand, and sadly they came back.

"When may I see you again?" she asked, with all the helplessness of her love.

"Who is your friend to the temple to pray you must know before Kwon-Guest, and when you have prayed you must touch his foot, and say, 'Oh, Kwon-Guest, I love you!'"

Thus they parted. As the maiden crept into the windows of the temple it lighted up the wooden figure of Kwon-Guest, but there was a different look in the eyes of jade, and the dust was gone from the shoulders as well as the feet. But in the flesh about the neck was a lock of a maiden's hair. It was upon her that the eyes of Kwon-Guest looked most intently. Had not the eyes of the keeper here like berries over ripe, he would have noticed that one of the gods had been away, but at night he did nothing but smoke his water-pipe and drink an oil-ton until he fell asleep.

The day passed, people came and prayed and went, and the eyes of the gods were turned toward the door to watch for the maiden. The last hour of prayer had passed, and never more had the door opened inward. The shadows grew heavy, and men came out of holes in dark corners and ate of the offerings and played among the incense. Men paced off the streets to their houses, the city was at rest. It was the first hour of midnight when the gods talked.

"The maiden promised she would come," said Kwon-Guest, nervously, to Moon Shant.

"Is your love so great that you must mean?"

"My love is so strong that I could not live without her," he answered, forgetting that he could only live half a day at a time. "Can you not help me?"

"I have done what I could."

No they talked—Kwon-Guest like one upon whom sorrow has cast a shadow, and the god of magic cheerfully. It had been pleasant for a god to fret like men, and talk to a beautiful maiden, and feel what it is to love; it was like the house of freedom in a slave who has always been in bondage; and when the night had gone the eyes of Kwon-Guest looked dull and cold, like glass which has lost lustre.

In the house of Shun Lee the maiden was kept in prison because she had remained out all of one night. She had been beaten with a bundle of bamboo sticks to make her confess where she had been, but in all questions she was as one dead, except when her father had.

"You have brought shame upon us."

"It is not true," she replied. "I am a pure maiden. My wrong was not that great one."

All of her time was spent in prayer, and the words she spoke often were, "Oh, Kwon-Guest, I love you, I love you." But this never reached the wooden god in the Temple of the Sun.

On the evening of the fourth day she begged her father to take her to the temple to pray, and he, seeing as how if he went with her contrived. He would keep both eyes wide open, he thought, and perhaps he would find out why she had been away all of one night. Never more did he release her hand until they reached the temple. She walked over to the god of night and prostrated herself, while her father stood near. She reached out and touched the foot.

"Oh, Kwon-Guest, I love you, I love you."

Again came that rushing tearing sound, as if the gods were full of wrath. Kwon-Guest the god had gone, and Kwon-Guest the man was bending over the maiden. She arose to meet him as a flower rises in head to the sun. The god of magic blew his strongest blast, and the ashes from the urn filled the temple like a dust. Shun Lee, the father, fell forward upon his face, praying, half in a swoon, and when he arose the maiden was gone and the pedestal of the god of night was empty. Like a monster he rushed into the street, his hands before his face as if to protect him from the wrath of the gods.

"The god of night has taken my child!" he shrieked, and then he held with wonderful drift how the gods had knocked him down and almost killed him.

Out toward the country road there passed a man and a maiden. Their eyes were full of love, and they were so true. They walked a long distance, until the maiden said:

"Oh, good Kwon-Guest, I am tired."

They sat beside a cool stream, and presently both slept. Her arms were slung on his neck and her head was upon his breast. When they awoke she begged him to go further away from the city.

"My love is so strong," he answered, sadly. "That one-half of the day am I permitted to be with you. Then I am Kwon-Guest your lover. The other half I must be in the temple, where I am Kwon-Guest the god of magic."

She cut herself at his feet, crying out that he must never go back; that he must always be Kwon-Guest her lover. She stood up and flung her arms wildly about his neck, but he knew he must go for her.

"I love you, I love you, my love," she whispered to him. "You can never be as strange while I love you. My love will be your life."

He felt a stiffness in his limbs, and he struggled to free himself, that he might return. He staggered one step forward, like a man whose limbs are heavy with water, then he took another step, with the maiden still clinging about his neck, then—

He was Kwon-Guest the god of night, standing by the dusty road side. He was twice as tall as the tallest man, and around the neck of this great wooden image with the staring green eyes were the loose arms of a lovely maiden, a maiden of the rich house of Shun Lee, and upon the wooden breast was her generous form. The sun shone out upon them both, the maiden and the god.

A market man with his vegetables came along, shouting a song of green fields. He looked up, saw the strange sight, and then cast toward the city, leaving his merchandise in the mud. When he met other men he could not talk for fear had taken the power of speech from him. But he pointed out the road and fell upon his face.

They went in the direction he had pointed out—across the river together, for safety. They walked until they found the half of night standing in the moonlight on the road. At his feet lay the maiden, crouched between. No one dared go near, and for a full day they looked from a distance. Then one, braver than the rest, went up and touched her. She was dead. They buried her where she lay, and the image was never moved. A shrine was built before it, that men might pray before entering the city, and the superstition came up that at night the image awoke and wept.



NAVAL MANEUVER.—TANDET PRATTLE UNDER WAY.—(Drawn by M. J. Brown.)



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—SOUTH ENTRANCE TO THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING.—DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

CIRCUS HANDS.

THE "show" business has many curious and amusing phases, but the "circus" end of it easily discloses all of them. In the early days of the "sawdust" ring—it should now be called the slaving ring—the clown and the "trick male" were indispensable features of the night's entertainment. Thus was when there was only one ring and perhaps two clowns, who "had fun" with the ring master. Now the "Greatest Show on Earth" has fifty or more clowns; they do not talk, but they do so end of funny "acts" in pantomime, leap over a whole herd of elephants, and sendy other athletic feats. But the dear old "trick male" has gone, it would seem, forever. While he fooled the public had no warmer favorite than the "harvested" "trick male" of the circus. And if the circus has changed in its details, it has also necessarily changed in its personnel. Occasionally we do hear of some place in the South or West having such a particularly warm for the "hards" of some country circus, but the big circus people have too much at stake to take any chances with a class of people who cannot be relied upon to be orderly outside as well as inside of the tent. The circus has the same fascination to it that the stage has; "circus-struck" is much the same thing as "stage-struck"; therefore it comes that a great show can rely almost with

certainly upon its experienced hands returning to it each season. For the Colosseum spectacle Mr. Kinsky engages a certain number of the ladies of the ballet in Europe, as many as he can find who are suitable, and who are willing to come out to the "States." For the others the usual advertising is resorted to, which the old "hands" are on the lookout for, and if their previous record is a good one, they are immediately engaged. A most elaborate system of book keeping is resorted to, so as to preserve an absolutely faithful account of each employee of this "sawdust show," so that any misconduct and incompetency can be at once relieved.

Certain electrical engagements with all employees of the circus, high and low, all contracts carry with them not only all transportation, but board and lodging as well. Ahead of the "show" travels a "lay-out" as he is called, who arranges in each "stand" for all the people of the "Greatest Show on Earth"; this includes the boarding houses for \$5 a week up to the hotels where the "swells" of the circus world luxuriate at \$5 a day. There is one exception to these which the "harvested" never provides for, and that is those "circus hands" collectively known as matus-sens, hostlers, messengers, men, etc. It would never do to board these gentlemen at so much per week; they possess shoddy appetites vigorous enough to eat twice that amount.

If they do not receive meat three times a day and cream with their coffee there are grumblings to be heard compared to which the roving of the lions or the tramping of the elephants is but a mild reek. To avoid such "bickering," the circus feeds these hands itself. The show also carries a contractor who furnishes meals at twenty-three cents apiece, and it is claimed, sets an admirable table, so he frequently serves fifteen hundred meals a day, he has all the responsibility of a commissary general in an army.

Wages to the "circus hands" range all the way from \$7 per week up to \$25, and then, of course, the principals, who receive "salaries" according to the importance of their "acts" and reputation; as to these anomalous men "found" as well, they are libelous and even generously paid. In return for this, the most imperative discipline is maintained, the slightest infraction of the rules means peremptory discharge. The strictest supervision is maintained over the ladies of the ballet; the strictest indelicacy, and they are given their "walking papers." Medical attendance is provided for every one, and any who fall sick are nursed and provided for with the tenderest care. In this way the circus hands become a great "show family," possessed of a discipline and an esprit de corps that spare quite military—very foreign indeed to the atmosphere of the old-time circus.

EXHIBITS FROM THE VATICAN.

The Pope has sent a very interesting exhibit in Chicago from Rome. This exhibit consists of a number of mosaics taken from the Vatican Library, and mainly relating to the time of Constantine, and of several mosaics, reproductions of great and celebrated pictures. This exhibit from the Vatican will be in charge of the Museum Department and was brought over to the United States cruiser *Norwich*. It having been stipulated in the agreement with the Vatican authorities that from the time the exhibits left Rome till they were redelivered there they would be under the charge of the naval or military officers of the United States. When the exhibits were landed in America they were at once placed under military guard.

Not least curious among the mosaics is a map of America that was made in the sixteenth century, so that the Pope could mark in Jerusalem as to how the territory in South America should be divided as between Spain and Portugal. Expeditions into the interior had not then gone very far, and a little way from the sea it was a dark and unknown continent to the geographers, but the coast line in South America is put down very accurately indeed, and varies from that on the maps of today only in very slight particulars. The coast north of the Caribbean Sea is very vague, and that of New England not set down at all.

One of the mosaics represents the Piazza San Pietro, from a painting now in Raphael's gallery. The painting is by the Roman painter Giovanni, but was made some time before the occupation of Rome by the Italian army. On the left hand are some French soldiers in line, on the right are the carriages of the Roman nobles. Comparisons on the drivers and footmen are the red liveries of the Tordini. This fresco, by the way, has now been changed, out of deference to the Queen of Italy, whose liveries are also of a bright scarlet. Another mosaic represents "The Roman Forum."

Of the three other mosaics, one represents the Prophet Elijah, and is taken from a painting by Raphael which is in the church of San Agostino; another is a reproduction of the allegorical picture of "Theology," also from a picture of Raphael in the Vatican; and the third represents Guido Reni's well known "Joseph," which was once in the Borghese gallery.

The Roman stucco, where these particular mosaics were made is close to Raphael's gallery. In order to reproduce a painting in mosaic, the artist, or artists, take a flat sheet of iron of the same size as the painting, surrounded by a border about an inch high. This receptacle is then filled with plaster, so as to obtain a perfectly flat surface. On this the outlines of the figures are drawn. The plaster is then cut up into small squares, which are to be removed and gradually replaced by as many squares of mosaic of the same size. In the holes left empty when the plaster is taken away a new plaster, made of troweling dust, lime and linseed oil, is poured. After three days this new plaster acquires the necessary consistency and in this the artist sketches the little colored squares. When all the surface of the plaster is covered with these colored pieces of mosaic, the whole is washed with mud and water until it becomes quite smooth. The colored pieces are made of mixtures of different minerals, like azurite, lead, glass, etc. These materials are played in an oven, and the different colors are obtained by the different degree of heat, and as many as 25,000 various colors can be obtained.



No. 104.—ELIJAH.—By Raphael, from the Church of St. Agostino, Rome.

ALL-WATER ROUTE TO CHICAGO.

AMONG all the talk about the route of feet on the various railroads in the World's Fair, the "all water route to Chicago" has been almost entirely overlooked. There has just been issued, so to speak, by means of the memorandum recently issued by Mr. D. V. S. O'Leary, secretary of the New York Yacht Club. Yachting will have a general boom this year because of its international interest; therefore there is no doubt that many people who are not directly concerned in the sport will find their latest national interest revived by the boldness of Lord Dunsany, Mr. Currier's challenge to the Royal Victoria Yacht Club for the Gold Cup, a general air in yachting circles because of

these facts, and a desire, whenever feasible, of working over a passage from New York to Chicago by the "all water route." Certainly the steamer who makes a boat capable of making the journey, so more delightful trip can be conceived than the sail through the Sound, stop off at Newport, coast along Massachusetts and Maine shores, and view the shores of the St. Lawrence from the deck of your own boat.

Smart yachtsmen reach Montreal under their own power; but after leaving Quebec, sailing vessels must proceed under tow to Montreal. Towing from Quebec to Montreal and return will range from \$200 to \$400, according to the size of the vessel. The route is perfectly clear of all obstructions, and therefore there need be no lowering of masts and funnels. Passage through the reach for yachts going and returning from the fair will be free as the Dominion government has passed an order in Council exempting all such vessels from payment of tolls in Canada.

All Montreal you enter Lac Beauport Canal, proceeding under tow or steam, as the case may be, as far as Lac Beauport.

Lachine system of locks, 81 miles; 5 locks, depth on side, 8 to 10 feet. Lake St. Louis, 131 miles. The Beauport Canal, 114 miles, 9 locks, depth, 8 feet. Lake St. Francis, 321 miles. The Cornwall Canal, 111 miles, 8 locks, depth of water, 9 feet. Parlane Pass Canal, three-quarters of a mile; 1 lock, depth, 9 feet. Rapids Port Canal, 4 miles, 2 locks, depth, 9 feet. Galop Canal, 75 miles, 9 locks, depth, 9 feet. This last lock brings you to Lake Ontario. After Lake Ontario, the Welland Canal, 261 miles, 26 locks, depth, 14 feet.

Thence into Lake Erie, the most shallow, unimproved, and unimproved of all the lakes. From Lake Erie you enter the Detroit River, thence to Lake St. Clair and St. Clair River, from which you will sail Lake Huron. From there on it is plain sailing through the Straits of Mackinac into Lake Michigan, and thence to the gates of the "St. Mary City." Three possibilities apply to yachts not greater in length than 100 feet, 20 feet iron, and 14 feet draught. Other vessels of greater draught have passed the canal by using pontoons and "masts."

The Collins Bay Boating and Forwarding Company, Collins Bay, Ontario, Canada, is supplied with all the appliances for lifting vessels through from Montreal to Lake Ontario, and also through the Welland Canal if desired. As will be seen, it costs quite a "small" sum for steam yachts, even when their own power is sufficient to propel them. The charge for the round trip will be as follows: With two passengers, \$1000; with four passengers, \$1500; with six passengers, \$1750. Sailing yachts, for tonnage from Lachine to Prescott and return, \$250 to \$400, according to size.

It is hardly likely that many sailing yachts will undertake the trip, as it will consume at least a month to make the journey. But of course the same contingencies do not affect steam yachts, and a great many can be depended upon to make the trip, as it can easily be accomplished in from ten to fifteen days. The general plan will be to go to the fair aboard the yacht, and then sail the boat back over the route so as to reach New York about the first week in September, when the race for the America's Cup is expected to take place. Chicago, strange to say, has never been a great yachting town. There are clubs and some yachts, both steam and sail, but the hundreds of so many creek Eastern boats will no doubt help the interest taken in the pleasure of yachting by the Chicago people.

HARPER P. MANNING.



No. 105.—THE TRINITY.—By Raphael, from the Vatican.

A NURSERY OF FRENCH CAVALRY.

THE CAVALRY SCHOOL AT SAUMUR

ALOR of the more daring kind has ever shown the days of the tourna-ments, been largely associated with horse-manship. In some remote era in the history of human speech, perhaps, the Latin name, which is the etymologi- cal ancestor of "cavalry" and the Greek *hikanos*, which is the progenitor of "chivalry" and the modern "cavalry," were mixed. This, however,



THE PRINCIPAL BUILDING, CAVALRY SCHOOL.

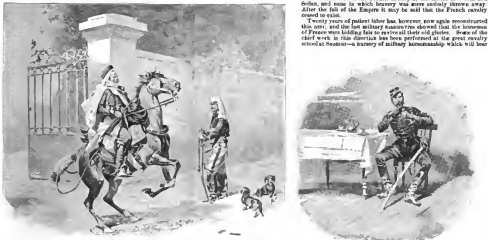
by the way. The fact remains that the combination of the two things has given us some of the most resolute and brilliant episodes in the record of conflict of nations. In England, however, this is not so true as in the majority of the other countries of the world. The pride of the British army is its infantry. From the days when the sturdy English bowman struck terror into the cavalry of France on the fields of Crecy and Agincourt to the most terrible when the famous "thin red line" swept the plains of Waterloo, the British foot-soldier has been the type of British valor.

The contrast of France and England in this respect is due partly to geographical and partly to racial causes. Where large armies have to be swiftly moved, and the frontiers of hostile states are contiguous, the armed warrior is more necessary than in a small and isolated state like Britain. The racial factor in this contrast is, however, far more important and interesting, and it may be suggested to the military historian as a fruitful subject for research and speculation. The ancient Briton, it would seem, was essentially a foot-soldier, both in those islands and on the French mainland, while the cavalry soldiers in both cases was of German extraction. The Frankish horsemen who subdued France, and their Norman posterity who conquered England, were of more or less Teutonic origin. It was they, and not the unwarlike natives, who supplied the famous cavalry of the Middle Ages. The virtues lying in the history of French cavalry show that early period is practically a history of the struggle between the Germanic and Celtic elements in the population. In fact, when, after the Revolution, the Celtic element became triumphant, the result was an disaster to the cavalry contingent of the army that recourse was had again to Germany for the almost lost art of military horsemanship.

This fact is so interesting that it may be worth while tracing it in some detail, especially as it affords us an opportunity of sketching at the same time the history of French cavalry. The establishment in all countries of western Europe of a consanguine aristocracy of Teutonic origin first led to the organization of cavalry as a regular arm. Everywhere the nobility took to the mounted service as a sign of their superiority, and under the designation of men-at-arms, formed bodies of horse of the heaviest description. In France the so-called feudalized nobility, and the first great battle in which it distinguished itself was on the historic field of Poitiers, when, by his aid, Charles Martel repulsed back the torrent of Arab invasion, and saved Europe to the Arabs and the Christians. The Frankish nobility on that occasion, under Eudes, Duke of Aquitaine, broke through the Muslim hordes and seized the camp. From this period the Gallic or Celtic element in the nobility, from which the noble infantry of the day was recruited, became more and more degraded. Hereafter the armiger was free, condescended to all the ground with their then manner cultivated the art of war, they were not calculated to make a bad appearance when publicly recruited called upon them in some campaign. With the Frankish cavalry was recruited through Europe, the Gallic peasant, who, in an emergency was transformed into the foot-soldier, was the most abject of his class. The fact is clearly recognized in the otherwise infamous manifestos of King Francis I. to the German princes. "We have in our land no foot soldiers, because our aristocracy limited our peasantry in agriculture rather than in arms." The consequence of this state of things endured practically until the Revolution. Throughout this long period the lower orders, although no longer serfs, supplied a very inferior infantry, while all the brilliant feats of arms which gave much power to the French name were mostly performed by the gay and gallant scintillations, the descendants of the conquering Frankish cavaliers. It was the "Maison du Roi" who seized Valenciennes in hand day by a coup de main, who decided the battle of Marston, and broke the columns of Fommetry. The common foot-soldiers who accompanied them were little more than unities. They were, as a great military authority has recently said of them, "casualty."

The Revolution was the opening of this "casualty." Elitismorphically, it was the result of the oppressed left against the dominating right, and its military results showed themselves in a security of cavalry leaders and a demoralization of the mounted troops. In sending the aristocrats to the guillotine the Revolution deprived itself of the gallant cavaliers who had made the military fame of France. The Republican armies were from the first ill provided with cavalry, and the disaster of Wissemburg, in 1793, nearly annihilated the comparatively few squadrons that France then possessed. Not only were leaders wanting, but the men—available—languished on horseback—were the worst riders of their time. The necessity for reorganization became apparent, and the French turned to Germany, the cradle of the original Frankish cavalry, for both precept and example. The circumstance is remarkable. Frederick the Great and his famous cavalry commander Scharnhorst had at that epoch raised the German mounted service to the exulting point of its glory. For valorousness and order of charge, swiftness of evolutions, readiness for flank attacks, and rapidly in rallying and reforming after a charge, no cavalry has ever excelled the Prussian cavalry of the Seven Years War. When the French cavalry leaders were sent by the cavalry they were during 1793 and 1794 almost uniformly beaten. When Napoleon took the decision of affairs he did his best to improve his cavalry. He endeavored to create such a force as would enable him to reap the fruits of his victories. Writing on German models, he made great advances, and after the campaign of Austerlitz, in great part secured on German and Italian horses, was a dispassionate adversary. To this force he was mainly indebted for some of his most signal triumphs, notably Marengo and Austerlitz, and in the manner in which he employed his mounted troops he saved the facility with which he so often outmaneuvered and outgaited his enemies. The campaigns of 1805 and 1806 followed his cavalry to almost almost all the losses of the Austrians and Prussians again, and, moreover, he employed the French army by the excellent cavalry of the Confederation of the Rhine and the Duchy of Warsaw. These were formed those enormous reserves of ironclad with which Napoleon ruled between 1805 and 1812.

After that date a checkered destiny pursued the French cavalry. The Russian campaign practically annihilated it, and there was no time to reorganize it before it was necessary again to take the field. Three years of Napoleon's most decided successes in 1813 proved fruitless. He himself remarked that had he possessed cavalry at the battles of Leipzig and Bautzen the war would then have been brought to an end. But little improvement seems to have been effected in French cavalry after the fall of Napoleon. Even during the last great war, in 1910, the French cavalry only showed, in Major Russell has remarked, how splendid material may be sacrificed and how brilliant courage may be thrown away. After the fall of the Empire it may be said that the French cavalry ceased to exist. Twenty years of patient labor has, however, now again reconstituted this unit, and the last military exercises showed that the honors of France were bidding fair to revive all their old glories. Some of the chief work in this direction has been performed at the great cavalry school at Saumur—a nursery of military horsemanship which will bear



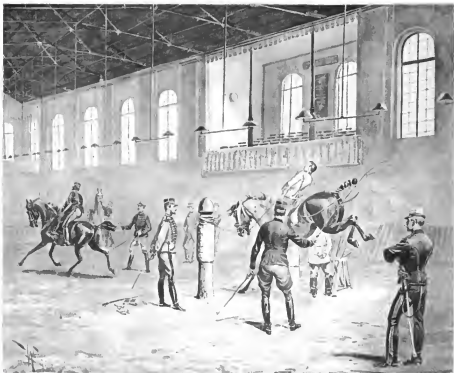
NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE SPANISH AND THE CHANCERY OF DEFENCE.

IN CHARGE OF THE STABLES.

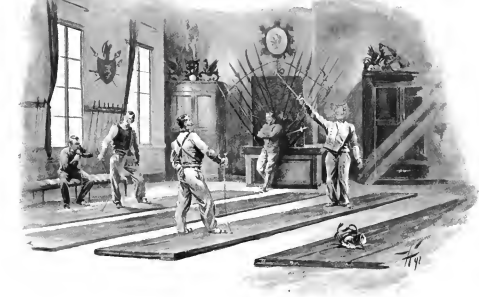


AN INSPECTOR OF NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OUTSIDE THE GREAT RIDING-SCHOOL.

comparison with any similar institution in the world. It is not the only academy of its kind in France; the Académie and Rambouillet also possess cavalry wings, and the great military academies pay special attention to mounted training. The establishment at the last of royalist France would seem to leave out our surprise that there is some active connection between its exclusive traditions of the country and the culture of horsemanship. It is a place of the kind of province which were the chosen palaces of Valois down to Louis XIV. It is a place of active associations and romantic recollections. The place



LEARNERS TO RIDE AND JUMP IN THE GREAT RIDING-SCHOOL.



IN THE FENCING-SCHOOL.

ransa disclosures in rapid succession such impressive pictures as the turret and pinnacles of Chambord, where the Emperor Charles V. was entertained by his good-natured cousin Francis I.; the gloomy Black areas of the inundation of the Guiana; Ambrose, the favorite abode of the warrior Charles VIII.; Chateauvaut, the retreat of D'Assy of Poitiers, Pléville, where Louis XI. held sedate court, and Chinon, the home of the curious revels of Charles VII., and the opening scene of the soulless career of "the shepherd girl of Domercay." Here is Platenault, the last resting place of the Lion-hearted Richard, there is Dauphigny, with its memorial of Margaret of Angoulême. The whole country is a monument of medieval chivalry, bristling with association of the gallant deeds with which the mounted warriors of old dignified themselves. A more fitting or inspiring environment for the training of the young aristocrats of modern France could scarcely be imagined.

In the heart of this romantic region, midway between Tours and Angers, nestles Saumur. It is one of the most picturesque towns on the Loire. Seen from the river, its quays, Hôtel de Ville near the water side, surmounted by a vesuvius and pinnacled towers, its church spires, its towers, and the gleaming whiteness of its houses, set off by the overhanging castle behind, form a picture of rare beauty. The imposing out of the main street, beyond the confines of the town, a great block of official-looking buildings discloses itself on the right hand. This is the famous *École de Cavalerie*, which was established in 1564, together with four similar academies, by the Duc de Chaulieu. Its first home was at La Flèche, but in 1799 it was transferred to Saumur. For a time its history pursued a somewhat checkered course. The Revolution suppressed it, and the Empire founded a sub-officer for it at Saint-Germain-en-Laye. In 1814, through the exertions of Marshal Soult, it was re-opened at Saumur, only to be closed again nine years later in favor of a rival at Versailles. In 1851, however, it was re-opened at Saumur on a new basis, and, except for another reorganization in 1852, its progress has been but little disturbed since then.

The institution is not so much a school of cavalry as a cavalry high-school. It does not confine itself to mere training in horsemanship, but also to giving the cavalry officer a comprehensive insight into the various branches of his profession. Thus, besides the riding schools, there are a School of Telegraphy, a Veterinary School, a Shooting School, and even workshops in which all kinds of useful arts and crafts are taught. Elementary riding, in of course, not taught. The students are supposed to be able to ride secure or less well before they enter, and the province of the school is to complete their education in this respect, and, at the same time, give them a practical knowledge of the multifarious duties of a cavalry officer. Everything of course, cannot be learned during the eleven months which this course of study lasts, but the instruction is specially adapted to stimulate the students to further studies of which they leave the institution. Nor is the school confined to cavalry officers. Students are likewise supplied by the artillery and engineer corps. There are five divisions in the school. The first comprises officers of cavalry or artillery regiments who present themselves voluntarily. The second consists of sub-lieutenants who have been for a year with the colors. Formerly these young officers were sent from St. Cyr direct to Saumur, but it has been found necessary to give them some regimental experience before dispatching them into the Cavalry School. In the third division are sub-commissioned cavalry and artillery officers selected at the rate of one for every two regiments. In the selection preference is given to those who are marked for promotion to sub-lieutenancies. The fourth division consists of lieutenants, of whom each cavalry regiment is entitled to send one.

They must be men who have shown a special aptitude for horsemanship, and who are intended for promotion. The fifth division is reserved for what are called cavalry elites, being men who wish to join cavalry regiments, and who, on satisfying the exigencies of the curriculum, are drafted into the army with the rank of lieutenant. Besides these chief divisions, there are the above-mentioned Veterinary and Telegraphy schools. The veterinary students are taught riding besides the mysteries of equine pathology, and their course lasts twelve months. The Telegraphy School has two divisions, one for elementary pupils, and the other for advanced pupils. In the riding schools the officers are taught to teach in horses, special attention being given to this branch of their education. There are also special classes in tactics, topography, history, military geography, fortification, and the German language.

The school is under the direct authority of the Minister of War, and it is placed in charge of a general of brigade, who is assisted by a very large staff. A considerable mili-

tary force is also stationed at the school. It has received between 2000 and 3000 subaltern officers, but it rarely contains more than five hundred, besides a hatched workman. An immense number of horses are kept at the school, in addition to those supplied by the officers themselves. There are barracks and messes as well as chapels, the students being encouraged under certain conditions to cultivate sports of all kinds. Under the present administrative system, which is far more severe than that formerly in use, the efficiency of the Saumur school has been vastly improved, and it is now training out a generation of cavalry officers whose intelligence, accomplishments, and *esprit de corps* have earned the admiration of many veteran military experts. Whether the French will ever have as good a cavalry as the Germans it is difficult to say. One thing, however, is certain: if assiduous practice, patient and intelligent training, and a soldierly enthusiasm can bring about this result, it will eventually be attained. To this end the Saumur school will have richly contributed.



CAVALRY OFFICERS TALKING AT THE MENU



AN EVENING AT THE CIRCUS.—DRAWN BY WARREN B. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 392.]

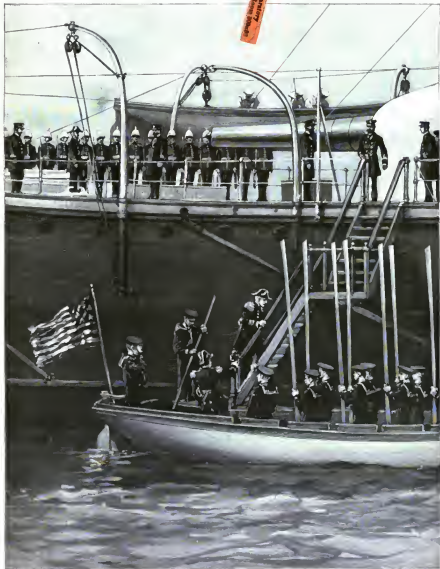
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



THE NAVAL RENDEZVOUS AT HAMPTON ROADS.

Captain Hamilton receiving Admiral Gierardi on Board the British armored Cruiser *Bab*.—Drawn by T. de Tassier.

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THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART.

Among the best-known and most interesting public collections of paintings in this country is the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington, which must ever remain as a mighty monument to the memory of its founder. A new gallery is in course of erection, which will occupy the entire block on Seventeenth Street between New York Avenue and K Street. The building will extend about 150 feet on E Street and New York Avenue, respectively, the front on Seventeenth Street being 165 feet. The style of the building is Neo-tudor, designed by James Plafie of New York. The instrument will be of granite, and white marble is to be used more. The main entrance on Seventeenth Street will be reached by a broad flight of steps and on either side of the descent two great lions, fashioned in bronze after those by Canova which grace the tomb of Clement XIII in St. Peter's. The doors are to be of oak covered by bronze plates, and above the entrance will be enclaved in the marble "The Corcoran Gallery of Art." The roof is of copper, and hipped, having a great skylight for the gallery. The outer vestibule of the main building will be decorated with pilasters and sculpture, while the second vestibule will open from either side into a ticket office and cloak room. Beyond this will be a great gallery, 90 feet in width and 200 feet in length, where will be exhibited the works of famous works. This room will be open to the roof, surrounded on all four sides by a gallery supported by colonnades. On the lower floor will be other galleries, together with rooms and offices for the accommodation of the others of the building. The picture gallery is guided by a great staircase directly opposite the main entrance. There are eight large rooms, from fifty to seventy-five feet in length forming in all a fine suite, with each opening into the gallery surrounding the central hall. The entire building will be thoroughly fire proof, and will be a great addition to the city.

THE NEW YORK "TIMES."

Two changes that will take place in the *New York Times* Publishing Company, as announced on the 13th, are apparently confined largely to the business department, with which the general public has only an indirect concern. Mr. George F. Fisher, who becomes the publisher, has been for many years the managing news editor of the paper. His reputation for energy, alertness, judgment, and high personal character is established. The editor-in-chief is Mr. Charles R. Miller, who has held that post for ten years, and will bring to the direction of the larger resources and more varied activity of the journal the strong qualities that have given it such marked influence in the past. What these are may be inferred when it is recalled that his career began on the one of the great political struggles of 1864, and included the wild west stage struggle of last year. The courage, force, firmness, and integrity of purpose that in this exceedingly trying period have given the *Times* the cash it has steadily held in the daily press of the United States are equal to any demands that the future may make.

The career of the *Times* has been a marked one. Established in 1851 by the late George Jones and Henry J. Raymond, as publisher and editor respectively, it was before, during, and after the war, for fifteen years, a serious, somewhat conservative, and always an independent advocate of the principles of the Republican Union party. Mr. Raymond's devotion of party discipline and his aversion to extreme views led him and the paper into the so-called Johnson movement, from which it had, barely recovered when Mr. Raymond died. This followed a period in which the *Times* was the most prominent advocate of the prompt

and thorough reform of the currency and tax system of the war time, and the opponent of radical treatment of the South. In 1873 the magnificent fight against the Tweed, Fish, and Gould rings resulted in their merited exposure and their overthrow. The nomination of Mr. Greeley in 1872 left the *Times* the leading Republican paper of the country, and its attitude toward the party for the next decade was more cordial than at any time since the war, but throughout that time it remained the unflinching advocate of sound money, of broad nationality, of efficient regulation of the nation divided by war, of tariff reform, and of civil service reform. It was, in fact, the recognized champion of all the great principles which Harper's Weekly at the present time upholds, and both worked as long as it was possible to work for reform within the party.

In 1884, following the same guiding principle as did the *Warrior*, the *Times* sustained the candidacy of Mr. Cleveland, and has done so with entire candor and independence since. It now assumes that it "will be a Democratic newspaper," devoted, as in the past, to "the principles and policies that were enthusiastically approved by the people in the Presidential election of 1892," and pledging its "constant and criticism" "to help the party to maintain them and broaden their sway." Its municipal affairs it will seek to "bring about better and purer government," and "consider those of party or of faction will not stand in the way."

THE NATION'S GUEST.

In the United States as a nation has entertained a guest since Lafayette's last visit (1783), the writer cannot recall it. The present guest, Duque de Veragua, is the President of the Spanish Commission to the World's Columbian Exposition, and also a direct descendant of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of this continent. The honors now bestowed upon him in America are due both to his descent and to his official position. His full name is Cristóbal Colón de Toledo y Larrañaga de la Coma Huarte de Bayona de y Gueto. His titles are: Admiral and Adelantado Mayor de las

Indias, Duque de Veragua y de la Vega, Marqués de Jamaica, Grande de España, Senator of the Kingdom, Caballero de la Real Orden del Toisón de Oro, Gran Cruz de Carlos III, Gran Cruz de la Concepción de Villavieja, Grand alcaide de Canas, of the late King Don Alfonso XIII, and the present Infante King Don Alfonso XIII. Member of the Regency Council of Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce, and President of the Society for the Protection of Children. In 1879 two titles on the list were bestowed upon Christopher Columbus in 1492 by the Catholic Sovereigns, according to the stipulations made by his discovery before he sailed to America. The titles of Duque de Veragua and Marqués de Jamaica were bestowed upon Columbus's grandson, don Luis Colón, in 1537. The present Duke was born in Madrid in 1867, and is the sixth Duque de Veragua and eleventh a descent from Columbus.

The Duke arrived in New York on the steamer *Seu York* on the morning of the 13th instant. He was met at the pier by Commander Dinkins, of the United States navy who had been assigned by the President to act as the Duke's honorary escort while his visit to this country lasts. With the steamer was at Quaranter a committee appointed by the Mayor arrived with a boat and took off the Duke and his family, escorting them to the Waldorf Hotel. In the afternoon the Mayor and Aldermen called and presented to the Duke with the freedom of the city. The next day the Duke, escorted by Troop A, of the State National Guard, called at the City Hall to return the visit of the Mayor and Aldermen. On Wednesday afternoon the Duke and his family held a great reception at the Waldorf Hotel.

The remainder of the week was occupied by social functions in honor of the Duke, and on Saturday he was in Washington, where he met the President. He was then returns to New York for the usual parade and grand ball, and later goes to Chicago to witness the opening of the World's Fair on the 1st of May. He is a man of dignified and distinguished courtesy, and has made a most pleasant and favorable impression upon all who have met him. He is accompanied by his wife, brother, son, and daughter.



THE NEW CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D. C.—BERRY PHOTO, AMSTERDAM



JAMES C. CARTER.

On Ground for the United States before the Berlin Sea Court.—(See Page 294.)

CHARLES R. MILLER.
Editor of the New York Times.



DOLORES.

BY LOUISE WORTHINGTON.

SENOR DON RAFAEL ROMERO, of Seville, crossed the Madrid's terrace and descended the stone steps into the garden. Elizabeth was sitting on a bench under the magnolia trees, reading. Just ahead in the path a woman in a pink dress, just glowing through road-black whiskers in a wicked smile.

A few moments before, Señor Romero came into the path to make his first call on the young American. Just a hand, some sides on her, and Juan had sent him into the garden to seek her, knowing very well that Rafael was no ignorant of the English, as Elizabeth of Spanish. Then he rushed to a window that looked out on the garden path and the bench under the magnolia trees and waited.

Elizabeth did not lift her eyes until the Spaniard stood before her, leaning low, but on her feet; then she rose, and, raising her finger tips on the back of the stone bench, gazed at him, somewhat bewildered.

"*Señorita, ¿que desea de mí?*" he asked, *¿es profesor, Rafael Romero, ¿que desea de mí?*" he said, rapidly, dropping his dark glasses to her feet, then raising in gravity to her face.

"I do not understand Spanish," said the señorita. "Will you speak in English, please?"

Then came the moment of rupture for Juan Madrid's in the window. Romero spoke again, low rapidly, and with frequent repetitions, for he had not just heard from her teacher in his last visit in the fortnight she had been in Spain the American had mastered the Spanish language, spoke and understood like a native. Elizabeth, instead of increasing perplexity, *Por Dios! que gracioso! how Juan speak and understood and laughed in the window!* A little longer the little daughter was under the tree, and then she stood looking at each other in silence.

She saw a short, slight man, dark, very dark, dressed like a dandy, wearing a black moustache, and staring at her almost fiercely.

He saw a tall young woman in white, with hair like this flower, a face pink and white, and eyes as clear and blue as his.

"*Por Dios! how beautiful she was!*"

They gazed at each other spellbound. Nothing broke the silence but the drip, drip of a fountain in the orange-tree walk.

A little figure came tripping across the terrace, down the steps, and approached gently along the white-bordered path, nodding, smiling, kissing in good-bye. It was like an entrance on the stage.

"*Por Dios!*" Juan Dolores has smiled it all! exclaiming Madrid's in the window, and he stepped, pulled his white-curtain, and flung away like a spotted child deprived of a possession.

Dolores drew the blood from her tall American cousin down under her black moustache, and kissed her on each cheek.

"*Que gracioso!*" they are very warm," she cried, tapping the pink face with her finger tips. Then she glanced sideways at Romero. "Ay!" rising voice and eyebrows raised. "It is very warm day! very warm!" She lifted a long skirt that hung from her belt by a ribbon, and lifted it, and began to wave it to and fro enthusiastically.

Elizabeth and Romero watched her in silence.

"They are very warm," she stated, explained the Spanish girl, half smiling, shifting her black eyes from one cousin face to the other. "Afraid!" she would be the last to be too late." She swept her hair in a magic circle over her

head, and laughed a pretty, musical, merry laugh, like the sound of the stage.

Although the movement really had broken a spell, Elizabeth and Romero made a way from each other. She picked a load from an orange-tree, and he to flip at the gravel with his cane.

"I have just come from your sister, who waits from her drive on the Alameda," said Dolores, turning to her cousin: "she says that I would ask you, soon, to eat the food for the dinner-table. I have brought you the menu."

"Come, then," cried Elizabeth, and leaving her both on the bench, she turned and walked away briskly between the orange trees. "What a day, Dolores! What a day! What a day! I believe I hardly noticed before!"

"Ay!" You have been at studying that," pointed the Spanish girl, giving a little run to catch up with her. "Afraid she told me when you study you do not see her now, nor feel, and you were not, but tell me you have taken me up all this day, again, rain?"

"Nap!" laughed Elizabeth. "why should I say when I haven't done anything all day but lounge under the trees? We don't nap in America, dear!"

Dolores ran back her eyes at Romero, who followed them. "The señorita thinks we Spanish are a lazy set," she said in Spanish, shrugging her shoulders.

"Josephine says I am not the kind of my pomegranate and how enjoy the inside," continued Elizabeth. "but she is translated into Spanish, name and all; she likes all inside, now I think it is helped."

"Ay!" She has been at studying that, too," pointed Dolores. "she says I am not political, she is disappointed because I have no politics. In it true, then, that I am too stupid to be political, like you and Josephine, dear?"

Elizabeth dropped a sideways glance on the little figure, trying at a smile. It was so short and plump as a child, and it was a child's face that was upturned to her. Arrive there was in the wrap-around, the Persian dress, the high, beaded shoes, the stylish cap, but, no, not one in that innocent upturned face. Elizabeth smiled at the thought.

"You are not stupid, child," she said. "but you are not polite. It makes me laugh to think of your saying a girl, Dolores!" And they laughed together. "But come! give me the menu. They are not understanding a pomegranate, but at least I have a perfect row when I see it."

They had reached the row garden, a wilderness of many-colored trees, hanging and bushes thickly crowded with flowers, crimson, yellow, pink, and Elizabeth, passing, shot an imperative glance back at Señor Romero. He sprang forward and pulled down a stem heavily with great Arabesque arms, and held it while she lifted two stems. It for a statue and slipped off the branches one by one. They fell heavily the wall, and she passed on, leaning on a cane, leaving Romero to gather them up and leave a handily after her.

He stood watching the back of the actress as she stepped at the great green screen, one dangled hand resting on her hip, one walked her feet by its ribbon, but no Elizabeth turned away and stopped promptly toward and Rafael stepped to the back to pick up her cane, the girl's arms dropped at her sides and her mouth pined. She stood gazing stolidly after them for a moment. Then her teeth suddenly clicked together, and she drew a deep breath through them.

They went on across the vista that pierced the tangle of vines, and did not leave her; the white robe drew slowly step, and Romero would step forward. *Ay de mí!* but it

was growing more and more awkward for the señor. At last he managed to turn his eyes under one arm while he reached for the branches, which were always those that seemed for a moment, but his burden was more complicated matter, and he ended by throwing away his cane. At last she had mercy, and came smiling back to Dolores, smiling. Romero followed, both arms laden with a sheaf of dry stems, his face darkly flushed, his eyes on fire.

They resumed their steps and moved to the crumbling yellow steps of the terrace, Escambrion, the maid, brought out the great Spanish bowl, and Elizabeth, out down to fill them. Romero fixed his hands down beside her, but his work was not finished yet. She waited for him to hand her the bowl out by one, when he comprehended and proffered one she put out a hand for it, then he stepped, looking from his huge thorns to her smooth white fingers. The don drew a tiny knife from his pocket, shaved the stem clean, and offered it again, when it was gravely accepted. Thus it went on, and there were so many more! Dolores at their feet and rolled her eyes up at them, furiously biting the edge of her fan.

When the work was finished, Elizabeth for the first time looked Romero in the face.

"I cannot thank you," she said. "you wouldn't understand me, besides, I don't know your name. Dolores, we have never been introduced?"

"Ay!" cried Dolores, sharply, closing her fan with a click. Her Spanish returns for etiquette was touched to the quick; she hurried to begin an elaborate presentation of Señor Rafael Romero's to Elizabeth. Elizabeth frowned, half in Spanish, half in English, for the benefit of both sides—but she stopped short, and the introduction was never finished; they were not listening to her, what did it matter?

Elizabeth was staring a crimson rose by its stem, and she swung it up to her lips and looked over its leaves at Romero, her eyes looking, he stood on the step below, but in hand; then she lifted the rose from her lips and gave it to him. Romero was not a tall man, but his grace and grandiloquent bearing gave him presence, at the moment when he bent to take the rose he seemed superb. Most Spaniards would have caught the flower in their lips, crushed it against their breasts; but Romero did neither. His dark eyes faded, grew eloquent, then they met those of Dolores over the top of her fan. Was it possible that as a group of still in those child eyes of Dolores? Romero drew himself up, and, turning his rascals proudly, held the rose at arm's length and looked at it critically; he was at once a coxcomb, smug, delectable; and when he finally took the leaf of his fan between his thumb and forefinger and drew the stem through the button hole, it was with the air of a man admitting the beauty of the rose, but asserting at the same time that the scene had been worthy.

It.

"*Por la estrella mas clara que hay alid arriba, ¿que sea de de guerra?*"

Elizabeth and Romero, breaking the backs of his finger tips back and forth across his guitar, and rolling his black eyes up at the scene.

A group of guests sat on the Madrid's terrace, dipping cordial and gossiping in the moonlight, women who slipped together under their mantillas, some in laughing, slippers up



THE DUKE OF VERAGUA.

From a Copyrighted Photograph by the Brown Company. (See Page 391.)

of the Indian. Though battered by time, no essential feature had suffered. It is of the Flemish school in treatment; the general ground tones are raw—unburnt and black; the shadows are thickly placed, the high lights well laid, the height light emphasized upon a basis of dissonance, or, rather, a mode anciently in use. The expert Paul Pointet, of Paris, certifies that the curves upon which it is painted date back to the sixteenth century at least.

The inquiry into the portrait's history occasioned interesting researches, for too long it lay undisturbed. It had to Aragon, where most likely it was lost by Mademoiselle Rosamonde, daughter of the celebrated Princes of Condé. In brief, the twenty-third of Louis XIV. received it from a family of Isbert, de Louvois, with whom they had been instructors, and it had been in Paris most of the century.

The Isbert de Louvois were now decayed, scattered, and without interest. We at length discovered at Marseilles Madame Degré, the last surviving granddaughter of the house, the one who had preserved the portrait, and testified that it came to her, through her mother, from her grandfather, Isbert de Louvois; that it had always been treasured a picture of much value in the family; that her grandfather had bought it at one of the great sales of the royal effects, the Revolution of '93, and that it came from the private cabinet of Marie Antoinette.

Another granddaughter, by marriage, the last surviving bearer of the name Isbert de Louvois, also living at Marseilles, confirms the same story. This Isbert de Louvois was chief surgeon to the King's brother. He went into retirement during the Revolution, re-emerged attached to the fortunes of Napoleon, and finally returned in chief at the battle of Waterloo.

The Isbert portrait is traced a hundred years in the same family, and directly into the possession of the royal family of France, who might easily have bought it from the Louvois, which they were forever overreaching. Supposing it to have been in the possession of the royal family of France for so much longer than it was with the De Louvois, then hidden away a madman who in some gallery of the Louvre, and then to have remained in the Hall of the Constable of the Indies on its last day before the fall of the Empire, and so finally closed in a gap, which, considerable though it may be in the life of man, really and so very great as compared to some of the most apparently renowned works of his hands.

WILLIAM HENRY BAKER

THE NEWLY DISCOVERED BRADLEY PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS.

I BELIEVE there is a popular impression that portraits of Columbus are very numerous. On the contrary, portraits of Columbus having any shade of authority are extremely few. The only reliable source is regard to the greater part of those reproduced in the contemporary magazines is simply to take a pencil and cross them off the list. Every age produced Columbus after its own heart, with the kind of looks and costume it considered the most complimentary to him, and accordingly entirely false.

The stimulating process complete, there remain only the iconoclastic group, which comprises chiefly the Biondo, the Yues, the Ministry of Marine, the Attitudes, the De Orbel, and the Lorenzo Lotta portrait, all more or less copied from one another and the rude early eleven engraving, and then the much smaller group, consisting of the Bradley portrait, the Versailles portrait, and the De Bry engraving. Nor is there any irreconcilable conflict between these two groups, for it is possible enough that the man who looked like the Bradley picture in the robust strength of his freckling prime may have come to resemble the other when tired, waned, and reduced down by his heavy sorrows of his latter days.

The Bradley painting, which I first saw it, did not answer to that lightly idealized outline of the grand historical figure which all of us have been taught to carry around in our heads from the earliest childhood. Needless to say that in the sequel I came to credit it all the more securely because it was not the personification, like a priest, Columbus. This likeness agrees with the late and more accurate information as to what the character of Columbus really was, it is exactly true to the period and his station of life, and it agrees with the descriptions of him who knew him. Such a hearty, thick-lipped, rather low-browed Columbus, of flesh and blood and passion and playful strength, tempered by the natural modesty of his character out of a great idea and a leader of men, was well enough have been that year sailor who before his great undertaking "was hard-worked by thirty-six years of roving adventures," and for twenty-three years had scarcely ever left the austral deck. "His life was not calculated to produce an ascetic, a dreamer, or a courtier."

The picture was then hanging on the wall of two quiet elderly maiden sisters at Nice, and it was soon after acquired by Mr. W. H. Bradley, United States consul at that place, who has sent it over to be shown at Chicago. It had never been in the hands of any dealer, and it could easily be traced to a period when there was no temptation to manufacture probable Columbuses. It was gratifying to find that it was identical with the De Bry engraving and the picture in the National Gallery at Versailles. The engraving appears in De Bry's *Three Voyages*, one of the earliest books of travel, published in 1605. Franklin de Couder, whose critical researches are the necessary basis of all subsequent writing on the subject, holds the Versailles picture to be that from which De Bry's engraving was made. De Bry states that his engraving was made from a copy of the original portrait from life, which was stolen from the Hall of the Constable of the Indies in Spain and brought to the Louvre, where the De Bry lived.

The Bradley portrait is a fine large canvas, showing nearly half the figure, including on arms and an exquisitely pointed hand, and it is much the stronger and more individual work of the two. The Versailles portrait is on a small wooden panel, and, like the engraving which follows it, shows only head and bust. The inference is clear that the smaller, and the larger, work must be the copy. It is extreme disney, what with all the right running long on every side in these hands, that no other work has any here turned up that belongs even to the school of these two. It is our belief that the Bradley portrait is that mentioned by De Bry as stolen from the Hall of the Constable



THE BRADLEY PORTRAIT OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. To be exhibited at Chicago.

* For the *Prometheus* magazine's article on "The Mystery of Columbus" in *Harper's Magazine* for April, 1906.

IN THE SMOKE-CAR OF THE "CHICAGO LIMITED".—Bates of T. de Trecourt.—[See page 104.]





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U. S. S. "DOLPHIN"

WITH THE FLEET AT HAMPTON ROADS—SHIPS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.—(See Page 404.)



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WITH THE FLEET AT HAMPTON ROADS—SOME OF THE FOREIGN SHIPS.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 406.]

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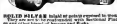
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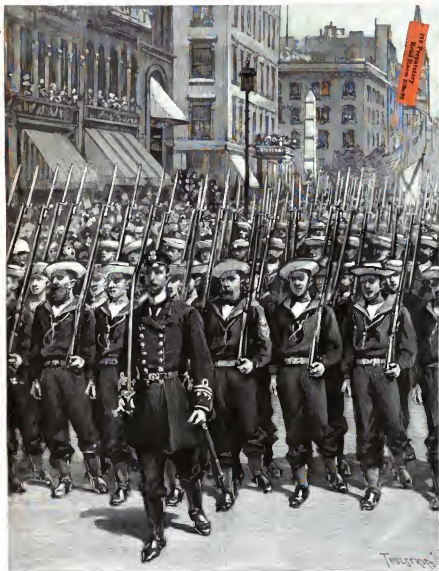
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVII.—No. 1006.
Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers,
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1893.

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THE NAVAL LAND PARADE.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.
British Sailors passing down Fifth Avenue.—(See Page 418.)

THE Proprietary
Board Room
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THE CITY CLUB.

It is a characteristic and very important feature of our present political condition that the active politicians, especially those engaged in local politics, are more and more becoming a class entirely distinct from the rest of the people. This evolution is more advanced in the older State of the East than in the West and South; but it is gradually spreading over all parts of the country, having taken especial hold of the large municipalities, which organization comparatively recent. The city of New York exhibits this development in its greatest perfection. Tammany Hall is a model association of politicians as distinct from the rest of human society. The bulk of the Tammany rank and file, indeed, still consists in a large measure of persons who are in active and sympathetic contact with the industrial and social movements and endeavors going on around them. They still more their daily bread and spend their money very much as other people do, although the number of those who are, or wish to be, aspirants of the association is constantly growing. But the leaders of the association, at least those high in command, are almost completely cut loose from the ordinary business interests and pursuits, except as they seek to enrich themselves by a speculative use of these opportunities. They give themselves entirely to the business of governing the city, and the leaders of the association, at least those high in command, are almost completely cut loose from the ordinary business interests and pursuits, except as they seek to enrich themselves by a speculative use of these opportunities. They give themselves entirely to the business of governing the city, and the leaders of the association, at least those high in command, are almost completely cut loose from the ordinary business interests and pursuits, except as they seek to enrich themselves by a speculative use of these opportunities.

This does not, as far as our immediate surroundings are concerned, refer to Tammany alone, but also to other associations of politicians, such as, for instance, to the so-called Republican machine. These, although in ostensible opposition to Tammany Hall, but animated with the same spirit and having substantially the same ends in view, enter into more or less regular trade relations with Tammany, by which a share of the profits is shared by the business of government as well as by the city. There exists a fellow feeling, a bond of fraternity, between members of this class which is not circumscribed by party lines. Nor is the mutual helpfulness endorced by space, as has recently been demonstrated in the Legislature, where the members of the organization representing the politicians' organization governing this city most willingly gave their aid to some most during legislative tricks enabling a fellow politician to subjugate the distant city of Buffalo to a government like their own.

The manner in which they have acquired their power is an interesting study. They are not men of superior ability. They have neither education, nor knowledge, nor accomplishments, nor social standing. But very few of them are attractive speakers. They are not, or at least, they were not originally, men of wealth. And they are men of political ideas in the higher sense of the word. But they are in their way shrewd and during men of affairs. They are selfish, and have little to play upon the selfishness of others. They understand perfectly the art of attaching to themselves a large following, consisting of tens of thousands of men, who have ambitions to rise in influence and wealth, and are not scrupulous as to the means, and to whom they offer a chance, and persons in needy circumstances whom they aid by personal attention or simply at the expense of the public. These followers they have held together in the hands of a well-planned and severely disciplined organization, which they command on the political field as a regular army is commanded. And a political organization held together by purely selfish motives must become corrupt, and that when it acquires power it will use its power in a rapid and unscrupulous manner, in a number of ways. These things are true, and they have used it upon this as well as other municipalities, and in a measure upon this State. The secret of the hold they have on their power consists in the organization, through which they remain in constant contact with the masses.

We know from repeated and sad experience that against this force of compactly organized selfishness the citizens who have only the public interest in view are almost helpless, and will remain as unless they are able to oppose organization to organization. Occasional makeshift uprisings may have a temporary effect, but the effect is as soon as the excitement is over. The organization of selfishness remains, and is presently as potent as ever. Mr. BOCKEE CUCKER is credited with having said that

"Tammany Hall had solved the problem of municipal government." He was in a certain sense right. Tammany has solved the problem, not of good, but of stability and irreversible municipal government for the benefit of those governing, just as completely as the absolute autocracy of the Russian Czar has solved the problem of imperial government for the benefit of the dynasty. Against the tyranny of such government neither occasional outbreaks of indignation nor the efforts of a scattered public spirit will avail. The only remedy confronting the people is the effort of intelligent opposition as a movement, well directed force. This the City Club has undertaken to supply. It is the organization of public spirit to combat the organization of selfishness.

The City Club has acted wisely in establishing itself as a social organization, in which members of all political parties can meet to concert a common line of action for the abolition of misrule in our municipal affairs. As we all know, party spirit has been the rock upon which some of the most hopeful movements for good government in this municipality have failed. If the City Club succeeds in uniting the best of the Republican and influential Democrats for the common object of keeping national policies out of municipal elections, it will have accomplished a work of high value. But it has undertaken to do more. As Tammany Hall keeps itself in constant contact with the masses of selfish ends, so the City Club has found a way to establish such contact for the public good. Regret has been expressed that the City Club should have taken its membership mainly from the well-to-do and educated, and located its headquarters accordingly. But it had to begin its work and establish its credit and educate its members by the most sympathetic and the most means. The contact with all classes of the population has been spread by the organization of branch societies, the "Good Government Clubs" in different parts of the city, to which members of the central City Club will also belong. The "Good Government Clubs" are to be favored fellow citizens not as a patron or benefactor, but on a footing of equality. The financial requirements of these branch clubs are such that a man of very small means can easily meet them, and at the same time feel that he has as much proprietary right in the club as any other member, and is jealous in no one in particular for the advantages it affords. There he will have abundance of opportunity for informing himself on subjects of public interest, for hearing and taking part in intelligent and patriotic discussions of public questions, and also for social enjoyment. The "Good Government Clubs" are thus furnishing to men of all the various walks of life a common ground upon which they may exchange their views, make themselves intelligible to one another, harmonize their aspirations and aims, and cultivate their mutual sympathies by active co-operation in the struggle for better government and better government. This is a rational and hopeful way of carrying the war against misrule into the citizen's country, and we cannot too heartily commend the enterprise of the City Club to the interest and active support of all good citizens.

THE CURRENCY PROBLEM.

The currency question remains unharmed. Secretary CARLISLE has met the bankers, and he and they probably have that better understanding of one another which results from personal conference. There are few things more misleading, as a basis for judging of human character and motives, than newspaper rumors. There is no doubt, for example, that Mr. CARLISLE was greatly injured by the report that he intended to reduce the Treasury notes of 1900 in amount. However, the President's statement that he never had such an intention, and that the statement alone is sufficient, for if Mr. CARLISLE had ever intended to suspend gold payments of Treasury notes, such a statement could not have been issued. Moreover, it is known to those who are nearest the Secretary that he never contemplated the violation of the pledge of the statute to preserve the parity of gold and silver.

It is to be expected that a better understanding will follow the interview of last Thursday. Heretofore the efforts of Mr. CARLISLE and the banks to make loans have been fruitless. The Secretary has desired the banks of New York to help him in the difficulties which have been created by the operation of the SHERMAN law. The banks, on the other hand, have sought to induce the government to add to the heavy cost of the silver burden imposed upon it by the additional cost of interest on bonds. The question has been, who shall pay for maintaining the gold standard in the face of a monthly purchase of 4,500,000 ounces? The administration seems to have solved the difficulty by declaring that gold payments will not be suspended, so that the banks will be able to limit their gold to the Treasury without fear that it will be returned as silver, or that, if gold goes to a premium, they will not be able to secure their property in time to make their profit.

The administration maintains the attitude as to

the issue of bonds which was announced by the WEEKLY in its last issue. Mr. CARLISLE repeated his assurance to the bankers that bonds would be issued only as a last resort. The demand for bonds was necessary, but the Treasury was in a position to meet it, and would pay interest on the privilege. It was become necessary to issue bonds, but if it does the circumstances which compel their issue should be clearly stated to the country, and the responsibility fixed. There is doubtless a necessity for decision by the Treasury on the question of the issue of bonds, and of that kind would avoid some of the double purpose of enabling the government to settle the current indebtedness imposed by the extravagance of the last two Congresses and of keeping up the supply of gold.

All the efforts for helping the Treasury, however, are mere shifts. The evil of the situation flows from the SHERMAN act, and as long as that law is on the statute-book, so long will the finances and business of the country be in a hazardous condition. The partnership between the Treasury and the banks, under the SHERMAN act, is a partnership for the ruin of the country in time of peril, a vicious and unscientific. The Secretary of the Treasury is charged with the duty of administering the law, and not with the task of making money easier in Wall Street, or of moving the crops of the West to the banks, or of making the Treasury a bank for the institutions organized for the purpose of taking care of the money of their customers, and not for the purpose of curing the evils of Congressional currency legislation. Of course bankers do not like the present situation, because it interferes with their business. They want to take their money, and they want a wide market for American securities. Their profits are reduced when they are forced, as they have been, to suspend credit in the West and South, and when American securities go a begging in foreign markets. It is not they who suffer most, however; it is the people who are trading on small margins, and eventually it will be the farmers and wage earners who will be the chief victims of a bad currency. Nevertheless, the money market is anxious that the evil day should be postponed, and the banks have already issued or sold some of their gold to the Treasury.

Whether this postponement is wise is a serious question. The only real remedy for the situation is the repeal of the SHERMAN act. This, as has already been stated by the WEEKLY, will not be a definite and final settlement of the currency problem, but it will greatly relieve the Treasury by putting an end to the compulsory purchase of silver millions. The only reason for postponing to a later date the measures to tide over present difficulties is that there may be given to Congress to repeal the law. Then the country would escape the last consequences of its silver purchases. If, however, Congress declines to repeal the law, the Secretary of the Treasury may insist that the law shall take its dival course, for in that event he might say that the object-lesson of disaster produced by silver monometallism was necessary to bring the law-making power to its senses. The remaining question is whether the banks are helping to bring about a change by making of this it may say that the free coinage of silver is the best way to get rid of the danger from their theory, because the banks and the Treasury smile, and will continue to smile, to avert it.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE OFFICE-SEEKERS.

Mr. CLEVELAND has been in office nearly two months. During all this time he has been unable to know serious thought on the great questions that present themselves for solution. He has even found it difficult to secure advice for determining the important appointments that he must make. So far as any decision has been reached as to the financial question, the exigencies of the money market have compelled action. But the President and his cabinet officers have had no time to spend upon any line of policy concerning the currency, and are within their jurisdiction. He does not know, for example, what is to be done to maintain the credit of the country, how the idea that accompany the excessive currency of silver and the hoarding of gold are to be postponed or cured, what is the line of reform to be followed, and what is the line of policy to be followed. He has not been able to consult seriously with the Secretary of State on the condition of his department and the needs of the



THE "REINA REGENTE" TOWING THE "SANTA MARIA" INTO NEW YORK HARBOR.



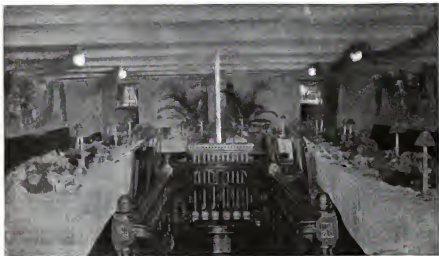
THE GERMAN FLAG-SHIP, "KAISERIN AUGUSTA."



THE "SANTA MATIA" UNDER FULL SAIL.



THE BRAZILIAN FLAG-SHIP, "AQUIDARAN."



THE BANQUET-ROOM OF THE "DOLPHIN."

INCIDENTS OF THE NAVAL PARADE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HART.—[See Page 418.]

The *Dolphin*, immediately behind the *Concord*.



The *Demeter*, *Dentado*. The *Turkey*.

The *Magellan*.

The *Australia*.

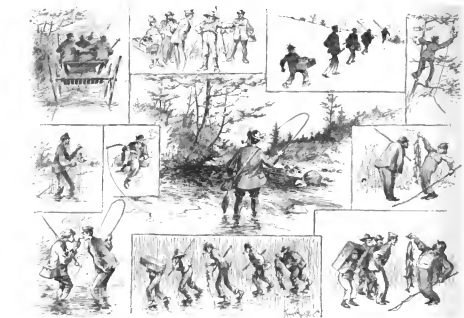
THE GREAT NAVAL REVIEW—THE "DOLPHIN" WITH THE PRESIDENTIAL



The Blair.

[See Page 416.]

ON BOARD FINISHING THE RUN BETWEEN THE LINES.—DRAWN BY FRANK H. SCHALL.



A DAYS TROUT-FISHING.—DRAWN BY FRANK VAN BICK.

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES. I.—THE WILDCAT FRIGHTENER.

"You remember that trip I made out through Michigan over a year ago, don't you?" said Jackson Peters. "I never told you of old Jones I met at Pontiac, who was going to do away with carps in Illinois by sticking fish pieces of carpenter on the feet with muskies."

Jones looked at the younger man with severity. "Jackson, I was just on the point of telling a story about a little bit of my own when I lived in Iowa several years ago. Enough to mix with the tale of your bright young friend some other time."

"Yes," returned Peters. "It does very well for you to say that, but my story was going to be a true one."

"Young man," answered Jones, "you seem to forget that I am your former teacher. The same eyes of the District School at Howland Bluffs appear to be deserting you."

"Give us your story, Jones, give us your story," said Smith, encouragingly.

"I was going to," replied Jones. "It was a number of years ago. I was living out in Iowa, near the Missouri. My place was on the Des Moines River bottom, and the bluffs were literally alive with wildcats. The wildcat ran all over the country seemed to be in the neighborhood that your holiday a while out. World's Fair—a lot, gentlemen. I had a fancy stock farm, and between the ranch and the visiting wildcats they played the very dance with my blood of the house. I don't need to tell you, gentlemen, that I am morally afraid of a cat."

"An able tale, Jackson, an able tale. A man must relax a little sometimes. As I say—"

"But you offered to tell fifty dollars that—"

"I couldn't stand those wild cats, you see, as what could I do? Night after night they walked off with my clearest, fresh. One day a bright idea occurred to me. It was nothing more nor less than every time I heard my wildcat stare among the chickens to put my hand out of the window and call out 'Scat!' in a loud voice."

The narrator paused, and looked at Jackson Peters defiantly. "But Peters only blew a cloud of smoke sideways and sneered his carelessness slightly."

"That was a clever notion," observed Robinson. "Very clever notion. Worthy to rank with your plan for attracting the latest energy from France."

"No, Robinson, no," answered Jones, smiling and evidently much gratified. "No, you are too kind. My trump this cleverness, such things come to a man but once in his lifetime, this was simply an indication of a special talent for dealing with wild cats. Still, if you would believe it, my plan proved utterly valueless to me as frightening the cats about was concerned. I meant myself honest every night for a week, still those wildcats were right on carrying away my poultry. But I felt that the principle was a sound one and I looked about for the weak point in the application of it. I mean from it. I was employing the same volume of my best will which is in the run of the same sort of wildcats are three times bigger than some cats. My first thought was of a speaking trumpet, but I was devoted against it. I determined to make a clever sweep of the whole matter. I went to Chicago and got an improved Edison photograph with interesting attachment. I set the intention at the end of three to use. I then

shouted a battery of snats into the receiver in my natural tone out driving voice. I wound up the clock work, and set the photograph near my law house. A small wire connected the clock work with the law house, so that a cat entering the door would set the photograph off, causing it to speak once. I went to bed, gentlemen, and slept soundly till morning. After breakfast my foreman told me that at about midnight, when the first wild cat started to enter my chicken coop to feloniously abstract my poultry, that photograph sort of cleared his lungs and remarked, 'Scat!' in a voice which startled the windows. Gentlemen, my foreman was a man to whom I had the utmost confidence, and he told me that after that photograph spoke he observed a long, gray snake of wild cat reaching from my law house door to the underbrush about two hundred yards distant. The same phenomenon was noted by my foreman in the case of subsequent cats. I lost no time clearing through the depredations of this chaotic form of vermin."

Jones passed and in his pipe, which had gone out. He blew an expressive cloud of the lamp, cleared his chin, and looked at Jackson Peters.

Peters rested his chin in his hand and seemed thoughtful.

"After some seconds he drew a long breath, and said, 'Jones, may I trouble you to tell us when this interesting and valuable farthest took place?'"

"Certainly, Jackson, certainly. In the summer of 1871," Peters smiled. Then he said, "The photograph, Jones, is given a large due by the same advanced literature and agriculture. You are, Jones, guilty of anachronism."

"No doubt, Jackson, no doubt," answered Jones. "Most men who tell the truth are. I shall not be so weak as anachronisms—no, not if I am guilty of an anachronism with every word I utter, if my whole life becomes one war machine. Trust, Jackson, trust this always. We will now listen to the important and educational account of your uncle in Michigan, his long and scholarly gentleman who proposed to do away with those by having everybody wear wooden shoes. Proceed, Jackson."

Peters looked at Jones with a weary air, bowed the end of his pipe into the fire, and answered, "It is of no importance. Some future day will do as well—a year from now—two years—any time."



By means as if any modern who was in the way of allowing himself the luxury of his reproach might be worn from time to time that insure because he did not enjoy a measure of personal contact with the late House Greeley. To rub up against this great man, particularly on his private life, though possibly startling at the moment of contact, must have been singularly conducive to a subsequent flow of spirit. Promptly to rub some one up against him and observe the resulting phenomena may have been the more easy method, but that would depend somewhat on the thickness of the observer's skin. Anyhow, no one seems to have looked down upon reforming catenals of clarified language than the great editor of the Tribune. It does the heart good to hear him speak, in a letter to Mr. Dana (published long ago, but lately quoted in a contemporary journal), of the wilderness of certain "frankish blarney" to "have around the legs off of an iron post" in "cleansing defamations

of some character useful for news purposes. Certainly it would have been worth more than a week's vacation in a jaded mind to be present when Mr. Greeley inflicted his worthy solicitude who wasted money from him to keep people from going to hell with the assurance that "there don't lack enough go down now." It seems as if a compendium of Mr. Greeley's written and spoken statements might be made which would be most useful to apprentices in the nearly art of saying things in the way they ought to be said. The difficulty in such an undertaking would be to find any competent "hand" who would be proof against the temptation to let the making of a useful book become subservient to the making out of a wise Greeley. Of course, saying a thing right is quite a different branch of business from saying the right thing, and proficiency in one does not necessarily imply special ability in the other.

It is interesting to notice the name of Mr. Ceresity Patterson signed to one of the communications which in these days abound in the London Times, and the purpose of which is to deplore the collapse of British glory which the passage of a home-rule bill is to bring about. So much of Mr. Patterson's poetry is the expression of the greater emotion that it is something of a surprise to find him, among the most belated critics of Mr. Gladstone's plans. Not Mr. Gladstone himself is more hopeful of the issue if home-rule succeeds. Indeed, if one may judge from his comical musings, he is fast slipping over the rugged edge of sanity on to the comparatively firm ground of despondency. "The duty of master obedience to his kings," he writes. "I was written two hundred years ago, but how about master obedience to Lord Parliament?" He has his opinion about it, and quotes Lord Brougham's avowed that "there cannot be a greater absurdity than to affirm that the people have a remedy in resistance when their Prime attempts to enforce them, but that they have none when their representatives sell themselves and them." It seems, therefore, that after Mr. Gladstone gets through with Parliament, it will still remain for him to settle whether or not the red power in those days belongs to the man who makes the laws of a people or to those who write their songs. If Mr. Patterson's sentiments fall to exercise an effectual effort in England, it is a pleasure to recommend him to try them on Buffalo, New York, where anxious analogies to him are just now somewhat prevalent.

It seems that the family hotel is a very old idea, after all. High up on the side of a cliff in southwestern Colorado are the remains of a prehistoric settlement of cliff dwellers. The largest house in the settlement is 400 feet long and 300 feet wide, the whole surrounded by small strong towers, in which dwellers lived the families. The interior of several run two miles off is reported to be arranged like a museum very similar to the apartment houses of today. Hieroglyphs carved on monuments near these ruins, and possibly when the antiquarians have peered them out, we may get the experience of just ages on that domestic service problem which grows so obviously as contemporary civilization.

In all the literature of the hotel waters' strike it nowhere appears that there is danger of interference with the time honored practice of a peevish exception of the water's movability on the part of the guest. The custom of freezing the water in of immemorial antiquity, has been followed by the great and great of all civilized peoples and from one balanced in destitute ways. It serves a number of useful ends. It is known to keep money in circulation, which is a



THE COLUMBIAN BALL AT THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK, APRIL 27, 1903.—DRAWN BY VICTOR PERAZZA.

A WATER SPORT

THE VENERATED YACHTSMAN of the *Anchor* in her first trial is not widely explained by the glances of her onlookers. While there is every probability of the boat being raised into shape yet this experience with the *Hermes* is but a prelude of 300 feet to show that there is a limit to be "fresh" element in the designing of racing yachts, and but we have pretty nearly reached it.

THE SIGHTING YEAR OF 1903 promises to be memorable in its development of big ships. Five 50-footers building at America and four in Great Britain is a record rarely equaled. Had it not been for the *Yachting* challenge to the *America's* Cup, not one of our four cup-defenders would probably have materialized—least not this season—while it is doubtless equally true that Mr. Carroll's proposed invasion of British waters has been the cause of increasing the English fleet in its endeavor to the home coast while the *Yachting* is doing battle for the honor of Britain in American waters. It is a noteworthy fact that such building seems to move in waves of progression rather than by a conservative growth. A boat in a new class is boldly inspired by some adventurous yachtsman, and he is pursued post haste by others eager to dispute the supremacy in the latest class.

In 1900-01 the 40 footers were the educators. In 1901 the 35 footers challenged the admiration of yachtsmen. In 1902 interest in this class was intensified by the more daring experiments of designers in the "extra-class" and in the 30 and 35 footers of the smaller craft. The crew-boat of the 40 footers, *Wasp*, proved to be the queen of her class, not with glorious and *Hermes* (doubtless improved and enriched) gave good reason.

THE CREW OF *WASP* in 1903, however, was furnished by a class of designer, the 25 footers. Never before had craft of small tonnage so large a part in American yachting; not has it so ever taken such a large share in the world's racing. The designers of the yacht building this year have taken their first from their "midgits." To be sure, the 50 footers showed more speed, so the *Yachting* class has done badly for many years, but it was left for the 25 footers to show such narrow experiments that among wide centerboards, narrow centerboards, weighted centerboards, and boats, hull-haul boats, and for levels the old division of open and centerboards and keels became for too interest to express the various combinations.

It is a curious coincidence at the beginning of the season that a supposed rival amongst the 25 footers was practically assistance to divide the *Yachting* and centerboards, but the *Yachting* was the centerboard men voting in the "music" because they expected the keel boats to be too fast

for them, and the fastest men doing likewise for fear of defeat by the centerboards. As a matter of fact, those clubs came out the best which allowed all types to race together, since the narrow centerboards, the wide centerboards, and the keel boats were matched evenly enough to make it interesting for all to the end of the season.

FROM 51-FOOTERS TO 55-FOOTERS seems a big jump, yet it is true that the 51 footers of 1902 had no small share in the production of the 55-footers of 1903. All the designers of the cup-defenders were represented in the 51 foot class last year, and the lessons learned in that keen competition have been worked over to meet the requirements of the big single-stemmers that are to do national battle.

Of the cup-defenders little as yet is definitely known. The *Hermes* design is currently agreed—the *Hermes* syndicate boat as a deep keel craft, much after the style of the *Wasp*, and the *Morgan* syndicate racer as a wide yachting deep centerboard. The *Pulse* craft is supposed to be a compromise keel, with a centerboard playing through the keel, while the *Romans* yachting craft is represented as, in brief, of the designers the *Hermes* design is well known, and their success in all the classes which they have entered has caused a feeling of confidence that their production will be extremely difficult to beat. General Fines is such a well-known figure in cup-defender that his collaboration with his son John cannot fail to attract interest and to inspire confidence. *Wasp* & *Hermes* have yet to win their spots in huge yacht building, though the marked success of their representative in the midgits class has yet to be borne in mind. As the designers of *Yachting* *Wasp*, they have the traditions of an excellent crew behind them and the performance of their contribution will be watched with interest.

IT CAN SAFELY BE SAID of the challenger that he will make the strongest bid yet made for the coveted trophy, and not a few well-informed yachtsmen believe that "the cup will go back this year," though this is by no means the opinion of the department. The designer of the *Yachting* is the same Watson who turned out such a handsome and slippery craft in the *Yachting*, and signs are not wanting that British designing has kept pace with the improvements of the past few seasons.

It will be a glorious season, both at home and abroad. The *Yachting* cup and the trial race will be fully as interesting as the *Yachting* race, while the race of the *Yachting* will be especially contested abroad. The spectacle of two great 55-footers performing throughout the year will appeal strongly to the public as well as to the yachting eye, and yachtsmen both of Great Britain and the United States are much to the men whose generosity and sportsmanship are so furnished such a prospect for royal sport.

APRIL 19TH WAS A RED LETTER DAY at West Point. It was the occasion of the color's first athletic "Field Day," and marked an achievement in the history of military education. The *Yachting* Military Academy. That sound physical condition is a new year's goal of the good soldier is a truism,

and that athletics are the most and most attractive means to the desired end has long been admitted by all save a few relics of Pericles.

While the educational institutions all over the country were encouraging their students to participate in soldiers of all kinds, our two national schools continued an indifferent attitude that was utterly inconspicuous.

If there are any students in these United States that require the physical training and the recreation of soldiers, they are certainly the cadets of the military and naval academies. If there is any training out of the class room better calculated to equip the embryo soldier than that of the football field, with its lessons in strategy, self-reliance, courage, and generalship, it has not yet been found.

What progress has been made in athletics at both West Point and Annapolis has come about in the last few years through the urging and of a few officers at each institution.

Last season a new life deared on the athletic horizon for both the academies, and this year it seems to have proved even to Washington. There is every promise of an enlightened era in the educational methods at West Point and Annapolis, and Harvard's *Yachting* congratulates the "powers that be" on at last embracing the national institutions up to date. No single course in the prescribed curriculum will be found of more lasting benefit than the new one of athletics.

April 19th had been decorated upon at West Point's first Field Day, but not on that day, and all subsequent Saturdays being filled by basketball days, brought about an unexpected departure. The Commandant decided early that one afternoon in the year could not be used to greater advantage than in encouraging general athletics, and then it came about that the usual afternoon drill three parades on the 19th were suspended, and the two loaves from last year given over to contests of strength and skill.

Each of the four classes made up a team of five men to contest in a 100-yard dash, 220 yard hurdle, putting 16-pound shot, and the standing, broad, and running high jump. Considering it as West Point's debut in track athletics, and the turf track wet and heavy, Timberlake's 17½ seconds in the hurdles, Hayswood's 10½ in the 100 yards, and Hinkley's 9½ in the standing broad jump were performances worth noting.

The basketball is held at work, with an encouraging outlook, while the football team is already showing the valuable coaching of Laurie Bille, Yale's famous half back.

AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY basketball has been showing all attention, and the work of the nine is a great improvement over its best form of the last few years. The wisdom of building close football material has been displayed in basketball, and the result is gratifying. You may have seen a player on these close matches, they develop material that otherwise would have remained unknown, and they build up a good second team for the "various to play against." It is all to water Annapolis football will be twenty five per cent better off next autumn therefore, as the football element has been growing at the Naval Academy, which has

TWO SUPPLEMENTS WITH THIS NUMBER.

I.—A Four-page View of the Chicago Fair Buildings from the Lake, and the Peristyle as seen from the Grand Court. II.—Eight Pages—including a Detective Story by A. Conan Doyle.

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—SOUTH ENTRANCE TO THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.—DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE CHICAGO FAIR

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THE CHINESE QUESTION.

A valuable article, giving the Chinese view of the Great Wall, contributed to the WEEKLY by THOMAS D. BORDEN, of San Francisco, appeared in our last number. Mr. Borden is the representative of the powerful Chinese corporation known as the Sui Company, and is one of the leaders engaged in now in testing the constitutionality of the Chinese registration law, in this connection the other side of the Chinese question is presented by the Hon. THOMAS J. GERRY, member of Congress from California, and the author of the famous bill which gave the name.

THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

THE opening of the great World's Fair at Chicago, on the 1st of May was an imposing spectacle. Nearly half a million of people attended the ceremony; the elevated train of President CLEVELAND's short, well-considered, and well worded address fully answered the solemnity of the occasion; the effect of the sublime magnificence of the fair and the stirring of the machinery was grand, and the enthusiasm of the assembled multitude unbounded. We all remember the minglings of sober-minded people when the location of the World's Fair at a place so distant from the seclusion as Chicago was decided upon. But it will now be admitted that in the most essential respects those principles have proved successful. It is true, the interior arrangements of the exhibition, owing to the extraordinary difficulties to be overcome, are not yet sufficiently completed to afford a full view and appreciation of all the treasures it contains or will contain. But enough is seen and known to authorize the verdict that the World's Fair at Chicago will exert all the beneficial influence provided it, not only in point of size, but in the grandeur and beauty of the buildings and in the variety and richness of the display of the products of industry and art. Whatever jealousies may exist between rival cities in this happy land, no fair-minded man will now withhold from the success of Chicago a full recognition of their legitimate pride and just use of the indispensable energy with which they have prosecuted the great work to its final completion, nor of the admirable judgment and skill with

which they have drawn the best talent of the country into the service of the great enterprise. It is now to be hoped that they will not permit the narrow greed of private individuals, but upon assuming their opportunities to the utmost, to keep away money and to disgust many others, that nothing may be neglected to make the great Western city a salubrious place of sojourn; and that a pleasant summer season may favor the concourse of visitors from all parts of the world so sufficient numbers to protect the exposition from financial loss, and to secure at the same time the widest possible dissemination of the beneficial influences it is exerting.

So much has been said on the benefits conferred upon mankind by international exhibitions of industries and arts that it is useless to go again over the whole well-travelled ground. The World's Fair in this country, however, presents some features of extraordinary interest. When we recall the millions of the world to gaze with us in this exhibition, they were not unmindful of the fact that we had just exalted from interested substantially to exclude for our products from the American market. This circumstance was well calculated to discourage foreign participation in our fair, and at first it seriously threatened to leave that effect. The World's Fair Commissioners, however, found so little difficulty in meeting the very natural objection of foreign producers that if Americans would not buy anything from them in the way of trade, they should not ask them to lend their products for show. This trouble was overcome partly by the friendly assistance of foreign governments, but chiefly by the hope—a hope greatly encouraged by the elections of 1890 in this country—that the economic policy of the United States would soon undergo a great change. The Presidential election has brought this hope much nearer to realization, and greatly helped to avert the danger of failure as to the foreign participation in the fair. The World's Fair, the political upturning of the last three years. The American people will now have seen exceedingly valuable object lessons before their eyes. They will, in the first place, get a full view of what they produce themselves. They will compare, in point of quality, their own products with those coming from foreign countries, and in part at least, produced under very different economic conditions; and they will compare their own with the foreign products in point of price. In all these respects there may be some startling revelations to store for them. But on the whole, it is safe to predict that not only those who, as to the products of manufacturing industries, are generally classed as consumers, but many a manufacturer and many an old protectionist will come away from this study with the idea that human labor will be rendered far more fruitful, and the general well-being of the human race will be far better served, by the removal of those artificial barriers between nations which prevent our own labor from competing with the products of other production engaged by another, and by making the benefit common to all, than by an economic policy seeking to benefit one at the expense of the rest. If the fair has this effect upon the public mind of this country, it will keep us from many an economic blunder, and will enable us to see as well as to think with whom we have to deal.

Whenever an international exhibition was held it has been customary to indulge in pleasant reflections as to the pacific influence such world's meetings on a neutral ground are apt to exercise upon governments and nations. This influence has undoubtedly been overestimated. An experience of this kind may, indeed, induce the governments under whose auspices it has been set on foot to be careful not to rush into a fight with a neighbor while the exhibition is going on; but its effect will hardly reach further. As the first great World's Fair held in London in 1851 was shortly afterwards followed by the Crimean war, so the second one, at Philadelphia in 1876, was followed by the war between the United States and Spain. The World's Fair did not bring on those wars; they certainly did not prevent them. But our Columbian celebration presented no spectacle which is probably without precedent, and should be of good augury. Many of those who witnessed the great parade of soldiers and marines there, read Freedom's New York on April 22nd may not have been mindful of the fact that they saw something that perhaps had never happened within the memory of the present generation, and would not be possible anywhere else in the world: soldiers and soldiers of two different nations, with arms in their hands, stood in one festive array, and yet they were not enemies, but friends. It was a great power of the world embracing in its hospitality the great war powers of the world for a celebration of human progress and mutual good will.

WALL STREET AND THE COUNTRY.

THERE is never a financial disturbance in the country that Wall Street is not accused of fostering it. A very large section of the United States is convinced that the bankers and brokers of New York grow rich on the distress of the producers of the agricultural regions. In the recent monetary crisis the cry against Wall Street has been most popular, and it has been indulged in by public men who have influence on the fiscal policy of the government, and who ought to know the difference between business and speculation.

The attitude of Wall Street may be unwise, and it may be honestly. It is traditionally that money bags have little courage; but to say that Wall Street desires to pinch the rest of the country, and thus to expose to profit by raising business, is to charge it with supreme folly. The position of the men of Wall Street is simple and easily understood. They believe in the gold standard. Some of them are gold monometallists—"gold bugs" in the vernacular—and some of them are bimetallicists. But the bimetallicists do not think that this country, in comparison with South America, can supply the bankers with gold and silver money on equal terms. They entertain a theory to the effect that the two may be kept along together by all the commercial nations of Europe entering into a monetary union with the United States. Practically, therefore, Wall Street is united in opposition to the existing silver-purchase law which compels the government to be borrowing gold to buy silver wherever with gold. It believes that a continuance of this policy must result in a general panic, and already sees signs of its approach. To the men of Wall Street the exportation of gold, and the consequent exhaustion of the Treasury's gold resources, are the results of the SUMMER act, of a policy, as it is called, which is bound to bring about a silver crisis. They do not expect any permanent relief except through the repeal of the law, which is, and must continue to be, the fountain of evil. To their minds the drain of gold must go on until it is at a premium, and is a commodity. They foresee that when that time comes the government will be borrowing gold to buy silver, and creating its obligations that are based on silver as if the two metals were of equal value at the coinage ratio. This will be a very expensive deception, not clear-minded business men understand that it will be expensive to private citizens as well as to the government. Therefore credits are already circulating, and the longer the SUMMER act remains on the statute-book, the more frequent will be the refusals to loan money, and refusals to loan money mean disaster to the trading community.

This is a plain business principle. The bankers of Wall Street are the custodians of other people's money, and they are in business for the purpose of making money. They are not in business to do good, nor do they refuse to make loans or to purchase securities unless they fear to risk the capital of their customers—unless the chances of losing the capital are so great that they can better afford to go without interest as profit than to take them. If disaster should come as a consequence of the SUMMER act, their policy, Wall Street would probably suffer less, in proportion to its capital, than the rest of the country. The bankers and money-brokers would weather the storm much better than those who are engaged in what are undoubtedly called the legitimate business interests. Wall Street can take care of itself. The ruin of others, the disaster is not to be feared, the country's ruin is not to be feared, but the ruin of itself, the ruin of its own profits, will not wait it into bankruptcy.

The interest of Wall Street is to maintain the property of the country. If business were carried on on logical principles, the bankers of the country at the present juncture would refuse to go to the assistance of the Treasury. They would keep their gold and silver in their vaults, and they would refuse to loan to some. They would know, too, that the disaster would lead in the removal of the source of the evil, and that if there must be disaster, the sooner it is faced the less costly it will be to the country.

This is logic, but there is hope and optimism in business as in all other relations of life. So long as the disaster is not so near as the country, the bankers of Wall Street, and of other streets, and other cities than New York, hope that something will turn up to avert the threatened catastrophe. Therefore some of them are lending gold to the Treasury, and some of them are urging the administration to increase the public debt by issuing bonds. It is not to be feared that the country's bankers are lending gold to the Treasury as patriots. It may be that, or it may be helpful selfishness. Bankers are quite as patriotic as their fellow-citizens, and are quite as dependent, also, on the general prosperity of the country for an increase of their property.

Whatever the action of the banks may be called, it is not to be feared that the country's bankers are to remove the evil which is dragging the country down to a silver crisis and threatening business men with panic and disaster. Let it be granted, for



THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY ABOUT TO TAKE THE ELEPHANT LAUNCH FOR A TRIP ON THE LAKE.—DRAWN BY E. FROST, AFTER A PHOTO BY T. DART WALKER.



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND PRESIDENT HILLGROTH PASSING THE MANUFACTURE AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ADAMS.



DIRECTOR-GENERAL DAVIS INTRODUCING PRESIDENT CLEVELAND TO THE FOREIGN COMMISSIONERS IN THE MANUFACTURE AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.
DRAWN BY THOMAS FENNER, AFTER A PHOTO BY T. DART WALKER.

THE OPENING CEREMONIES OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—[See Page 442.]

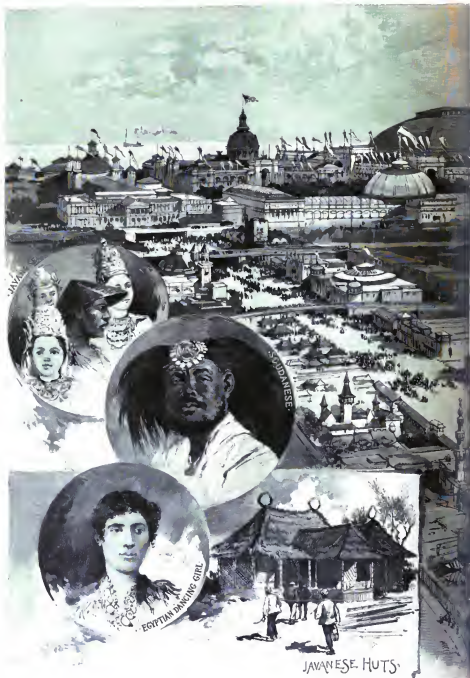


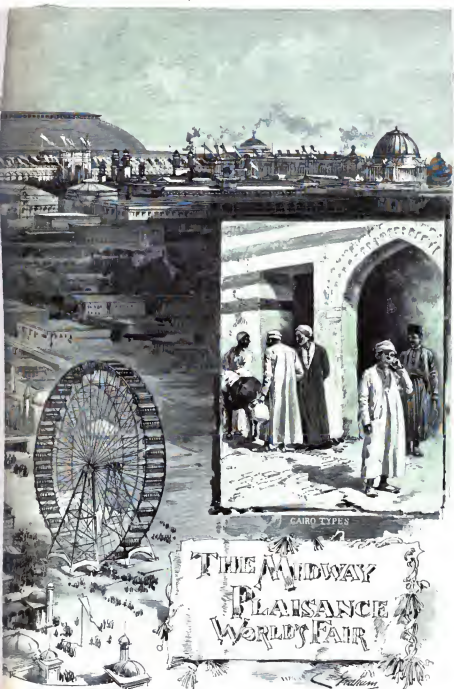
LOOKING TOWARDS FOUNTAIN AND MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING FROM THE SOUTH BAND STAND.



LOOKING SOUTH ACROSS PLAZA EAST OF ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AT THE MOMENT THE PRESIDENT TOUCHED THE BUTTON.

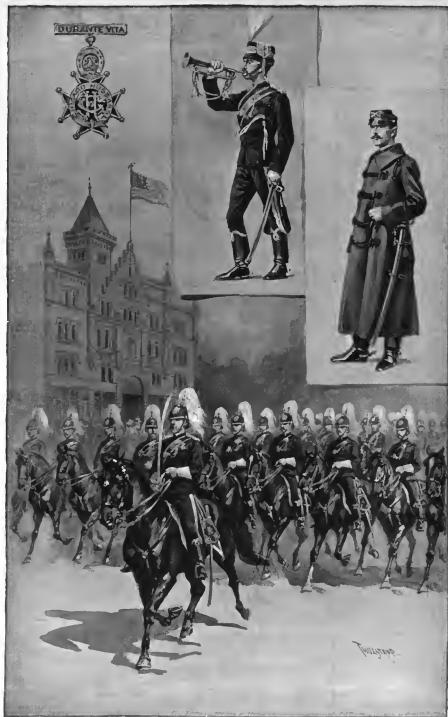
THE OPENING CEREMONIES OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARNOLD.—[SEE PAGE 441]





CAIRO TYPES

THE MIDWAY
PLAISSANCE
WORLD'S FAIR



THE CHICAGO HUSSARS.—DRAWN BY T. DE TELLEME.—[SEE PAGE 443]
Escort to the Presidential Party at the Opening of the Columbian Exposition.

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

AUTHOR OF "THE REVEREND," "THE GREAT SQUAD," "MICHAEL CLARKE," ETC.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE NOBILIAR RITUAL.

It is generally held that it is the character of my friend Sherlock Holmes was that although in his methods of thought he was the nearest and most methodical of mankind, and although also he affected a certain quietness of manner, he was more the less in his personal habits one of the most untidy men that ever drove a fellow-being to distraction. Not that I am in the least conventional in that respect myself. The rough and tumble work in Afghanistan, coming on the top of a nervous debilitation of disposition, has made me rather more fast than both a medical man. But with our there is a limit; and when I find a man who keeps his cigars in the coat of arms, his tobacco in the top of a Persian slipper, and his manuscript correspondence transcribed in a jock both into the very centre of his wooden mustard-pot, then I begin to give myself various airs. I have always held, too, that good practice should be distinctly an open-air pastime; and when I find, in one of his queer humors, would it be so much with his hair trigger and a hundred flower cartridges, and proceed to adorn the opposite wall with a portrait of V. R. done in bullet-pieces, I feel strongly that neither the atmosphere nor the appearance of our room was improved by it.

Our chamber was always full of chemicals and of criminal relics, which had a way of wandering into unlikely positions, and of turning up in the bottom-draw, or in some less desirable place. But his papers were my great care. He had a horror of destroying documents, especially those which were connected with his past cases. And yet it was only once in every year or two that he would scatter energy to docket and arrange them; for, as I have mentioned somewhere in these criminal memoirs, his outbreaks of passionate energy when he performed the remarkable feat with which his name is associated were followed by reactions of lethargy, during which he would lie about with his vision and his books, busily moving now from the sofa to the table. These months after months his papers accumulated, until every corner of the room was packed with bundles of manuscript, which were so no account to be burned, and which could not be put away save by their owner. One winter's night, as we sat together by the fire, I ventured to suggest to him that as he had failed putting extreme into his commonplace book, he might employ the next two hours in making one room a little more habitable. He could not deny the justice of my request; so, with a rather careful face, he went off to his bedroom, from which he returned presently, pulling a large tin box behind him. This he placed in the middle of the floor, and squatting down in front of it, he threw back the lid. I could see that it was a third full of bundles of paper, tied up with red tape into separate packages.

"There are cases enough here," Watson, "and he, looking at me with mischievous eyes. 'I think that if you know all that I have in this box you would ask me to pull some out instead of putting others in.'"

"There are the records of your early work, then?" I asked. "I have often wished that I had notes of those cases."

"Yes, my boy, those were all done prematurely before my biographer had come to grief," he flitted back and forth in a tender, earnest sort of way. "They are not all successes, Watson," said he. "But there are some pretty little problems among them. Here's the record of the Turkish sorcerer, and the case of Vandyke the wine merchant, and the adventure of the old Russian woman, and the singular affair of the aluminum crucible, as well as a full account of Houndstail of the club life, and his dishonorable life. And here—ah, now, this really is something a little rougher."

He drew his arm down to the bottom of the chest, and brought up a small wooden box with a sliding lid, such as children's legs are kept in. From within he produced a crumpled piece of paper, on which he looked down, a peg of wood with a ball of string attached to it, and three rusty old disks of metal.

"Well, my boy, what do you make of this lot?" he asked, smiling at my expression.

"It is a curious collection."

"Very curious; and the story that hangs round it will strike you as being most curious still."

"Then really have a history, then?"

"So much so that they are history."

"What do you mean by that?"

Sherlock Holmes picked them up one by one and held them along the edge of the table. Then he revealed himself in his chair and looked them over with a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes.

"These," said he, "are all that I have left to remind me of the adventure of the Musgrave Ritual."

I had heard him mention the case more than once,



"STILL CLUTCHING AT HER THROAT-THROW."



though I had never been able to gather the details. "I should be so glad," said I, "if you would give me an account of it."

"And have the title as it is?" he cried, mischievously. "Your titles must bear much strain, after all, Watson. But I should be glad that you should add this case to your assets, for there are points in it which make it unique in the criminal records of this or I believe, of any other country. A collection of my trifling achievements would certainly be incomplete which contained no account of this very singular business."

"You may remember how the affair of the glowing trail and my conversation with the unhappy one whose face I told you of first turned my attention in the direction of the profession which has become my life's work. You see me now, when my name has become known far and wide, and when I am generally recognized both by the public and the official force as being a first-class expert in doubtful cases. Even when you knew me first, at the time of the affair which has now commemorated in 'A Study in Scarlet,' I had already established a considerable though not a very brilliant, reputation. You can hardly realize then, how difficult I found it at first, and how long I had to wait before I succeeded in making my headway."

"Was I then coming up to London I had rooms in Montague Street, just round the corner from the British Museum, and there I waited, filling in my no abundant leisure time by studying all these branches of science which might make me more efficient. Now and again some case came in my way, principally through the introduction of old fellow-students; for during my last years at the university there was a general belief that there about my mind and my methods. The third of these cases was that of the Musgrave Ritual, and it is in the interest which was aroused by that singular chain of events, and the larger interest which proved to be at stake, that I trace my first stride towards the position which I now hold."

"Reginald Musgrave had been in the same college as myself, and I had some slight acquaintance with him. He was not generally popular among the undergraduates, though it always seemed to me that what was set down as pride was really an attempt to cover serious mental inferiority. His appearance was a man of an exceedingly aristocratic type—tall, light-skinned, and large-eyed, with languid and yet courtly manner. He was, indeed, a case of one of the very odd families in the kingdom, though his branch was a noble one which had descended from the northern Musgraves some time in the sixteenth century, and had established itself in western Sussex, where the ancestor house of Harlestone is perhaps the oldest inhabited building in the county. Something of his birthplace seemed to cling to the man, and I never looked at his pale keen face or the poise of his head without associating him with gray swaths and red sunflower windows, and all the venerable surroundings of a feudal keep. Once or twice we drifted into talk, and I can remember that more than once he expressed a keen interest in my methods of observation and inference."

"For four years I had been sitting in his, until one evening he walked into my room in Montague Street. He had changed little, was dressed like a young man of fashion—he was always a bit of a dandy—and possessed the same quiet, reserved manner which had formerly distinguished him."

"How has all gone with you, Musgrave?" I asked, after we had cordially shaken hands.

"You probably heard of my poor father's death," said he. "He was carried off some two years ago. Since then I have, of course, had the Harlestone estate in my hands, as I am member for my district as well, my life has been a busy one. But I understand, Holmes, that you are turning to practical work these powers with which you are so imbued."

"Yes, and I have taken to trying by my wits."

"I am delighted to hear it, for your services at present would be exceedingly valuable to me. We have had some very strange doings at Harlestone, and the police have been able to throw no light upon the matter. It is really the most extraordinary and inexplicable business."

"You can imagine with what eagerness I listened to him, Watson, for the very chance for which I had been waiting during all those months of inaction seemed to have come within my reach. In my inmost heart I believed that I could succeed where others failed, and now I had the opportunity to test myself."

"Pray let me hear the details," I cried.

"Reginald Musgrave set down opposite to me, and lit the cigarette which he had pushed towards him."

"You must know," said he, "that though I am a bachelor, I have to keep in the ordinary state of servants at Harlestone, for it is a splendid old place, and takes a good deal of looking after. I perceive, too, and in the phraseology of my country, that it is a very pretty, so that it would not do to be short-handed. Altogether there are eight maids, the cook, the butler, two footmen, and a boy. The garden and the estate are a separate matter."

"Of these servants the one who had been longest in my service was Francis the butler. He was a young Scotchman out of place when he was first taken up by my father; but he was a most efficient and cheerful man, and a good because quite invaluable in the household. He was a well-grown, handsome man, with a splendid forehead, and though he had been with us for twenty years, he could be more

then forty now
extraordinary
play worth
be should
I suppose



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE CENTRAL POWER PLANT ANNEXED TO MACHINERY HALL.—DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS
Looking down the long Avenue of Boilers and Furnaces. The Force to be fed with Petroleum Oil piped from a Distance of Twenty-one Miles.—[see Page 443.]



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE GOLDEN DOORWAY TO THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING—DRAWN BY H. D. NEMORA.

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THE RULERS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN. By Richard Harding Davis. In this Number.

WANDERER'S

WEEKLY

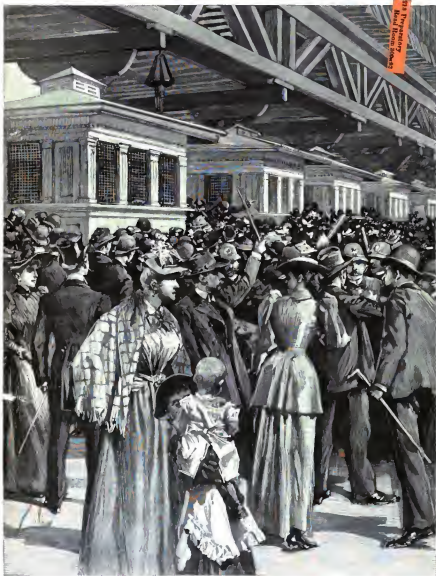
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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE SUNDAY CROWD BESIEGING THE GATES.

"They surged and clamored about the gates, they tried to play confidence games on the rail themselves, they offered blackmail and bribes to the gatekeepers. But they could not get in. Chicago's people and Chicago's visitors were quite effectively barred out of the World's Fair yesterday, the Lord's day. It was a triumph for the rural Sabbatharian, but it brought disappointment and sorrow to thousands and thousands of working folks."—Chicago Times, Monday, May 24.



O. B. CORNWELL.
Chief Engineer of the proposed East River Bridge.

THE WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE.

BY BARNET PERLINS.

THE main idea of the two suspension bridges which are to be hung over the East River, connecting New York and Brooklyn, is that they are part and parcel of elevated railroad systems. Stammered up in a corridor, three bridges are no more to be blocks to travel than any ordinary trestle work.

In presenting the first accurate picture of one of the bridges to be constructed over the East River, it may be seen that it differs but slightly in appearance from the present one. Still, in an engineering sense, there are variations, and these are due to the advance made in machinery. We might say with lightning of material iron and steel have gained increase of strength.

The illustration shows what is to be known as the Williamsburg Bridge. It will span the East River, on the Brooklyn side, north of the ferry at the foot of Broadway, and south of the Bleecker street railway. The entrance of the bridge will be at Bedford Avenue, or 1500 feet from the water's edge. This bridge will reach a point on the New York side between Duane and Livingston streets, two blocks north of Grand Street. The height of the bridge will be 140 feet above high water, which is 3 feet higher than the New York and Brooklyn Bridge, in accordance with the stipulations imposed by the Secretary of War for the reason that the sides in the East River act in towards the Brooklyn shore.

The entrance on the New York side is to be at the corner of Grand and Wilett streets, opposite to the junction of East Broadway and Canal Street, 2000 feet from the river. The span of the bridge from centre to centre of piers will be 1670 feet. This bridge is to be 75 feet longer than the New York and Brooklyn Bridge.

The height of the piers above mean high water in the top will be 282 feet, and the road way 120 feet above water level. It will be noticed that the piers differ from those of the New York and Brooklyn Bridge. They will be constructed of solid masonry to a point 40 feet above the roadway, and then there will be steel towers 110 feet in height. There will be built up with 35 up-

right columns, with horizontal and diagonal bracing. By using steel two objects are gained—economy and rapidity in construction. The bridge is to have a width of 90 feet, or 3 feet more than the present one. Length of cable will be 2200 feet. The diameter of the cables is to be 22 inches, or 8½ more than those of the old bridge. The wire used has so called strength of 160,000 pounds to the square inch. For each of the 4 cables 17,000 single wires will be used, these will be made up into 16 smaller cables, and when bound round with wire will form the perfect cable. The downward pressure of the dead weight these cables will stand is 136,000 tons, the weight of the bridge being 50,000 tons. The stay, to prevent vibration, will be heavier for the new bridge.

What is known as the venise, or a line drawn from the rising of a bow to the bow itself, will be 30 feet, but the grade will not be as steep as on the New York and Brooklyn Bridge.

It can now be understood, with a lower grade, how it will not become necessary to change motive power in hauling cars. On the New York and Brooklyn Bridge locomotives are occasionally run, but they must be light ones, not over 10 tons, and then they can haul not more than two cars. On the bridge to be built, locomotives of 40 tons can be used without inconvenience. Stationary plants with endless cables are expensive in one way, but, above all, are of questionable usefulness, since they imply a change in true fact. It is by no means impossible that in the three or four years to come the perfect electrical car will be found, in which case its use on the new bridge or bridges would be at once made in proper place.

Bridge No. 2 is to be known as the Hudson Avenue Bridge. It is to have a clear span of 1420 feet. The piers are to be built, in Brooklyn, between Hudson and Third streets, and the entrance at the junction of Myrtle Avenue and Hudson Street. In New York the pier will stand between Jackson and Stuyvesant streets, and the entrance will be at the junction of East Broadway and Canal Street.



RUFUS WILLIAM LAWRENCE.
Engineer in Charge of the Brooklyn Bridge.

In Brooklyn the Williamsburg Bridge will be an extension of the Broadway elevated system. The new elevated road in New York is to be built on private property in the city, and thence through Spring to West Street, and on to DeWittes Street and the Prince of Wales Hotel Ferry. It will be perfectly feasible to run trains from Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, to the 14th Avenue Street Ferry in New York, a distance of 2½ miles, in seven minutes. As the Brooklyn center is today at Flatbush Avenue and Fulton Street, Bridge No. 2 would reach it by means of the present elevated road.

Convenience of city street, which means comfort and speed, must include cheap fare. By the charter granted the East River Bridge Company, the fare on the Williamsburg Bridge, by the route from Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, to the North River at DeWittes Street in New York must not be more than five cents. The work is to be commenced this summer.

The best idea which can be conceived of the rapid increase of New York and Brooklyn may be presented in this way. During the last six years the increase alone of the population of these two cities was equivalent to the number of people actually living to-day in Liverpool and Maastricht. For the month of April alone of this year, according to the most reliable authority—the Health Board—the increase in the two cities is set down at 7754. When the new bridges are ready for travel, New York and Brooklyn will be represented by the census as containing 4,360,000 souls. Additional bridges, then, become necessities.

George Bissell Cornwell, the engineer in chief of the new bridge, was born in New York city in 1853, and graduated in 1877 from the School of Mines and Engineers of Columbia College. Beginning as a railroad on the Manhattan Elevated Railroad, he has passed through all the various grades of his profession. He is perhaps as well informed as any one in the country as to the special requirements of city elevated roads, having had out an important road in Chicago. In 1880 Mr. Cornwell was chief engineer of the Union Elevated road of Brooklyn. In April, 1892, he was appointed chief engineer of the East River Bridge Company.



THE "SAVABO."

Mr. Rufus William Lawrence, Chief Engineer of the proposed East River Bridge, is shown in the open for the first time in the Cape May and Boston Red Caps.

A line drawn from the Williamsburg Bridge to Bridge No. 2 would intersect a line beyond Wilett Street in New York. Extend the line of elevated roads from both bridges backward in the opposite direction, and you cross all the present lines of elevated roads and many of the surface railroads.



THE PROPOSED NEW BRIDGE OVER THE EAST RIVER.



THE VIKING SHIP AND HER GALLANT CAPTAIN.—FROM A DRAWING BY H. REUTERDARL.—[See Page 478.]
Sailed from Bergen on the way to the Columbian Exposition, May 1st.

THE STRATEGIC ASPECT OF THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

This route is the Nicaragua, except from where it strikes the San Juan River to a point three miles from Lake Nicaragua, a distance of 42 miles. Throughout this distance the canal runs between Nicaragua and Costa Rica.

The population of Nicaragua is about 400,000, and that of Costa Rica about 250,000. Ninety-nine of the population is composed of aborigines, negroes, or mixed races, the remainder being white, mostly of Spanish descent.

The river of the Isthmian part of the Cordillera which traverses North and South America runs generally parallel to the Pacific Ocean, its waters draining eastward to the Gulf, and westward to Lake Managua and Nicaragua. The Cordillera falls into low hills as it approaches the San Juan, and gradually rises again as it penetrates Costa Rica. Along the Pacific coast there is a range of hills called the Cordillera. Between these two ranges there is a depression, 200 miles long and 20 miles wide, with its longer axis parallel to the Pacific. This depression contains the two lakes mentioned above, and fertile plains, on which are located most of the cities and other points of the Isthmian. The country between the Cordillera and the Caribbean Sea is low land, and covered with dense tropical growth. It contains several large rivers, but they are navigable only a few miles from the sea. South of the eastern end of the canal is the delta of the San Juan.

Lake Nicaragua is 110 miles long and 40 miles wide. At some points it is 500 feet deep. There are several islands in the lake. East of Ocuage, near the center, being 10 miles long and 6 miles wide. This island has two peaks over 3000 feet high. The San Juan River, breaking through the Cordillera, drains Lake Nicaragua into the Caribbean Sea. The valley of this river over the waters of Lake Nicaragua, and a pass through the Cordillera, constitute the route of the canal.

The climate along the canal route is unhealthy. This is due in a great measure to the southeast trade winds, which blow almost constantly over the country, cooling and purifying the air. The temperature rarely rises above 80 in the shade. There are earthquakes here and there, but their effect on fortifications may be judged from the fact that Costa Rica, the old Spanish fort at the mouth of the San Juan, built in 1825, and with both masonry and a tower of 40 feet, situated exactly where, with only a crack in its walls, and as solid and substantial as if built yesterday. The soil of Nicaragua is productive, and affords the facilities for growing.

The eastern terminus of the canal is at Greytown. This harbor, when completed, has a entrance 300 feet wide and 30 feet deep, and with an entrance 300 yards in length. The first lock will be nine miles inland in the foot of the Cordillera, and out of work of the harbor grass has not been brought to rest upon it. The canal from the anchor in this lock will have a bottom width of 120 feet, and will thus practically form an extension of the harbor. The rest of the canal lock, which is three miles from the anchor, will have a bottom width of 120 feet, and with a varying depth of from 30 to 70 feet. At this point the canal reaches the San Juan, and follows it to the lake. At the fourth lock, which is 25 miles from the Pacific, is the Tula River, 50 miles long, and with some ships as the one mentioned above. It will contain a hundred of the

largest ships, and will thus form an necessary port. The canal lock runs from the lake to the fourth lock, a distance of 432 miles. The sixth and last lock is 14 miles from the harbor, which is the western terminus of the canal. This harbor will, when completed, contain 300 acres. A high rocky ridge running out from the canal runs to the north, and affords a site for defense. The whole canal is 170 miles long. It has a minimum depth of 30 feet, but is large enough for the City of Rome, and the time occupied in going from one end to the other will not exceed 30 hours. There where ships can pass each other will be as narrow, and at many points where there could be anchored or tied to the banks without impeding navigation.

ADVANTAGES OF CONTROL.

In war or in peace the exclusive control of this canal will be of inestimable value. For standing so close to the center of our hemisphere, and the almost adjacent there to, it is more advantageously situated than is Gibraltar for the Mediterranean. As a means of cutting the East and the West, it will be of more value than is the Suez Canal for uniting England with India. The latter was but 3000 miles, while the Nicaragua Canal was 5500 in the voyage from the Gulf ports to San Francisco.

If we are to consider our policy of protecting the smaller states of the two Americas against the larger ones, and all of them against foreign encroachment, we must control the canal. We must also defend our own country, that Pacific coast is nearly indefensible. From New York to San Francisco it is 15,000 miles by water—half the circumference of the globe. Between the same points by the canal it is only 2000 miles. From New Orleans to San Francisco it is 12,000 miles. The canal will cut this distance down to 4000 miles, a still greater saving. Now England can but affect against our western ports by way of the Suez Canal, or from Australia, while neither fleet, with a base at home or at one of the numerous British strongholds along our eastern coast, is threatening the ports on the Atlantic.

Naturally in war, but also in competing for the commerce of the world, and especially of the western hemisphere, with the cotton-carrying the Nicaragua Canal have an immense advantage. No trade will flourish unless protected by the strong arm of military power, and no better example of this can be cited than that of England. Where all the great nations of the world meet in the canal and the nations through whose territory it runs are so nearly equal, the inevitable result will be that it will fall into the hands of some great power. If that power be not ourselves, then we may safely bid farewell to military or commercial supremacy in America. The golden security is now here when possession is easy.

DEFENSE.

From the description at the beginning of the rest of this article will be clear. There is no doubt that conceptions for the military control of the canal would really be obtained from both the countries it was to fall to. If not, their small population and inferior character as compared with our own people could make for the seizure and holding of the canal route on every water.

The Cordillera, with its outlying lowlands and tropical growth, together with the delta of the San Juan, makes a defense almost invulnerable on every side. The Cordillera, extending north to the Pacific, occupies a almost equal barrier toward the west. The highest rim and the pro-

ductive soil are both favorable to the warfare of an army of occupation.

The best point to locate troops in the Isthmus is probably the island of Ocuage. The locality is really defended, and by controlling the navigation, ships of any desirable temperature can be obtained. This point should be fortified and used as a base of supplies. From it the troops could be moved in any desired direction. The station should be connected by telegraph and rail with the United States through Mexico. There could certainly be no objection to this in time of peace, or of war with a foreign nation. Looked upon, it should be protected by forts, works, and the extension of the canal by forts of the strongest kind. The latter should be supplemented by fixed and movable torpedoes and torpedo boats. If ships, stores, houses, and ports, etc., should be placed on the island of Ocuage, and a well appointed dock yard built there. The needs of merchant vessels being similar to those of men of war, it is probable that such a dock yard would be the source of a handsome profit to the United States. A fleet stationed in the lake would complete the plan of defense. For the general defense of the country, Key West and the mouth of the Mississippi should be fortified, as well as the other important points further north. A strong fleet should be stationed in Hampton Roads and another on the coast of California, to co-operate with that in the canal.

USE OF THE RACE.

Lake Nicaragua is large enough for the greatest fleet to be drilled in all the conditions of war. The ice can be melted and refrozen, and the ships, by the use of a narrow section of fresh water upon their hulls, rid themselves of the incrustations of the sea. With a large fleet but a few miles from the coast, and unobscured navigation between the ships could be converted into an iron line in the lake, and be ready to start out upon the enemy at a moment's warning. After striking the blow they could return to rest.

It would require two fleets, separated by 10,000 miles of shipping, to be as close as of equal power as Lake Nicaragua. Steaming at the rate of 25 knots an hour, in 24 days Virginia Channel, the south coast of Cuba, the Gulf of Mexico, and even San Juan could be reached. In five days the fleet could be off the mouth of the Mississippi, in Florida Strait, among the Bahamas, in the Mona Passage, or at Martinique and Barbadoes. In five days from the western end of the canal it could be at the entrance of the Gulf of California, or off the coast of Peru.

A fleet from Lake Nicaragua could join another from Hampton Roads, fight an enemy off Havana, stop invaders in Cuba, and then join the California fleet in a fight off the Gulf of California, all in 15 days from start to end. To effect the English steamships in the Isthmus, the Spanish in Cuba, and the French in Gambia and Senegal, we should have at least a sailing squadron at San Juan Bay. We have never been fully awake to the claim of fortresses that is being urged against us. All this will be greatly to our advantage in peace, in time of foreign war, will be absolutely necessary to our safety. But if we wait for war to begin it will be too late. If we delay that war will come, then we are sitting at night the loss of liberty since the world has

CHARLES G. WATSON,
1st Lieutenant Sixth U. S. Infantry.



THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR—[see Post 174]

1. The Rock from the Bay. 2. Street Station on the top of the Rock. 3. He has four things before his fire while he eats the cake, and the women of the party straighten their hats in front of his glass. 4. Where dark devils suddenly appear from narrow alleys and cry "Halt there!" at you. 5. Gibraltar is seen across the Neutral Ground—Spanish sentinels in the foreground. 6. Customs marked by brooms. 7. The man from Detroit. 8. Types. 9. Spanish scatty smoking cigarette. 10. English satyr.



IN THE NICARAGUA COUNTRY—ACROSS THE DIVIDE.—DRAWN BY W. P. SYMON.—[SEE PAGE 486.]

1. "I drank more than a pint, and found it cool and refreshing." 2. "I was suddenly awakened by a warm breath upon my head."
 3. "The distant sound of an American bell roused me and I rose." 4. "One foot slips, then another, and down you go."
 5. "With an expression of intense agony, he shed his glazy eyes upon me."



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE GERMAN VILLAGE.—DRAWN BY NEUBAU AND KAYN.

1. Pavilion Castle of the Pfennigs Valley, Utah, Germany.
2. Harvard Highland House and Sprengel House, Potsdam.
3. Southwest Corner of Castle.
4. East End of Castle, showing West.



THE TURKS AND THREE SEDAN CHAIRS IN THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE



WALL OF THE HUNGARIAN VILLAGE IN THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE



ENTRANCE TO THE TURKISH THEATRE IN THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE



JAVANESE AT WORK IN THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE



DEDICATION OF THE SWEDISH BUILDING, MAY 1, 1893.—Taken a Photograph by J. J. Smith.
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—WITH THE FOREIGNERS AT THE BIG FAIR

THE WESTERN VIEW OF THE SILVER QUESTION. By Senator Wolcott, of Colorado. In this Number.
 Reply by Congressman John De Witt Warner of New York, in the next Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COLOMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE MACOSCO FOUNTAIN IN THE GRAND COURT. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARNOLD. [See Page 499.]



THE LATE GENERAL S. C. ARMISTEAD.
See Page 397.



SURGEON-GENERAL J. RUFUS TROTTER.
See Page 397.



FRANK B. JONES.
First Assistant Postmaster-General.—(See Page 397.)

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT'S GIFT TO THE U. S. CRUISER "NEW YORK."

In connection with the growth of the United States navy a very pleasant custom has been inaugurated. The new war vessels have been meted with high favor by all people from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and local pride has been aroused when the ships have been given the names of the great cities of the Union. Representative organizations and citizens of these favored cities have not been slow to extend their recognition of such compliments, and the Baltimore, the San Francisco, and other cruisers bear substantial testimonials from the people of the respective cities whose names they bear. New York has often been reproached with lack of local pride, but in the case of the new armored cruiser which carries the name of the metropolis there have been many evidences of friendly feeling. This latest and greatest addition to the navy has been highly spoken of in all quarters, and the ship has putted herself worthily of her name. The citizens of New York have been interested in her, and have given unmistakable proofs of their regard. The New York Herald instituted a popular subscription for the purchase of a silver service for the cruiser, and a generous sum was raised, many of the subscriptions being from the poorer classes. When the list was closed, enough money had been received to purchase a handsome set of plate to grace the table of the new vessel, and in an open competition Mr. Charles Osborne won the prize for the designs for the service.

The famous old New York "Serauth" has now come to the fore with a very unique gift from the members of the regiment. A ship's bell, costing somewhat over a



thousand dollars, will be formally presented when the New York is placed in commission. Each company of the regiment contributed its share of the expense, and all the members entered most warmly in the matter. The bell is a large one, weighing six hundred and fifty pounds, and is composed of American tin, American copper, and American silver. It is believed to be the first bell of its kind cast in this country of purely American ingredients. The casting was made by the Clinton H. Mosely Bell Company, of Troy, and Mr. Osborne, the designer of the silver service and president of the Whiting Manufacturing Company, attended personally to the engraving. The inscription, on one side near the base reads: "Presented to the U. S. S. New York by the Seventh Regiment, U. S. N. Y." A shell upon it bears the respective crests of arms of the United States, the State of New York, the city of New York, and the Seventh Regiment.

The committee appointed by the regiment consisted of Lieutenant Colonel George M. Smith, Captain George B. Hunt, and Lieutenants W. G. Schuyler, H. C. David and John B. Holland. At the time of the casting of the bell a very pleasant incident gave evidence of the deep interest felt by all in the work. The commission and several invited guests were present on the occasion, and, moved by some happy impulse, they all threw into the molten metal one personal article of silver. A coin bearing the date of its entry into the regiment was given by one officer, and many buttons and other valued mementoes were thus contributed. The gift is now on board the ship, and only awaits formal acceptance by the officers and authorities of the navy. This formally will take place after the cruiser has been put in commission.



A MEMORY OF THE WAR.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZIEGLER.—[See "A Roll of Men," Page 400.]



REV. ERIK SWEDÉN, D.D., OF VASA,
MINNESOTA.
A Swedish-American Leader.



UPSALA CATHEDRAL, WHERE THE DESIRE WAS PROMULGATED.
From a Drawing made in 1710, ten years before the Cathedral was burned.



BISHOP VON SWEDLE, OF SWEDEN.



VIEW OF THE AUDITORIUM WHERE THE JUBILEE WAS HELD.
Drawn by Warren K. Davis, after a Sketch by Harwood.



REV. LUDVIG HOLM,
Composer of the Jubilee Psalm.



REV. MAURICE O'SAULE,
Pastor of St. George's Swedish Lutheran Church, New York.



REV. PROFESSOR C. E. LINDBERG,
Professor of Theology at the Augustana Conservatory, Rock Island, Illinois.



REV. C. J. PETRI, OF MINNEAPOLIS,
A leader in the Jubilee Movement.

THE SWEDISH TRICENTENNIAL JUBILEE IN MINNEAPOLIS.—[See Page 407.]



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE COLONADE AND ENTRANCE TO THE EGYPTIAN PAVILION—DRAWN BY H. D. SARGENT—(SEE PAGE 408.)



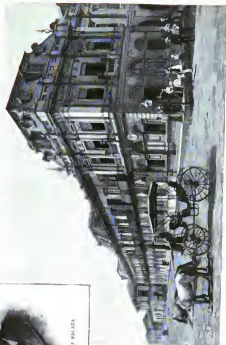
BEACH, N.



PERUENT ROBERTO DIAZ



THE NATIONAL FLEET ON THE LAKE OF MICHIGAN



THE NATIONAL PALACE, MANAGUA



THE PARK IN LAZAR

THE REVOLUTION IN NICARAGUA.—(See Photographs—[see Page 102.]





COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—NORTH ENTRANCE TO MACHINERY BUILDING.—Drawn by Nichols and Eaton.



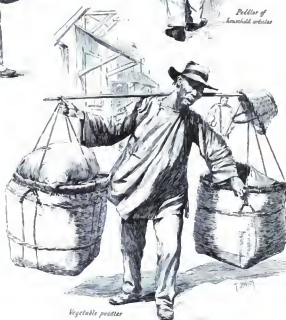
Sold linen for the laundry



Peddler of household articles



Harvest return



Vegetable peddler



Sugar cane tender and cane tender



A lady



THE INFANTA EULALIA.



THE HUSBAND OF THE INFANTA.

THE PRINCESS EULALIA.

In order to assure ourselves that we are entertaining a very unusual guest we need only transcribe from the *Almanach de Göttinge* the following "dispositive list" of the Infanta Maria Eulalia: *Françoise d'Assise-Marguerite-Henriette-Isabelle-Françoise de Paula-Christine-Marie de la Paix*, etc. *Altesse Royale*, born at Madrid February 22, 1884, married at Madrid March 6, 1896, to *Alfonso*, Prince de Bourbourg-Orléans, son of the Duc de Montpensier. This marriage, notably named Princess is the first member of the royal family of Spain that has ever set foot upon any part of the New World that Christianized, according to the old inscription, gave to Castile and Leon, not only upon the continent, but upon the ever faithful Isle that, with Porto Rico, is the last remnant of those Spanish possessions that were originally held to comprise a hemisphere.

It was on Friday, May 19th, that the Princess set her foot upon the soil of the continent, having first set it coastwardly upon American soil in sailing to upon the American "royal yacht," so to speak, the *Delfina*, which was put at her disposal by the government. The faithful reporters have made manifold remark that had member was written in the course of the complicated transfer from the *Donna Maria Christina*, the crack passenger ship of the line between Spain and Mexico, which transfer was by stages in which the captain's gig of the *Infanta Isabel*, the Spanish man-of-war which lay for some time late in the harbor of New York, the *Infanta Isabel* herself and the *Delfina's* barge successively took part. The little accident was direct result of Spanish etiquette. It seems that it would have been beneath the dignity of the Infanta of Spain to be

brought into a foreign port except in a national vessel, and the gig that was to convey her from the safe and comfortable and strictly but officially unrecognizable merchantman to the man of war was rather a weak link, the consequence of which was increased by the fact that all the occupants were forced to stand up and balance themselves as best they might when the Infanta came on board. Given this artificial condition and the natural condition of such a little chop of a sea as often prevails in the bay of New York, the writing was a natural enough result.

Spanish court etiquette had indeed been a considerable factor in the American official and unofficial mated for some time before the arrival of the Infanta. It had more or less vexed the Department of State, and it had injured very large indeed upon the horizon of certain women of society in New York, who had enjoyed a private public ball in the Princess. A painful manner, the grounds of which is difficult to trace, ascribed to the Spanish government a fixed determination not to let the Infanta land until the Spanish government had been assured that the call she made upon the President, in order to let him know that she was here, would be promptly answered by that functionary in person at the hotel honored by the Infanta. Inasmuch as this requirement was a requirement that the President should "pay a visit," which no President had officially done since the foundation of the government, it was not remarkable that it should have given rise to an extensive perturbation. This perturbation was alleged only upon the publication of an official dispatch from Madrid declaring that inasmuch as the attendance of any conditions to the reception of the Spanish Infanta would be a reflection upon the courtesy and hospitality of the United States, the Spanish government had made no conditions, and would make none.

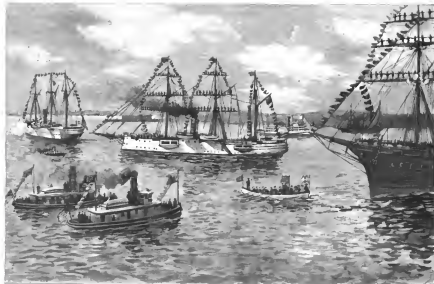
By other words, the American government and people were left free to entertain the Spanish Princess in the American way. Whether the alleged indignities of courtly tone had proceeded from the cowardice and and loyalty of some Spanish official on this side of the Atlantic, or whether it proceeded from the superstitious imagination of an American Washington correspondent, is a question that is still open. But that the court etiquette of Spain, in its unbroken rigor, would have subjected our official and unofficial hospitality to a cruel ordeal is sufficiently shown by the little incident of the transfer from the Spanish merchantman to the Spanish man-of-war. That an Infanta should incur the risk of a wetting rather than a surprise of disaster is a proposition that recalls the legend of the Spanish king who was thought to death because the proper functionary was not at hand to remove him from the fire.

Happily, the disposition of the Infanta herself and her cheerful willingness to be entertained in the manner that pleased her hosts have co-operated with the friendly disposition officially manifested by the Spanish government, and have insured a border of anxiety from those women of America who had projected restriction in her honor. That the government had every desire to do her honor is quite manifest from the necessity of her system, thus far, Commander Barin welcomed her to the *Delfina* on behalf of the government, and carried her and her suite to Jersey City in proceeding the intrinsic inhospitality of which must be reckoned in consideration of its novelty and its friendly intention, where a special train was waiting to convey her to Washington, where she was received at the station by the Secretary and Assistant Sec-

Delfina

Infanta Isabel

Donna Maria Christina



THE INFANTA ON HER WAY TO THE SPANISH MAN-OF-WAR IN NEW YORK BAY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1893.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.

BY HENRY B. FULLER.

INTRODUCTION.

BETWEEN the former site of old Fort Doubtless and the present site of our newest Board of Trade there lies a restricted yet traditional territory through which, during the course of the last fifty years, the rushing streams of commerce have been many a deep and rugged channel. These great rivers—commerce, in fact, for the leaping volume of an ever-increasing prosperity—cross each other with a sort of systematic rectangularity, and in defiance in the practical directions of local requirements they are in general eddies simply—streams. Each of these rivers

alone increased to eight-to ten-to fourteen-to sixteen, well some of the leading avenues of activity promise soon to become little more than mere obscure trails half lost beneath the haze of perpendicular precipices. High above this architectural upheaval rise yet other structures in fragile isolation. El Capitan is duplicated time and again both in bulk and in stature, and around him the fading spray of the Hindu Veil is woven by the beams of lake and prairie from the warp of sandstones and the woof of damp-drenched smoke.

The explorer who has climbed to the shoulder of one of these great capitanes and has found one of the thinnest folds in the veil may readily make out the safety of the surrounding country. The rugged and remote plateau of the Red Lands lies before him in all its blindness and impenetrability. It is a wild tract full of sudden falls, unexpected thick precipitous dislocations. The high and the low are met together. The big and the little alternate in a rapid and blinding succession. In particular areas are followed successively by that few-bit a horizon, perhaps, who is isolated on a corner, by a rocky outside some dizzy gable, by a youth here and there whose early apprehension of the main channels and the authentic table has stood him in good stead. This country is a treacherous country—if we overlook the "fog of civilization" comprised in a bird's-eye view of any great city, and if we are unable to direct any historical analogies to the left articulated from beneath whose manifestly rabid rock out wherever they can, to fasten wherever they may. It is a shadowy country—if we give no heed to the ghostly repository of the abandoned frame-works which carry the telegraph, and which are set adown on such dizzy corners as the corner of the wires may compel. It is an arid country—if we overlook the mindless torrid that sear on the high angles of alley walls, or if we fail to see the little pools of tar and gravel that ooze and skimmer in the summer sun on the roofs of old-fashioned buildings of the

border sort. It is an airless country—if by air we mean the mere combination of oxygen and nitrogen which is loosely indicated by that name. For here the medium of sight, sound, light, and life becomes largely carbonaceous, and the remote peaks of this mighty yet overpowering landscape loom up gravely, but vaguely, through swirling mists of red smoke.

From such conditions as these—along with the Tacoma, the Mountlook, and a great host of other awfully treacherous—looms the Clifton. From the heart of its basement to the taller story just under its roof the Clifton stands full eighteen stories tall. Its hundreds of windows glitter with multitudinous letterings in gold and in silver, and on some enormous its swaying flutter score on score in the tight breeze that sometimes comes up from Indiana. Four haberdasherie constructions which rise skyward stage by stage promote the activity of the clattering hordes that swarm within it, and its elevators—devices unknown to the red aboriginal inhabitants—accelerate the daily cliff-climbing for the host of physicians and the general lot of time.

The tribe inhabiting the Clifton is large and rather heterogeneous. All told, it numbers about four thousand souls. It includes bankers, capitalists, lawyers, "promoters", brewers in lards, stock, port, oil, mortgage, and estate people and railroad people and insurance people—life, fire, marine, accident, a host of principals, agents, middlemen, clerks, canvassers, and errand-boys and the necessary force of engineers, janitors, wash-women, and elevator hands.

All these thousands gather daily around their own great campfire. This fire heats the four big boilers under the pavement of the court which fire their kind, and it sends about a vast plume of smoke to mingle with those of other like communities that are settled round about. These are thousands may also labor in loneliness—at their tribal

(Continued on page 101.)



SKETCHES IN TANGIER.—DRAWN BY GUY ROSE AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 518.]

1. A Street Dancer. 2. A Woman of Tangier—showing how they hide the Face. 3. Bashay Oudis in Tangier dumping Refuge over the Wall: this is the only Cart in Tangier. 4. Water Vender at the Door of a Private House. 5. In the Prison. 6. Broad Merchants at the Gate.



NOSE OF THE ARCHES



JAMES J. HILL, PRESIDENT OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILROAD



DRIVING THE LAST SPIKE ON THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILROAD IN THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS



LOAT-THE DAKOTAS



LOAT-WISCONSIN



LOAT-MINNESOTA



IN SMITH PARK, SHOWING THE COTTON AND LYONNAISE



LOAT-WASHINGTON

COMPLETION OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILROAD—CELEBRATION OF THE EVENT IN ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

From the Architects' Designs—Sketches by W. L. Boring, Jan., and from Photographs.—[See Page 121.]



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—HOTELS, OR PALACE OF FINE ARTS.
The Supreme Exhibit on World's Island.—Drawn by Nichols and Eaton.

THE NEW BRIGADIER-GENERAL.

COLONEL WILLIAM FARMORE CARLIN, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., was appointed Brigadier-General by President Cleveland on May 12th, to fill the vacancy which had existed since last March. Colonel Carlin is a native of Illinois, having been born in Rich Woods, Vivian County, on November 24, 1859. He was appointed as a cadet to the United States Military Academy by the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas in 1879, and in July, 1883, graduated from the academy with the rank of Second Lieutenant of Infantry, and was placed on duty at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, being made Second Lieutenant a year later. In March, 1885, he received the rank of First Lieutenant, and engaged in the Sioux expedition under General Hurley, and later, in 1887 and 1890 respectively, took part in the Cheyenne and Utah campaigns. Lieutenant Carlin was in the march to California in the latter part of 1890, and for two years afterwards on service in different parts of the State. Being promoted to a Captain in 1891, he was on recruiting duty for a short time in Buffalo, New York. In August of the



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—SOUTH ENTRANCE TO THE MINES AND MINING BUILDING.—Drawn by H. B. Thompson.

lucky, in October, 1893, when he earned the high prize of all his superior officers, Colonel Carlin was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He took part in many skirmishes and battles that year and later on was in the Telephone campaign and the battles of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge. In November, 1893, he was brevetted Lieutenant Colonel for gallant and meritorious services at Chickamauga, and was made Major of the Sixteenth United States Infantry, February, 1894. He then went with the army into Georgia, seeing almost incessant fighting for some time, and was at the capture and surrender of Atlanta. Commanding a division in the assault on the Intrenchments of Josephine, Georgia, on September 1, 1864, he so distinguished himself that he was made Brevet Colonel in the regular army. In the famous march to the sea, the surrender of Savannah, and the battles of the Carolinas, Colonel Carlin proved himself an efficient and able officer that in March, 1865, he was made Brevet Major-General, United States Volunteers, and for his services at Bentonville, North Carolina, that same month, he was further honored by the rank of Brevet Lieutenant-General, United States Army. At the close of the war, for "gallant and meritorious services in the field during the rebellion," Colonel Carlin was brevetted Major-General of the regular army. Leaving the volunteer service in August, 1865, Colonel Carlin held a number of positions on prominent army posts, and commanded several posts. While on frontier duty in Dakota in 1875 he engaged against the Indians attacking Fort McKeen. He was made Colonel of the Fourth Infantry, April, 1881, which command he has held since that time. In the later troubles in the Great Plains during 1891, last year Colonel Carlin was particularly commended by General Schultze, commanding the army of the United States, who wrote: "The good judgment and wise discretion exercised by Colonel Carlin under trying circumstances and conflicting demands from persons representing opposing interests merited high commendation. It was due to Colonel Carlin's discretionary action that no further destruction of life or property occurred, while peace and order and submission to law were restored. This service of Colonel Carlin was the culmination of a long and distinguished career."



BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. F. CARLIN, U. S. A.
From a Photograph by Brady, Washington.

same year, he entered the volunteer service, having obtained leave of absence for that purpose, accepting the appointment of Colonel of the Thirty-eighth Illinois Volunteers, and two months later was at the defeat of General Jeff Thompson at Fredericksburg, Missouri, after engaging in other battles and skirmishes. He was then placed in command of the District of Southwestern Missouri, assisting later in the pursuit of Desha, and many other operations.

Owing to distinguished services at Perryville, Ken-



R. Catron Woodville.

AN AMERICAN TROTTING MATCH

Illustrated by Google



[SEE PAGE 500.]

INNSBRUCK, AUSTRIA.—DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE PROPOSED MUSEUM OF ARTS AND SCIENCES IN BROOKLYN.—McKim, Mead, & White, Architects.

A NEW ART BUILDING.

The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences have decided upon a choice of plans for their new museum which will furnish a home for the various departments of the institute in the near future. The plans selected were those of the well-known architects McKim, Mead, & White, which were submitted in competition with those of four other firms of celebrated architects. The selection was made by a jury composed of Professor J. D. P. Hamlin, of Columbia College, Mr. Robert S. Peabody, of Boston, and George L. Merce, a Brooklyn architect.

The new building for the Museum of Arts and Sciences of the Brooklyn Institute will occupy a site about 525 feet wide by 400 feet long, east of the Prospect Hill Reservoir and fronting on the Eastern Parkway. As there will be no other buildings on the block, the museum will receive light from all sides.

The selected plan is of classic design, embellished with features from the Italian Renaissance. It will resemble in many features and in general character the beautiful new Palace of Justice in Brussels, Belgium. The pillars, which form such a prominent feature in the design of all classic buildings, will be after the Ionic order. The whole design, while simple in detail, is harmonious in its rendering and will form a most imposing and grand structure when carried to completion. The building will be three stories high, the main axis of the structure, which will occupy the four cardinal points of the compass, however, being carried up one story higher. The whole will be surmounted by a flattened dome, upon the lantern of which will be mounted a winged figure representing Science and Art.

In close proximity to the main residence building, and connected with it, will be the second building, which will be used as an annexed department, laboratory, and other purposes. This will be located on Washington Avenue, and will be connected with the main building by a covered arcade.

The main building will have a grand entrance through a beautiful Ionic porch fronting on the Eastern Parkway. Under the dome will be a grand hall for the collection of architectural models and specimens representing the history of architecture. The building will likewise contain a large lecture hall, five smaller lecture rooms, reading halls and corridors and galleries adapted to the display of works of science, natural history, and art. Besides, there will be rooms for the several working departments of the institute, and the great reference library. There will also be a large musical hall, with a stage, for entertainment, and which will contain a grand organ of sixty stops.

The outer walls will be built of light-colored stone, while the interior, floors, partitions, and ceiling facades will be of glazed brick, tile, and concrete, while the walls will be paved with mosaic marble. The building will be strictly fire-proof, and will contain all the modern appliances. It is estimated that the entire cost will reach \$1,000,000.

The whole building will not be erected at once, but only a portion. The trustees have city bonds at their disposal which will cost \$200,000, which will be used for this purpose. When the structure is completed it will be one of the finest on this continent.

HENRY BAKER INGRAM

AMATEUR SPORT

(This paper went to press May 20, 1901.)

TO THOSE WHO ARE INTERESTED IN POLO in this country it is a considerable disappointment to look over the revised headlines published recently by the *Amateur*. We have been playing polo now more or less seven years, and while the clubs have increased and the membership of the Association has enlarged in a very encouraging manner, the standard of play seems to have stood about as after its first advent. Probably one cause of this may be found in the fact that the most active polo-players are men of means and more or less leisure, and their absorption of the game has to a very large extent driven out, or rather kept out of a class of players who would naturally have developed had they been encouraged. In almost every other game there is an active competition among members of clubs which is itself in constantly developing new material, but in polo the usual state of affairs has been reversed, and instead of encouraging what are known as a second grade men, it seems to have been the policy to discourage them. Long ago it was stated in this department, and in so doing we only reveal the sentiment of those who are most alive to the interests of polo, that the second-class man should have more consideration than they are receiving. Of course in considering on the condition of polo it must always be taken into consideration that the majority of the men who play the game do so for their own pleasure and recreation, and while in the abstract they are probably interested in its success, at the same time they have not that interest in its development that is incidental to all other games. If four or six years ago, when polo was getting under way more, there had been a schedule on a different basis made up by the Association, and a series of matches arranged annually between several club teams, we should have seen by this time a very much larger number of men with something besides a 0 in their handicap records. The failure to develop second class or "weak" teams has in most all localities worked much to the detriment of the first teams.

NO BETTER REFERENCE CAN BE CITED than the team of the Philadelphia Country Club, which has only four men who are handicapped at all, and the highest of these only two goals. If Philadelphia had a good second class team to play against its first team it would adapt itself to the playing, and not only put them in the position to make a better showing against the other clubs in the match for the Association Cup, but would give them material to draw on in the future. This is a point that seems to be lost entirely to the mind of polo-players. Evidently, judging by the present precedents, they fancy the half dozen or so of crack players are to be with them always. Last year, in a dozen different meetings, the wisdom of having good substitutes was shown, for some of the teams by the absence of a crack horse or three, made very inferior exhibitions. Following out the criticisms that have been made herewith, it will be interesting to look over the figures of handicaps and membership of the last four years. To begin with, the increase in actual members of the Association, through mail, has been steady.

In 1900 the Association had 100 members; in 1901, 142; in 1902, 261; in 1903, 186—making a total increase in four years of 86 members, and this is but the addition this year of the Country Club of St. Louis, which has 14 members.

Regarding here for a few lines, it is ridiculous that a game with such possibilities of development, that calls for the exercise of brain and muscle at one and the same time, should have in three-four years gained only eighty additional players. The yet argument of those who are not as well posted as they might be on this subject in the expense of the game, but this is really a fallacy. Of course it is not an cheap to individuals as baseball or football, but it is not as expensive as the immense outdoor popularity believed is not true.

TO BE SURE, IF THE NEW CUP AFFORDS a stable of any where from four to six points, it is very popular, but they are not necessary, and in making this statement the entire country is taken into consideration. Here in the East, or more particularly around New York City, where the best players of the country are concentrated, and the games are best played, it requires in the championships several points of the very best timber. In these events a man is handicapped of his handicap to not of the very best quality. But nothing of this sort is required outside of this vicinity, and it seems as though there must be something lacking in the proper sort of the game when it is considered that with all its advantages there are but three polo clubs outside of the Eastern circuit—the one in St. Louis, one in Colorado Springs, and one in southern California. It would not be desirable for the Association to attempt to swell its membership roll in the Western country, since inter-city matches would be impracticable, but it is entirely possible and desirable that its leaders should be felt through the country, and its encouragement of the game led to its being taken up by dozens of men who to-day simply watch the incentive.

THE BROOKLYN CLUB in 1900 had 55 members, and their group handicap amounted to 29 goals. In 1901 its membership was 76, and the handicap 32 goals. In 1902 the membership had risen to 93, but the handicap had dropped to 21, and in 1903 the membership is 21, and the goal 20. The Meadowbrook Club in 1900 had 14 members, and 16 goals were charged against them. In 1901, 15 members and 42 goals, 1902, 23 members and 46 goals, 1903, 22 members and 46 goals.

The Country Club of Westchester in 1900 had 14 members and 14 goals; 1901, 15 members and 24 goals, 1902, 18 members and 37 goals, and this year, 17 members and 34 goals. The Morris County Country Club in 1900 had 8 members and 5 goals; 1901, 8 members and 17 goals, 1902, 8 members and 15 goals, 1903, 8 members and 11 goals.

The Essex County Country Club in 1900 had 11 members and 12 goals; 1901, 10 members and 18 goals, 1902, 11 members and 20 goals, 1903, 10 members and 21 goals.

The Murells Club made its first appearance on the polo field in 1901, and in that year it had 16 members and 25 goals, being fortunate enough to start off with several well known polo players who had been with other clubs. In 1902 it had 14 members and 20 goals, and this year it has 13 members and 20 goals.

The Harvard Club in 1901, its first year, had 8 members (shown on page 102.)



THE BRONX AND CROCKETT CLUB.



THE MISSOURI BUILDING.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARDRA.



YALE'S FIELD



PRINCETON'S FIELD



PRINCETON'S FIELD-HOUSE



YALE'S FIELD-HOUSE



HARVARD'S HOLMES FIELD AND CART BUILDING



COLUMBIA'S FIELD

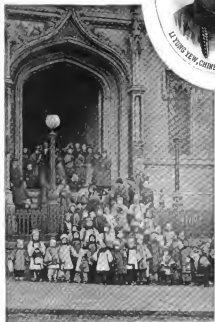
COLLEGE ATHLETIC FIELDS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARM BROTHERS.—[SEE PAGE 511.]



A TYPICAL CHINESE BOOKSTORE



INTERIOR COURTYARD OF CHINESE "PALACE HOTEL"



MISS CABLE'S CLASS OF CHINESE GIRLS.



A TYPICAL HIGBROW.

THE CHINESE IN SAN FRANCISCO.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 156.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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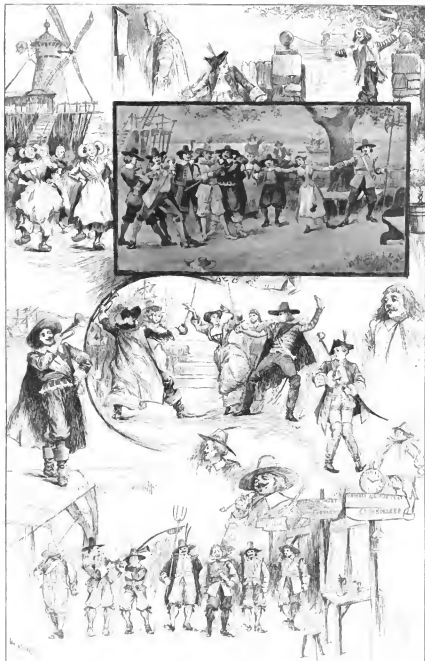
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1893.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—SUNDAY OPENING OF THE FAIR.

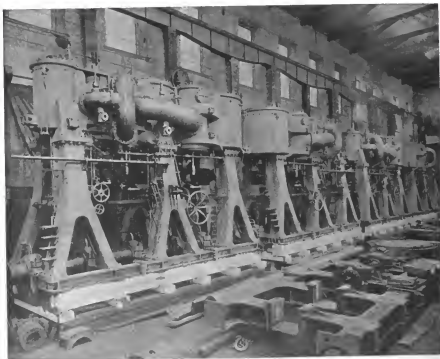
The Crowd entering the Grounds from the Elevated Railway.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup, after a Sketch by T. Dart Walker.



"THE KNICKERBOCKERS"—DRAWN BY WARREN B. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 220.]



THE "NEW YORK" AT HER GREATEST MOMENT OF SPEED



THE FOUR ENGINES THAT DRIVE THE "NEW YORK" TWENTY-ONE KNOTS AN HOUR.

THE FASTEST ARMORED CRUISER IN THE WORLD.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM H. RAY, PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 100.]



WHEAT POINT—IN BATTERY—LIGHT ARTILLERY BATTERY—DRAWN BY R. P. ZIEGLER—(SEE ABOVE ON OTHER PAGE)



WALTER F. CARTER—YALE



GEORGE W. BERGE—UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA



GASTON BRADY—PRINCETON



ASA B. THOMPSON—CORNELL



JOSEPH WIGG—HARVARD

THE PITCHER IN THE BOX—DELIVERING THE BALL.—FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH.—(SEE PAGE 556)



NORTH MEMORIAL DOOR—J. MASON ROSS, SCULPTOR.

SOUTH MEMORIAL DOOR—CARL H. ROBERTS, SCULPTOR.

THE BRONZE DOORS OF TRINITY CHURCH.—(See Page 54.)

A MAJOR SPORT

AS THE LAST NUMBER OF THE "WHEEL" went to press, because of December day, before the Intercollegiate Athletic Association had decided, it was of course impossible to write on them in detail. At this late day only a little general comment is in order. First of all the events were down on them in most wonderful degree, the management being perfect. It really seems to grow more each year. The games began half an hour late, with no consequences to be had, and the three waited in getting the men out between events was extraordinary. Some idea of the management may be gathered when it is said the judges discovered, just before the last of the trial team in the high hurdles, that the men had been running 100 yards instead of 120. The great number of competitors and follow in row of events promptly made the afternoon's sport dig its way way on to mere sport.

There were not so many spectators as last year or the year before, and it is undoubtedly a fact that the circumstances as to which the afternoon is extended through poor management and unbusinesslike conduct is having its effect.

The Association must still these errors and have better management if it expects to keep the annual event popular.

INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Event	Year	Team	Performance	Intercollegiate Record
100 yds.	1900	Harvard	17.0	18.0
200 yds.	1900	Harvard	35.0	36.0
400 yds.	1900	Harvard	1:10.0	1:12.0
800 yds.	1900	Harvard	2:20.0	2:25.0
1,600 yds.	1900	Harvard	5:00.0	5:10.0
3,200 yds.	1900	Harvard	11:00.0	11:30.0
6,400 yds.	1900	Harvard	23:00.0	24:00.0
12,800 yds.	1900	Harvard	50:00.0	52:00.0
25,600 yds.	1900	Harvard	1:10:00.0	1:12:00.0
51,200 yds.	1900	Harvard	2:20:00.0	2:25:00.0
102,400 yds.	1900	Harvard	5:00:00.0	5:10:00.0
204,800 yds.	1900	Harvard	11:00:00.0	11:30:00.0
409,600 yds.	1900	Harvard	23:00:00.0	24:00:00.0
819,200 yds.	1900	Harvard	50:00:00.0	52:00:00.0
1,638,400 yds.	1900	Harvard	1:10:00:00.0	1:12:00:00.0
3,276,800 yds.	1900	Harvard	2:20:00:00.0	2:25:00:00.0
6,553,600 yds.	1900	Harvard	5:00:00:00.0	5:10:00:00.0
13,107,200 yds.	1900	Harvard	11:00:00:00.0	11:30:00:00.0
26,214,400 yds.	1900	Harvard	23:00:00:00.0	24:00:00:00.0
52,428,800 yds.	1900	Harvard	50:00:00:00.0	52:00:00:00.0
104,857,600 yds.	1900	Harvard	1:10:00:00:00.0	1:12:00:00:00.0
209,715,200 yds.	1900	Harvard	2:20:00:00:00.0	2:25:00:00:00.0
419,430,400 yds.	1900	Harvard	5:00:00:00:00.0	5:10:00:00:00.0
838,860,800 yds.	1900	Harvard	11:00:00:00:00.0	11:30:00:00:00.0
1,677,721,600 yds.	1900	Harvard	23:00:00:00:00.0	24:00:00:00:00.0
3,355,443,200 yds.	1900	Harvard	50:00:00:00:00.0	52:00:00:00:00.0
6,710,886,400 yds.	1900	Harvard	1:10:00:00:00:00.0	1:12:00:00:00:00.0
13,421,772,800 yds.	1900	Harvard	2:20:00:00:00:00.0	2:25:00:00:00:00.0
26,843,545,600 yds.	1900	Harvard	5:00:00:00:00:00.0	5:10:00:00:00:00.0
53,687,091,200 yds.	1900	Harvard	11:00:00:00:00:00.0	11:30:00:00:00:00.0
107,374,182,400 yds.	1900	Harvard	23:00:00:00:00:00.0	24:00:00:00:00:00.0
214,748,364,800 yds.	1900	Harvard	50:00:00:00:00:00.0	52:00:00:00:00:00.0
429,496,729,600 yds.	1900	Harvard	1:10:00:00:00:00:00.0	1:12:00:00:00:00:00.0
858,993,459,200 yds.	1900	Harvard	2:20:00:00:00:00:00.0	2:25:00:00:00:00:00.0
1,717,986,918,400 yds.	1900	Harvard	5:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	5:10:00:00:00:00:00.0
3,435,973,836,800 yds.	1900	Harvard	11:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	11:30:00:00:00:00:00.0
6,871,947,673,600 yds.	1900	Harvard	23:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	24:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
13,743,895,347,200 yds.	1900	Harvard	50:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	52:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
27,487,788,694,400 yds.	1900	Harvard	1:10:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	1:12:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
54,975,577,388,800 yds.	1900	Harvard	2:20:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	2:25:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
109,951,154,777,600 yds.	1900	Harvard	5:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	5:10:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
219,902,309,555,200 yds.	1900	Harvard	11:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	11:30:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
439,804,619,110,400 yds.	1900	Harvard	23:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	24:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
879,609,238,220,800 yds.	1900	Harvard	50:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	52:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
1,759,218,476,441,600 yds.	1900	Harvard	1:10:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	1:12:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
3,518,436,952,883,200 yds.	1900	Harvard	2:20:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	2:25:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
7,036,873,905,766,400 yds.	1900	Harvard	5:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	5:10:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
14,073,747,811,532,800 yds.	1900	Harvard	11:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	11:30:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
28,147,495,623,065,600 yds.	1900	Harvard	23:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	24:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
56,294,991,246,131,200 yds.	1900	Harvard	50:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	52:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
112,589,982,492,262,400 yds.	1900	Harvard	1:10:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	1:12:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
225,179,964,984,524,800 yds.	1900	Harvard	2:20:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	2:25:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
450,359,929,969,049,600 yds.	1900	Harvard	5:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	5:10:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
900,719,859,938,099,200 yds.	1900	Harvard	11:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	11:30:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
1,801,439,719,876,198,400 yds.	1900	Harvard	23:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	24:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
3,602,879,439,752,396,800 yds.	1900	Harvard	50:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	52:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
7,205,758,879,504,793,600 yds.	1900	Harvard	1:10:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	1:12:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
14,411,517,759,009,587,200 yds.	1900	Harvard	2:20:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	2:25:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
28,823,035,518,019,174,400 yds.	1900	Harvard	5:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	5:10:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
57,646,071,036,038,348,800 yds.	1900	Harvard	11:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	11:30:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
115,292,142,072,076,697,600 yds.	1900	Harvard	23:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	24:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
230,584,284,144,153,395,200 yds.	1900	Harvard	50:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	52:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
461,168,568,288,306,790,400 yds.	1900	Harvard	1:10:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	1:12:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
922,337,136,576,613,581,600 yds.	1900	Harvard	2:20:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	2:25:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
1,844,674,273,153,227,163,200 yds.	1900	Harvard	5:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	5:10:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
3,689,348,546,306,454,326,400 yds.	1900	Harvard	11:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	11:30:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
7,378,697,092,612,908,652,800 yds.	1900	Harvard	23:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	24:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
14,757,394,185,225,817,315,200 yds.	1900	Harvard	50:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	52:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
29,514,788,370,451,634,630,400 yds.	1900	Harvard	1:10:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	1:12:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
59,029,576,740,903,269,260,800 yds.	1900	Harvard	2:20:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	2:25:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
118,059,153,481,806,538,521,600 yds.	1900	Harvard	5:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	5:10:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
236,118,306,963,613,077,043,200 yds.	1900	Harvard	11:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	11:30:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
472,236,613,927,226,144,086,400 yds.	1900	Harvard	23:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	24:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
944,473,247,854,452,292,172,800 yds.	1900	Harvard	50:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	52:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
1,888,946,495,708,904,584,345,600 yds.	1900	Harvard	1:10:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	1:12:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
3,777,892,991,417,809,168,691,200 yds.	1900	Harvard	2:20:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	2:25:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
7,555,785,982,835,618,337,382,400 yds.	1900	Harvard	5:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	5:10:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
15,111,571,965,671,236,674,764,800 yds.	1900	Harvard	11:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	11:30:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
30,223,143,931,342,473,349,529,600 yds.	1900	Harvard	23:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	24:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
60,446,287,862,684,946,699,059,200 yds.	1900	Harvard	50:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	52:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
120,892,575,725,369,893,398,118,400 yds.	1900	Harvard	1:10:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	1:12:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
241,785,151,450,739,787,796,236,800 yds.	1900	Harvard	2:20:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	2:25:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
483,570,302,901,479,575,592,473,600 yds.	1900	Harvard	5:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	5:10:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
967,140,605,803,959,151,185,945,200 yds.	1900	Harvard	11:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	11:30:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
1,934,281,211,607,918,302,371,890,400 yds.	1900	Harvard	23:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	24:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
3,868,562,423,215,836,604,743,780,800 yds.	1900	Harvard	50:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	52:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
7,737,124,846,431,673,269,487,567,561,600 yds.	1900	Harvard	1:10:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	1:12:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
15,474,249,692,863,346,538,975,135,133,120 yds.	1900	Harvard	2:20:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	2:25:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
30,948,499,385,727,693,077,071,270,266,240 yds.	1900	Harvard	5:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	5:10:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
61,896,998,771,455,386,144,142,540,532,480 yds.	1900	Harvard	11:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	11:30:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
123,793,997,542,910,772,288,284,105,064,960 yds.	1900	Harvard	23:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	24:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
247,587,995,085,821,544,568,568,210,129,920 yds.	1900	Harvard	50:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	52:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
495,175,990,171,643,089,113,717,020,259,840 yds.	1900	Harvard	1:10:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	1:12:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
990,351,980,343,286,176,427,434,434,040,519,680 yds.	1900	Harvard	2:20:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	2:25:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
1,980,703,960,686,572,352,854,868,868,080,103,936 yds.	1900	Harvard	5:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	5:10:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
3,961,407,921,373,144,705,709,717,737,736,167,872 yds.	1900	Harvard	11:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	11:30:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
7,922,815,842,746,289,411,419,435,471,472,335,744 yds.	1900	Harvard	23:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	24:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
15,845,631,685,492,838,822,838,870,942,944,671,488 yds.	1900	Harvard	50:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	52:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
31,691,263,371,985,677,677,677,741,885,983,972,976 yds.	1900	Harvard	1:10:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	1:12:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
63,382,526,743,971,355,355,355,483,771,967,945,944 yds.	1900	Harvard	2:20:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	2:25:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
126,765,053,487,942,710,710,710,967,543,935,888 yds.	1900	Harvard	5:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	5:10:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
253,530,106,975,885,421,421,421,935,087,871,776 yds.	1900	Harvard	11:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0	11:30:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00.0
507,060,213,951,770,842,842,842,187,175,753,552 yds.	1900	Harvard	23:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00:00	

EDWIN BOOTH. Illustrated Article by Laurence Hutton. In this Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

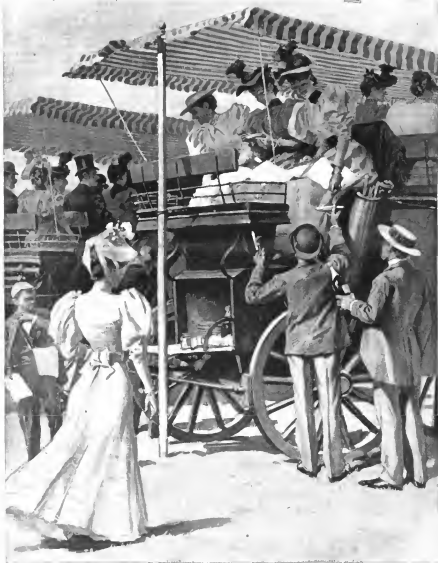


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A COACHING PARTY LUNCHING AT THE OPEN-AIR HORSE SHOW, PHILADELPHIA.
DRAWN BY T. DE TOLSTOUP AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE S. RICHARDSON.—[See "AMERICAN SPORTS"]

EDWIN BOOTH. Illustrated ~~Stories~~ by Laurence Hutton. In this Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

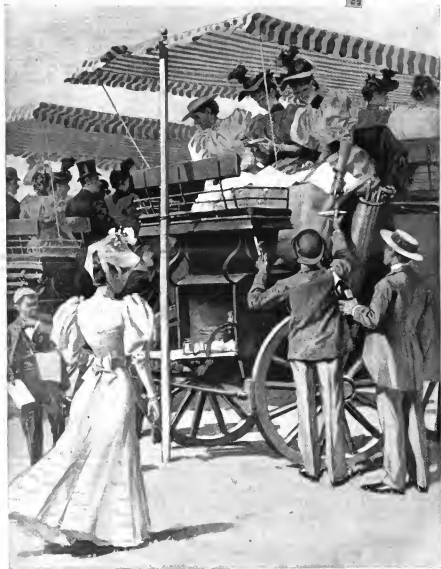


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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1895.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY EIGHT PAGES)

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NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 17, 1903.

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PENSION REFORM

PENITENTIAL reform as contemplated by the present administration and as demanded by every good citizen means simply that. Every old soldier, or soldier's widow, or soldier's orphan who under the law is justly entitled to a pension shall have that pension. No one but somebody should receive such a pension without being entitled to it under the law, and measures should be taken to discover and strike from the rolls those who do so receive pensions. This is all. Nothing could be more just. It will be just to those who receive pensions wrongfully, for they are simply criminals who obtain money under false pretenses.

troces." If they are punished for this crime only by being deprived of their self, they may see thankfulness for being honestly dealt with, and will have no reason to complain. It will be just to the mercifulness of the Government if it punishes them as they deserve—scornfully scolded with fraud, although every person who has little to his pension is not anxious to be more or less under the suspicion of being a cheat, while at once as the pension roll is cleaned, any man may be proud of having his name on it, and the old soldier will feel that he has done his duty. He will be just to the people, for the pensions come out of the people's pockets, and it is an outrage to burden the tax payers of the country with an expenditure of one-tenth of millions a year for the benefit of a lot of false pensioners.

The Government can do much better than to give subsidies to a fraudulent army community.

their right to continue to live in the same country, for the false pretenses that their offense appears far less heinous than it otherwise would when we consider the tremendous temptation to which they were exposed. We doubt whether the history of criminal nations presents another instance of more complete delinquency of the morals of a people as we find in our present legislators and nobles. It is a shame that the reckless determination to destroy the country has not been met by a corresponding display of the morality of a class of people who otherwise would have been moderate in their demands and reluctant to do wrong, nor more consistently truckling to this so created expediency than has been exhibited by Congressmen intent upon ratcheting votes in their districts, and of party politicians in the use of party tactics. It is a shame that no further organized and more methodical effort to subvert unprincipled persons to plunder the government than that put forth by the pension attorneys, who by circulars and personal addresses moved people all over the country to apply for pensions, showing them how easily they might obtain, by hook or crook, a comfortable income; by flooding the press with appeals for aid, and by inducing the members of the Grand Army of the Republic into their service, bargained Congress as an ever-present bully, and wormed themselves into the Pension Bureau to obtain favorable decisions and lax constructions of the law. And there were as an administration of any office better calculated to undermine all the safeguards of the law, to make plundering easy, and to attract the unscrupulous to the pension administration. The Pension Bureau under Colonel TANNER and Mr. RALPH, with their rulings directly invited fraud and built the false pretense welcome. Thus it was that this monstrous pension system could grow up, which has demoralized the people to an alarming degree, which has put outrageous burdens upon the taxpayer, and which is the very epitome of the worst administration of American government, lost of American democracy and nobility.

THE APPRECIATION OF GOLD

It is striking to see how various and inconsistent are the arguments of those who want the country to rest its currency on a silver basis. Sometimes we have the sentimental plea for the dollar of our fathers—a dollar which at no time was coined in any appreciable quantity, was never in actual circulation, and for which there is no demand in sight and memory. Sometimes the fulfillment of the great silver-mining industry is advocated, and the patriotic wish expressed to encourage our own precious metals. Now often there is general advocacy of the dollar as the only sound basis for our money, which would apply as logically to the indefinite issue of fiat paper as to the free coinage of silver. Most often of all, however, we have the argument that gold has appreciated, that prices are falling, that debases are raised, and that silver alone can save the world from the evils of an appreciable standard.

Now it must be admitted that, in fact, prices have fallen very soundly since 1873, and that is so far there has been a list may be called an appreciation of gold. No doubt the extent of the fall is much exaggerated by our silver friends. The year 1873 was exceptional, marking as it did the climax of

period of speculation and of inflated prices, from which a recoil was inevitable under any circumstances. But even after making allowance for this, and taking the normal prices of a generation ago as the standard, a real and substantial decline in prices has undoubtedly taken place. The decline has appeared both in wholesale and in retail prices, and, to all appearances, is permanent, and not unlikely to continue further.

fall in price is not limited, further, that the price for foreign case is that a general fall in prices is an evil. Even if so, of such consequences were considered, the effect of such a change in the relations of debtors and creditors would be to make the former more and the latter less of falling prices, and it harder to meet their obligations, and virtually pay back to their creditors more than they receive. It is not to be questioned, for example, that the fall in prices of the United States in the years of paper money inflation and artificial high-burdensome, from 1865 to 1873, were made unhelpfully burdensome, when spread at a later period, by the change in the relations of debtors and creditors. The fall in prices of experience is one of the most signal illustrations of the evils of a depreciated currency, and of the hardships which every community must submit to in order to get rid of its depreciated currency, and to return to a stable currency. We may observe, however, that the way, that the silver advocates, in their complaints of the fall in prices, too often compare the present price of gold with the paper prices of the past, is immediately after the crisis, and not before. It does not represent the real change in specie prices. It is true that even on a fall in gold prices have fallen, but the fall in the price of gold is not to be compared with the fall in the price of silver. It is not to be compared with the fall in the price of silver.

In one fundamental regard, however, the decline in prices has differed during the last twenty years from that which we should expect from a simple contraction of the currency. It has been confined to commodities; it has not appeared in the returns for human labor. Money wages and money incomes have not fallen. They have certainly not fallen when measured in gold, and even from the perspective of the purchasing power of gold, they have been very slight. Reduced to a specific basis, in fact, the money return for labor, whether we call it wages or salary or income, has steadily tended to rise throughout the period under the last half-

This fundamental fact puts the decline in prices at the supposed appreciation of gold in a very different light. It means that the pressure upon debtors ceases to be severe when they find themselves owing as much as they did when their debt was contracted. The real pressure upon debtors is appreciation of money arising from the decline in their incomes. In fact, as a decline in money incomes has not taken place, individual debtors and individual classes of debtors undoubtedly have suffered. But up and down to the prices of particular commodities and to the money incomes of particular classes and individuals, no one can be promoted by the rise and no one can be promoted by the fall of money. Looking at the general trend of the phenomenon, we find the situation one which cannot

Further, even if we consider all the effects of the changes in the purchasing power of money in the last generation, we see that their combined effect simply is that the world is better off than it was. The only way in which the material prosperity of the world has been reduced is that the money incomes by their money incomes enabling them to buy more commodities. Either their money incomes and wages and salaries must go up, the prices of commodities, consisting the same, or else the prices of commodities must go down, incomes and wages and salaries must go down, or the money incomes and wages and salaries must go down. In the last fifty years a double process at work. Money incomes have tended, upon the whole, to go up, and prices of commodities have tended unimmediately to go down. Every one is better off, and the situation

tends to prevent an occasion for bewailing. The progress of the world is simply the result of the economic improvement in production which has taken place during the last century, and has operated with intensifying effect during the past generation. Inventions, machinery, improved transportation, the opening up of new countries, and the discovery of such riches have greatly increased the efficiency of labor. The sum and the variety of material commodities have multiplied, and the concrete fruits of this result are the increased affluence of all civilized communities. It has been that of lower prices of commodities. The world is simply better off. If it has happened—and doubtless it has happened—that the money incomes of particular classes or particular sections have diminished, the cause must be found not in the scarcity of money, but in some eddy or counter-current in the general stream of progress. To the civilized world as a whole, and to the mass of the people in every part of the globe, the life of the world of commodities, reckoned as it has been with rising money incomes, has been a brighter and not an evil.



THE DISASTER AT THE OLD FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON—REMOVING THE BODIES FROM THE RUINS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL.—[SEE PAGE 185.]



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—IN THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARNOLD.



THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.

BY HENRY B. FULLER.

M DOWELL took a cup of tea and an expedition along the cliff, and hurried away. Ogden, who had not overcome his habit of lazily eating, lingered behind.

The Acme occupies a square, low-angled room in the hindmost corner of the Cliff, perhaps, with a lower ceiling, and a window on a level lower still. It would seem to be a room of the Cliff. It is fitted up with three or four oval counters, and a very close calculation of space shows room for an additional counter's desk or well. Each oval counter is a high rock that is heaped with rolls, mugs, and cakes, and about each such stands a brace of glass cylinders, thick glass tanks that hold coffee and tea. Each seat is fringed with a row of stout—hard wood tops in a row from base, and in warm weather a pair of fans, which are moved by power supplied from the engine-room, counter shaft and against the stiff atmosphere.

Ogden had spent the past week in trying a succession of stores, lunch-rooms, and restaurants, and had ended by returning to the Acme, which seemed to do best and make most sense. He found a place in a quiet corner, ordered a coffee, which was served, and, as usual, he came together, and felt to work with his eye solely fixed on the sliding spaces of the freshly wiped counter. Was he contented, a wonderer, in claiming any great consideration until he had lunch at a higher figure than those or twenty cents? The girl who had waited on him turned away, but another boy, who stood a little distance off, rolled her back.

"Here, Maggie, change that coffee. That gentleman doesn't want a piece with a whole counter knocked off."

Ogden buttered his muffs without minding his eyes. The small girl herself placed the new cup of coffee before him, and then turned and left. The boy was a little, and but three or four customers held places around a counter. Presently she spoke.

"Well, Mister Ogden," she said, with a haughty air, "you don't seem to recognize your old friends."

Ogden turned up his head. "My, Nellie, is this you?"

"I've changed. It was a girl who had helped wait on table in the West Side boarding house."

She wore a dark dress with a plain white collar. Her hair was made two fine straight lines over the yellow-green hair. She had a straight forehead, but there was a plain lurking desire in the outlines of nose and chin.

"That's what," she replied. "I've made a change, you see. I've been pretty near a week. Come in often?"

"I'm in the building. What was the matter with you to go to a place?"

The girl blushed up her shoulders. "The fact of it is, I didn't get used to it. Never tried anything like that here."

She looked about cautiously, and then resumed, in a constrained voice:

"I'll tell the truth, I was just forced into it. Pa and ma 'n't want me to come to Chicago, but I couldn't make

out that I was going to have my terrible girl show down in December. I didn't know it was going to be so awful hard to find something to do in a big place like this. But I made up my mind, all the same, that I wasn't going to give in and go back to Wisconsin—not straight off anyway. Keep right on trotting about. Any sort in a storm, says I. And when I saw that good old man in the intelligence office—that couldn't be. He only wanted a second girl; but I thought I could stand it."

"That's your?"

"I didn't tell me, though, that I was living out. I wrote to her that I was coming—ten dollars a week. Ten dollars—I'm looking for the girl that gets more than that. I don't know what the folks would have thought if they'd known of me being ordered around by a lot of young fellows—run and fetch and carry for a pair of oranges. I don't come natural to me to be bowed, I can tell you."

"But Mrs. Gore used you well?"

"The old for a fact. But it wasn't the sort of thing I wanted at all. So I told her I guessed I'd go. 'Well,' says she, sort of resigned like. 'If you're made up your mind to go, you must, I guess,' she says sorry to lose me. I heard. She walked in the bathroom door with me to my good-by with her eyes on top of her head. 'Is a good girl,' says she, 'and let us hear from you.'—'Sweet charity what can said when I came away. Give him just like me, too. 'Yes, ma'am,' says I. I didn't say 'ma'am' because I thought I was a servant—I wasn't, but because she was older, and because I had a respect for her. And so I said let her hear from me; when I get along a little further I'm going to call on her. And I'm going to get along, let me tell you; I haven't jumped on to this lobby-room of a town just to stay still."

"She nodded her head with great decision.

"It broke her all up when you went away," she resumed.

"She kept a wondering for two or three days what the matter was. Poor soul, she's a good deal too tender for this town. What was the matter?"

"Nothing. I had friends in different part of the city."

"In a different part of the city," she repeated. She spread her palms for sport on the inner edge of the counter and brought her face down against a level with his.

"I'll say again, I always liked the way you talked; it's the best I ever heard. And you say 'what's' too. And 'cheese' and 'supper.' Honestly anybody says 'what's' around here—except artists. Hey, I must the other night. It cost fifty cents, but I was just wild to see a real cut and out very short—couldn't hold in my tongue. They all talked kind of artificial, except one man. He had a bad part—except one, sort of. He talked out in plain, every day style, and he was the only one I really cared for. Oh, course, though I don't like him better than good ones. But the way he said it, after all."

"Thank."

"Well, I'm in a different part of the city myself," she gave a comprehensive glance over the sliding coffee-urns.

"Second in command," she tapped her breast bone. "I'm

don't think an extraordinary much of Duggan here, but he recognizes talent. It didn't take him long to find out what I was, and he said yes. I love, and help around when there's a cash, and now and then I take the cashier's place. It's all just like a moon. Oh," she proceeded, after a short look at him, "I know well enough what you've been thinking all this time. But here's your counter and there's your goods, and people just say what they want and get a check for it and pay at the door. No counting house in that, is there? They don't bulldoze us very much."

The door opened and a hotel clerk came in.

"Here, Gretchen," she called to one of her friends, "see what this man wants." The new comer dropped unhesitatingly on to one of the stools and automatically took the damaged pot that had been taken away from Ogden. He had ordered apple.

"Most of 'em are tractable enough," she commented.

"I've got ten girls here," were her next words, "and they're quite a lot better. But that mean-eyed German girl over there—"

"Gretchen?"

"I told her Gretchen, she don't look as if she knew best, does she? Well, she don't. She was going on in the pantry yesterday about the rights of man. I know she was due to break a sweater pretty soon. Well, she did. And we've got a whole girl here who would be the last around the eye of the lot if it wasn't for her temper. All of a sudden she gets mad, and she says mad, and you can't for the life of Joe find out what it was that made her mad. Those three Irish girls are pretty smart. If, yes, they were rigging up a strike today. They wanted fifty cents a week more. They found out their wait at a quarter to twelve. 'All right, girls,' says I, 'you can go out if you want. Our regular people will kick and go somewhere else for a few days, perhaps, but the first money you they'll all come in again, and they'll see that things are coming all right with a new crew, and after that they'll stay.' Goodness me, I've heard more about rights and law about damn this last week than I ever did before in my life. My uncle says it's the same with him. He's the engineer here. He really got me this place. If you look down through that grating out there as you go along you may see him. It's talk and argue all the time—his men have more half baked notions than you can think of, and he's bent on the k jump all the time looking after things. He's Irish! He's Irish! Not much. And if I had come from round outside with a different name, number, and a different training and a different set of notions, and if I had been a real Irish in the word, down-trodden peasant, and all my folk the same for nobody knows how far back, perhaps I'd feel some remorse, then for not keeping around with the tolerably smart lot of people that had let me in."

She cast a leery eye over her tartan underings. "Kind of a plain lot, ain't they? You know there's one place like this in town where they won't take a girl unless she's pretty. Their cousin is a regular idiot. But I wouldn't work in such a place, no, indeed."



A WELL-FILLED CLASS OF HIGH STEPPERS.



A CLEAN PERFORMANCE OVER THE HURD.



STALLIONS WITH THREE OF THEIR GET.



VIEW OF GRAND STAND AND CONCOURS.



SOME GRAND STAND PRIVATE BOXES.

AT THE PHILADELPHIA OPEN-AIR HORSE SHOW.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE S. RICHARDSON.—[SEE "ANASTAS RINGS"]



BUSTERS WAITING FOR THEIR TURN



THE WINNING FOUR IN THE ROAD RACE FROM THE WALDORF HOTEL TO THE SHOW GROUNDS.



THE CLUB-HOUSE



JUDGING THE TANDERS

THE NEW YORK OPEN-AIR HORSE SHOW.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE S. ROYCE.—[See "Amateur Rules"]

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

AUTHOR OF "THE RETURN," "THE GREAT NEWBURY," "MICHAEL CLARKE," ETC.

THE REGATTA PUZZLE.

IT was some time before the birth of my friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes recovered from the strain caused by his famous escapade in the spring of '92. "The Regatta Mystery," as the *Norfolk Standard* commented, was the colossal scheme of *Rebus Mysterio* in its most recent to the minds of the public and it was only very gradually that the public came to realize that the subject for this series of sketches. It had, however, as an indirect feature, in a singular and complex problem which gave my friend a great deal of trouble, and the water was a great weapon against the many with which he waged his life-long battle against crime.

It was referring to my man I was that, when on the 10th of April that I received a telegram from London which informed me that Holmes was lying ill in the Hotel DuRoi. Within twenty-four hours I was in his sick room and was relieved to find that there was nothing formidable in his symptoms. Even his usual constitution, however, had broken down under the strain of an investigation which had extended over two months, during which period he had never worked less than fifteen hours a day, and had more than once, as he assured me, kept in his bed for five days at a stretch. Even the fragments of his labors could not save him from reaction after so terrible an exertion, and at a time when Europe was ringing with his name, and when his room was literally made-drag with congratulatory telegrams, I found him a prey to the blackest depression. Even the knowledge that he had succeeded where the police of his own country had failed, and that he had been the first to solve the most accomplished assassin in Europe, was insufficient to make him his former profligate. Three days later, when he was back in his old room, but it was evident that my friend would be much the better for a change, and the thought of a week of spring-time in the country was full of attraction to me also. My old friend, Lord Blythe, who had come to the city for the regatta in Alghosha, had now taken a house near Blythe in Surrey, and had frequently asked me to come down to him upon a visit. In the last fortnight which period he had never my friend would only come with me to be made to glad to extend his hospitality to him also. A little diplomacy was used, but when Holmes undertook to go, he was no longer a brother-in-law, but that he would be allowed the fullest freedom, he fell in with my plan and a week after our return from Lyons we were at the famous resort. Blythe was a fine old soldier who had been much of the world, and he soon found, as I had expected, that Holmes and he had much in common.

On the evening of our arrival we were sitting in the Colonel's gun room after dinner, his eyes stretched upon the sea. While Blythe sat I looked over his little memory of Eastern warfare.

"By the way," said he, suddenly. "I think I'll take one of these ponies up there with me, to see how they are."

"An arrow?" said I.

"Yes, we had a scare in this part lately. Old Acton, who was one of our country agents, had been shot into last Monday. No great damage done, but the fellows are still at large."

"How?" asked Holmes, cocking his eye at the Colonel.

"None as yet. But the affair is a pretty case—one of our little country crimes—where most men are small for your size, Mr. Holmes. After this, I think you will find it a little more serious. Holmes went away the complaint, though his smile showed that it had pleased him.

"I have seen it," he said, "and I have seen it."

"I have not. The thing was marked the library and got very little for their pains. The whole place was turned up, and the search was made, but no trace of the thing was found. The result that it was of some value of Pope's House, two plain rough-looking, an ivory letter-weight, a small box hammer, and a small box of the size of all that have been found."

"What an extraordinary case!" I exclaimed.

"No, the fellows evidently grabbed hold of everything they could get."

Holmes granted from the sofa. "The country police ought to make something of that," said he. "Why, it is a pretty obvious thing."

"I held up a warning finger. 'You are here for a rest, my dear fellow. For Holmes's sake don't get excited by a new problem when your nerves are all in shreds.'"

Holmes shrugged his shoulders with a faint smile, and made no answer to the Colonel, and the talk drifted away into less dangerous channels.

It was said, however, that all my professional caution should be waived, for next morning the problem obtained full of it, as it was a way that it was impossible to ignore it and my country. The case was so simple that the investigation could have anticipated. We were at breakfast, when the Colonel's butler handed in, with all his propriety shaken out of him.

"Have you heard the news, sir?" he purred. "At the Cunningham's, sir?"

"Barbury?" cried the Colonel, with his coffee-cup in his hand.

"Murder!"

"The Colonel's daughter," by Jane and he. "What's the story?"

"Neither, sir. It was William the cookman that through the heart, and never spoke again."

"The butler, sir. He was off like a shot and got clean away. He'd just looked in at the pantry window, when Will Blythe was in him, and met his end in seeing his master's property."

"Hunt! It may prove the simplest matter in the world, but all the more so if you find that it is just a little curious. It is not a case of simple murder, as the country would be expected to give the scene of their operation, and set to work to find the man in the same district within a few days. When you speak of the fact of finding the body of the man that it passed through my mind that this was probably the last person in England in which the thief or thieves were likely to find their victims—what does that to me here still mean to learn?"

"I fear it is some local problem," said the Colonel. "It is not a case of simple murder, as the country would be expected to give the scene of their operation, and set to work to find the man in the same district within a few days. When you speak of the fact of finding the body of the man that it passed through my mind that this was probably the last person in England in which the thief or thieves were likely to find their victims—what does that to me here still mean to learn?"

"Well, they ought to be, but they've had a lawsuit for some years, which has stirred the blood out of both of them. I fancy I don't know any more about it than I know of the case."

"It is a local thing, then, and it is not a case of simple murder, as the country would be expected to give the scene of their operation, and set to work to find the man in the same district within a few days. When you speak of the fact of finding the body of the man that it passed through my mind that this was probably the last person in England in which the thief or thieves were likely to find their victims—what does that to me here still mean to learn?"

"Inspector Forester, sir," said the butler, throwing open the door.

The official, a man, had been found young, stepped into the room. "Good morning, Colonel," said he. "I hope I don't intrude, but we hear that Mr. Holmes of Baker Street is here."

The Colonel turned his head towards my friend, and the Inspector bowed.

"The thought that perhaps you would care to step across, Mr. Holmes."

"The fellow are against you, Watson," said he, laughing. "We were sitting about the water when you came in. Inspector Forester, you can let me know the details. As he bowed back in his chair in the familiar attitude I knew that the case was hopeless."

"We had no case in the Acton affair. But how we have plenty to go on, and we are so sure that it is the same party in each case. The man was seen."

"Yes, sir. But he was off like a deer, after the shot that killed poor William Kewen was fired. Mr. Cunningham was the first to see him, and he was the first to see him."

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again I was surprised to see that his cheek was flared with color, and his eyes as bright as before his illness. He sprang to his feet, and his old energy.

"I'll tell you what," said he. "I should like to have a quiet little place like the details of this case. There is something in it which is not otherwise. If you will permit me, Colonel, I will leave my friend Watson and you, and I will step round with the Inspector to see the truth of it, and to see the facts of the case. I will be with you again in half an hour."

An hour and a half had elapsed before the Inspector returned alone, and he was in a state of mind to tell me the result.

"Mr Holmes is walking up and down in the field out side," said he. "He wants us all four to go up to the house together."

"Mr Holmes?"

"Yes, sir."

"What for?"

"The Inspector shrugged his shoulders. "I don't quite know," he returned, "but I think Mr Holmes has not quite got over his illness yet. He's been looking very queer, and he is very queer."

"I don't think you need alarm yourself," said I. "I have usually found that there was nothing in his mood."

"I shall go with you, Watson," said he. "I have usually found that there was nothing in his mood."

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dreary expression. His eyes rolled upward, his features writhed in agony, and with a suppressed groan he dropped on his face upon the ground. Horrified at the subtleties and severity of the attack, we carried him into the kitchen where he lay back in a large chair and landed heavily for some minutes. Finally, with a stupefied apology for his weakness, he rose once more.

"Watson would tell you that I have only just recovered from a severe illness," he explained. "I am unable to know what is a serious attack."

"Could I send just home in my trap?" asked old Cunningham.

"With snow I am here, there is one point on which I should like to feel sure. We can very easily verify it."

"What is it?"

"Well, it seems to me that it is just possible that the arrival of this poor fellow, Williams, was not before but after the entrance of the burglar into the house. You appear to take it for granted that although the door was forced, the robber never got in."

"I fancy that is quite obvious," said Mr. Cunningham gravely. "Why, the very Alce had not gone to bed, and he would certainly have heard any moving about."

"Where was he sitting?"

"I was smoking in my drawing room."

"Which window is that?"

"The last on the left, at my father's."

"Back of your lamp was it, of course?"

"Undoubtedly."

"There are some very singular points here," said Holmes, smiling. "It is not extraordinary that a burglar—and a burglar who had had some previous experience—should deliberately break into a house at a time when he could see from the lights that two of the family were still awake?"

"He must have been a cool hand."

"Well, of course, if the case were not an odd one we should not have been driven to ask you for an explanation," said young Mr. Alce. "But as to your line that the man had selected the house before Williams tackled him, I think it is most absurd."

"Wouldn't we have found the place disarranged and missed the thief which he had taken?"

"It depends on what the things were," said Holmes. "You must remember that we are dealing with a burglar who is a very peculiar fellow, and who appears to work on lines of his own. Look, for example, at the queer lot of things which he took from Alce's room—a half-a-dozen of strings, a silver watch, and I don't know what other odds and ends."

"Well, we are quite in your hands, Mr. Holmes," said old Cunningham. "Anything which you or the Inspector may suggest will most certainly be done."

"In the first place," said Holmes, "I should like you to offer a reward—coming from yourself, for the officials may take a little time before they would agree upon the sum, and these things cannot be done too promptly. I have pointed down the form here, if you would not mind signing it. Fifty pounds was quite enough, I thought."

"I would willingly give five hundred," said the J. P., taking the slip of paper and the pencil which Holmes handed to him. "This is not quite correct, however," he added, glancing over the document.

"I wrote it rather hastily."

"You see just here," Watson, at about a quarter to one on Tuesday morning, in attempt was made, and so on. It was at a quarter to twelve on a matter of fact."

I was pained at the mistake, for I knew how kindly Holmes would feel any slip of the kind. It was his special hobby to be accurate in fact, but his recent illness had shaken him, and this one little incident was enough to show me that he was still far from being himself. He was obviously



"THAT MEN CAME DOWN THE GARDEN PATH."

only embarrassed for an instant, while the Inspector raised his eyebrows, and Alce Cunningham burst into a laugh. The old gentleman corrected this mistake, however, and handed the paper back to Holmes.

"Get it printed as soon as possible," he said. "I think your idea is an excellent one."

Holmes put the slip of paper carefully away into his pocket-book. "And now," said he, "it really would be a good thing that so should all go over the house together and make certain that this rotten little burglar did not, after all, carry anything away with him."

After consulting, Holmes made an examination of the door which had been forced. It was evident that a chisel, or strong knife had been thrust under the lock forced back with it. We could see the marks in the wood where it had been pushed in.

"You don't see here, then?" he asked.

"We have never found it necessary."

"You must keep a dog?"

"Yes, but he is chained on the other side of the house."

"When do the servants go to bed?"

"About ten."

"I understood that Williams was usually in bed also at that hour?"

"Yes."

"It is singular that in this particular night he should have been up. Now, I should be very glad if you would have the kindness to show us over the house, Mr. Cunningham."

A stone flagged passage, with the kitchen branching away from it, led by a wooden staircase directly to the first door of the house. It came out upon the landing opposite to a second more ornamental stair, which came up from the front hall. Out of this landing opened the drawing room and several bedrooms, so that those of Mr. Cunningham and his son.

Holmes walked slowly, taking keen note of the architecture of the house. I could tell from his expression that he was in a hot mood, and yet I could not see in the least how it was that his interest was leading him.

"My good sir," said Mr. Cunningham, with some impatience, "this is surely very unnecessary. That is my room at the end of the stairs, and my son's is the one beyond it. I have it to your judgment whether it was possible for the thief to have come up here without disturbing us."

"You must try to read and get on a fresh note, I know," said the son, with a rather malicious smile.

"Still, I must ask you to hurry me a little further. I should like, for example, to see how far the windows of the bedroom command the front. This I understand, in your son's room," he pointed upon the door.

"And that, I presume, is the drawing room, is it not?" he asked, when the door was given.

Where does the window of that look out to?" He stepped across the bedroom, pushed open the door, and glanced round the other chamber.

"I have that you are satisfied now," said Mr. Cunningham, fairly.

"Thank you, I think I have seen all that I wished."

"Then, if it is really necessary, we can go into my room."

"If it is not too much trouble."

The J. P. shrugged his shoulders and led the way into his own chamber. It was a large, furnished and comfortable room. As we moved across it in the direction of the window, Holmes fell back until he and I were the last of the group. Near the foot of the bed stood a dish of oranges and a carafe of water. As we passed it, Holmes, in my unobtrusive examination, heard over in front of me and deliberately knocked the whole thing over. The glass crashed into a thousand pieces, and the fruit rolled about in every corner of the room.

"You've done it now, Watson," said he, calmly. "A pretty nice way you made of the carpet!"

I stopped in some confusion and began to pick up the fruit, understanding for some reason my companion's desire me to take the blame upon myself. The others did this more, and he took on his first again.

"But," cried the Inspector, "where's he got to?" Holmes had disappeared.

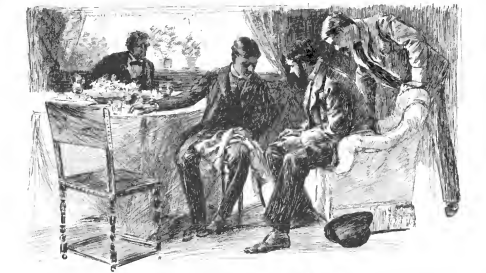
"Was just an instant," said young Alce Cunningham. "The fellow is off his head, in my opinion. Come with me, father, and see where he has got to."

They rushed out of the room, leaving the Inspector, the Colonel, and me staring at each other.

"I'm my word, I am inclined to agree with Master Alce," said the official. "It may be the effect of this illness, but it seems to me that—"

"The words were cut short by a sudden scream of 'Help! Help! Murder!'"

With a start I recognized the voice as that of my friend. I rushed madly from the room on to the landing. The crew, which had snuck down into a lower, backstairs skirting,



"THERE CANNOT BE THE LEAST DOUBT IN THE WORLD THAT IT HAD BEEN 'HITTED BY TWO PERSONS'."

EDWIN BOOTH.

BY LAURENCE EYTON.

A TOY MAN, the only son of his mother and she a widow, and she with his dead as a sad sight a good many years ago, when they entered the room a dear friend of their both. The new comers, placing his warm hand upon the cold hands of her who was gone, laid his wet cheek against the water clock of time who was left, and said sadly, "My poor boy, my poor boy!" There were volumes of sympathy and affection in the words and in the action, and even a little comfort, for both knew that it was merely the natural, unfeigned expression of a very warm feeling of pity for the mourner, and of genuine, almost blind, love for her whom they thus mourned together. The man of tender heart and more than kindly nature was Edwin Booth, "the poor boy" is the man who once these lines.

The friendship between them, of many years' standing, remained as if possible more strongly by mind is here for the first time married, was never broken until Mr. Booth himself laid down the burden of his life, and went by no means unexpected—to solve the great problem of the future, carrying with him, perhaps, a direct message to the mother from the son.

Only those who have known Edwin Booth in trouble and in sorrow have known Edwin Booth at all; and even his few intimate friends, and the members of his own immediate family, have not known of half the good he has done. He never made any public expression of his personal feeling. He gave lavishly with both hands, concealing from the left hand the gifts of the right, and if possible, keeping even the right hand itself ignorant of its own well-doing. I have known him to pay all the funeral expenses, and to attend the funeral of a woman he had never seen, simply because her daughter was a member of his company, and without reason or a friend. I have seen him receive in his own home on a feeling of perfect social equality, a poor, penniless, and he had called to pay her respects to him, and duty kindly, during her visit, to see and women of the highest social position, who were permitted only to leave their cards at his door. I have discovered accidentally, and from outside sources, of his unobtrusive generosity to superstitious persons, who had nothing to say to him, but who, except that they were old and poor. I have heard him say that a certain worn-out comely had a fixed income for life, and that a certain broken-down, irascible's mortgage had been paid, without the expenditure of the slightest hint that he himself had taken up the mortgage or had bought the annuity. I have seen him make like a gift at the receipt of a letter of thanks, and run away like a coward from the gratitude of those he had helped.

A story which Lawrence Barrett used to tell upon himself may not be one of pure love, as illustrating what I have tried to say. The story of a brilliant actor came in Mr. Barrett once at the stage entrance of a Western theatre and listened to everything concerning it. When he was to win the mantle of his own benefactor. His miserable condition was entirely his own fault. He had lost his self respect, if he had ever possessed any, and he was utterly ruined by the results of a bad life. Barrett, who had by hard work, by untiring industry, by close study, and by uniform good conduct, raised himself from nothing, and had with his little patience with those who had fallen from high station down to nothing because of their lack of the qualities which he himself had, and he refused the larger money to buy the drink he craved. If Mr. Barrett could not and would not do better, he refused the money. Barrett took the check in his ragged pocket, received that day, and seldom to him where he would not be known. The check was produced, and he had seen the signature of Edwin Booth. "And so," said Mr. Barrett once to him, "Booth's name is good to Mr. Booth's great advantage. He has written the creature to whom I had refused fifty cents Edwin had given fifty dollars!"

It is not to be denied that Mr. Barrett was a man of sincere soul and of large blood. Few members of the great dramatic families have been so ready and more willing to help those who could not help themselves. The long association existing between the two men was an intimate in a personal as it was in a business way. A few years Mr. Booth's partner upon the stage of the world. Mr. Barrett was his chiefest support at the very outset of Mr. Booth's career as a star performer, and for many seasons, and in many parts of the country, have they played together, under all conditions, and in every variety of largely and comely, going home together upon the same stage, and carrying a single trunk, and with his some provincial habit, or to an equally frugal report of ten and went in the grub-room of The Playgo, in New York City, of the affection which he himself had, and he refused the larger money to buy the drink he craved. If Mr. Barrett could not and would not do better, he refused the money. Barrett took the check in his ragged pocket, received that day, and seldom to him where he would not be known. The check was produced, and he had seen the signature of Edwin Booth. "And so," said Mr. Barrett once to him, "Booth's name is good to Mr. Booth's great advantage. He has written the creature to whom I had refused fifty cents Edwin had given fifty dollars!"

Mr. Booth's great gift of a clock to the members of his profession, and to the wife who is to him, is the best of his friends, and the members of his own immediate family, have not known of half the good he has done. He never made any public expression of his personal feeling. He gave lavishly with both hands, concealing from the left hand the gifts of the right, and if possible, keeping even the right hand itself ignorant of its own well-doing. I have known him to pay all the funeral expenses, and to attend the funeral of a woman he had never seen, simply because her daughter was a member of his company, and without reason or a friend. I have seen him receive in his own home on a feeling of perfect social equality, a poor, penniless, and he had called to pay her respects to him, and duty kindly, during her visit, to see and women of the highest social position, who were permitted only to leave their cards at his door. I have discovered accidentally, and from outside sources, of his unobtrusive generosity to superstitious persons, who had nothing to say to him, but who, except that they were old and poor. I have heard him say that a certain worn-out comely had a fixed income for life, and that a certain broken-down, irascible's mortgage had been paid, without the expenditure of the slightest hint that he himself had taken up the mortgage or had bought the annuity. I have seen him make like a gift at the receipt of a letter of thanks, and run away like a coward from the gratitude of those he had helped.

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2
Lawrence Eyton
from his friend
Edwin Booth, 1890
The best photograph, I think, ever taken of me.

portrait, to his members on the night of December 31, 1889, and thereafter it was his only home. He showed the greatest interest in everything concerning it. When he was to win the mantle of his own benefactor. His miserable condition was entirely his own fault. He had lost his self respect, if he had ever possessed any, and he was utterly ruined by the results of a bad life. Barrett, who had by hard work, by untiring industry, by close study, and by uniform good conduct, raised himself from nothing, and had with his little patience with those who had fallen from high station down to nothing because of their lack of the qualities which he himself had, and he refused the larger money to buy the drink he craved. If Mr. Barrett could not and would not do better, he refused the money. Barrett took the check in his ragged pocket, received that day, and seldom to him where he would not be known. The check was produced, and he had seen the signature of Edwin Booth. "And so," said Mr. Barrett once to him, "Booth's name is good to Mr. Booth's great advantage. He has written the creature to whom I had refused fifty cents Edwin had given fifty dollars!"

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Edwin Booth was born on the 13th of November, 1833, upon his father's farm, in Hartford County, Maryland, a quiet, picturesque old place, full of mother machine, but not set from the world by miles of broken and plowed woodland. He was called Edwin Thomas Booth, after one of his father's most intimate associates, Edwin Forrest and Thomas Fiske.

His Aunt Booth Clarke, who carried the life of her brother down to the date of his second visit to England, in 1880, tells us how on the night of that 13th of November the joy of the neighborhood was so impressed by the brilliancy of a meteoric shower that they felt it was a prophetic omen concerning the brilliant future of the new comers, who was to be a new star of glowing life, and to be guided by a lucky star. One recalls this scene with curious interest—the dewy woods, the old whitewashed cabin, still and spectral in the darkness, and those groups of awe-struck spectators, many with portraits for the new-born child's after life.

To the elder Booth, as his daughter has shown us, a child, poor, buried as it was in the heart of the Maryland forest, had been since the purchase in 1855 both a refuge and a pleasure. Though they had twenty-five miles from Baltimore, it was almost inaccessible. The mounted postboys passed by but once a week, and the mail bags over the fence. Few travelers went that way. From the gate that opened on the rough and stony highway a crooked horse path led through a quarter of a mile of woodland to the primitive cottage, which once, in the great woods of all neighbors, Mr. Booth had reared from a shanty site to a man's home. In his place, no matter where he was or what his present occupation, and standing he bowed and dashed to "The Fonzler." And also what was only drink to his mother's eye.

Concerning Edwin Booth in his domestic relations—as son, as husband, as brother, as father—this is not the time to place to speak. His sorrowing daughter, with whom all the world agrees today, knows well how tender and how perfect was his love for her, for her mother, and for her children. His devotion to the memory of his father he has himself put on record in rearing form, and his filial affection for the mother whom he buried only a few years ago was as unshared and intense as such affection can ever be. He was not a perfect son. He was only human, and very human at that. But he was a credit to humanity, as honor to his country, and the foremost agent in the wide history of the American stage.

three weeks, then at Pittsburgh for two, for two at Baltimore, and for three weeks at Cohan's Broad Street Theatre in Philadelphia. For five weeks he appeared at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and later he went to Detroit and Chicago. In 4 all, except on the night of April 24 (Independence's birth day), he was fired at from the pit by a fanatic named Percy. At the third shot he rose and walked to the foot lights, pointing out the would-be assassin to the startled audience. The excitement naturally was intense. One of the bullets missed him by a few inches. Then he left his chair at the prompt and expected moment in the play—Richard II—he could not have escaped. This bullet he proffered as a talisman, wearing it on his watch chain, having engraved upon it: "From Mark Tinsy to Edwin Booth, April 24, 1893." From every part of the country expressions of congratulation reached him, when, as he later observed, he patently "needed much sympathy to stimulate him in the pursuit of his profession, for so many adverse elements seemed to conspire to enervate and overcast his powers."

At the close of his Chicago engagement Booth retired till October 4th, when he began a two weeks engagement at the Bal theatre, going from there to the Broad Street Theatre in Philadelphia, and for four weeks playing at the Grand Opera House in New York. Under Mr. Abbey's management he began a brilliant engagement at the Park Theatre, Boston, in March, 1901. Under Mr. Abbey again he played in April, 1901, for four weeks at Booth's Theatre. After an engagement in Brooklyn, Booth played the benefit of the "Edgar Poe Memorial Fund," then being his last performance before sailing for England. On the 13th of June a public breakfast was given to him at Delmonico's, New York. The speeches were made by Judge John R. Brady, Judge Charles P. Daly, Algonquin, R. Sullivan, Edmund C. Stearns, Hon. Robert C. Taylor, Rev. Ferdinand C. Koenig, Lawrence Barrett, Leslie Wallace, Joseph Jefferson, and William Warren, and a poem was read by William Winter.



ON THE YACHT "CORIDA"

Booth, with his wife and daughter, sailed from New York on the 13th of June, 1901. After a few months' tour on the Continent he opened the new Princess Theatre, London, on the 6th of November, as Hamlet. He afterwards played at the Theatre Francaise, Paris, as Hamlet, then at the Haymarket, London, as Hamlet, then at the Lyceum Theatre, London, as Hamlet, then at the Theatre Francaise, Paris, as Hamlet, then at the Haymarket, London, as Hamlet, then at the Lyceum Theatre, London, as Hamlet.

the Broadway Theatre, New York, until Mr. Barrett's death in March brought the season to a close. Booth's appearance upon the stage was at the Broadway Theatre, New York, at the theatre performance on Saturday, April 26th, of that year, and his last public utterance, in a speech made after the fall of the curtain on that occasion, worth quoting in full. It is taken from the report written

alternating the parts with that gentleman. And during the summer of 1902 he was at the London Adelphi. His last personal visit to Europe was made in the summer of 1901 when he played in English with a German-speaking company in the capital cities of Germany, often promoting the person who supported him, although quite unfamiliar with their language. These engagements were in an artistic point of view, enormously successful.

Between 1866 and 1868 he played during the winter on some tour through the United States with all his old fire and skill. It was not until a year or two later that his waning physical powers and his own wishes led him to retire. Then he remained, perhaps, too long upon the stage he was fully aware, but he could not run the appeals of his old comrades. Mr. Barrett, nor his own inclination to help his fellow players when they needed his personal support.

In connection with Mr. Barrett, therefore, and under the business management of that gentleman, he began, at Buffalo, New York, in 1867 a series of brilliant seasons, which ended only with Mr. Barrett's death in 1893. They played together in *Hamlet*, *Julius Caesar*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Othello*, and *Richard III*. Mr. Barrett taking the parts of Claudio, Cassius, Agamemnon, Othello and Iago, and Mr. Booth, when they attracted the largest audiences, at an increased scale of prices, are seen, for an easy consecutive night, in the history of the theatre in the United States. In 1869 Mr. Booth, supported by Madame Modjeska, still under Mr. Barrett's management but not in connection with an played a limited engagement throughout the country, and in 1891 the two stars were again seen, in conjunction with Mr. Barrett's death in March brought the season to a close. Booth's appearance upon the stage was at the Broadway Theatre, New York, at the theatre performance on Saturday, April 26th, of that year, and his last public utterance, in a speech made after the fall of the curtain on that occasion, worth quoting in full. It is taken from the report written



MR. BARRETT'S LIBRARY AT CORHESSET.



MR. AND MRS. BOOTH AND DAUGHTER.

for the *Trilone* of the next day by Mr. William Winter. "Ladies and gentlemen, I warmly know what to say, and, indeed, I can only make my usual speech—of thanks and gratitude. I thank you for this kindness. It will never be forgotten. I hope that this is not the last time I shall have the honor of appearing before you. When I come again I trust that I shall be able to give greater attention than I have ever given to whatever part I may play. I hope that my health and strength may be improved so that I can serve you better, and I shall always try to deserve the favor you have shown."

The last words of Hamlet, however—the last words which Mr. Booth, as an actor, ever uttered—are much more significant and much more touching—"The rest is silence."

Edwin Booth lived in quiet, happy retirement at his home in the house of *The Players*, watched and cheered by his loving daughter and a few old friends until, at last, early on the morning of the 7th of June, death beckoned him away, and he passed to his reward.

THE ARTIST IS SILENT!



MR. BOOTH'S MOTHER—Painted by Old Painters.



MR. BOOTH IN HIS ROOM AT "THE PLAYERS"—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY HORACE BRADWAY.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—IN AND ABOUT THE MIDWAY PLAISSANCE.—DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER.

1. The German Village—drinking Beer and listening to the Music in the Garden. 2. Garde du Corps, German Village. 3. A Bit of the Midway Plaisance, looking East. 4. Egyptian Carriers and Types, Cairo Street. 5. An Egyptian Dancer ("Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay"), Cairo Street. 6. An Egyptian Priest.

ANALYTICAL REPORT—(Continued from page 881)

Tall, at 6, is naturally slow, but during the past few days he has put more life into his work, and is getting into good condition to back up 7. His blade work is not what it should be, but he has improved upon it greatly since a week ago.

[illegible]

TAKING THE WATER QUICKLY and getting in a good swim with their legs, the three-foot-long managers to their shell incessantly, and rapidly get a good headway. But their speed increases, they seem unable to control themselves accordingly. They fail to catch their quick enough, and the consequence is that by the time their arms take the water, they are already too far out with their arms. They have pulled by the previous stroke. The shell slows about during the stroke, glides along during the first part of the recovery, and then stops, while the right arm men steady from their turn to the full stroke and get ready to put their arms out. The left arm men are already in the water, the right part of the stroke that is seriously impeding the progress of the shell during the recovery. It is their poor teamwork and inability to keep a firm, steady pressure on their arms which is causing them to use post-stroke and pounds of

part of the recovery and that a good recovery can mean as much on the recovery as on the stroke. It is particularly true, for a poor recovery will ruin the best stroke that can be taught. The quickness of the recovery is the most important part, and the most difficult to teach. The recovery must be made so stern in its aim the shell ahead. There comes a time, however, when the rigids must change the direction of their recovery and start back again. This change must be made with the same sternness as the first recovery. The recovery is time. If they rush their slides at the end, as the Harvard men are doing, they are forced to stop themselves before they can change. When they stop they become dead weight. The recovery must be made with the same sternness as the stroke. The recovery must be made so stern in its aim the shell ahead. The Harvard men must learn to start out slowly the last part of the recovery, gathering the line for their sternness as they move. The recovery must be made with the same sternness as the stroke, with the least possible support of effort.

As you follow asters of the Harvard-Cresc, the ones on the port side are seen to take the water much better than those on the windward. They are better together, and there is less splashing. The shell seems to be kept fairly well on her keel, but there is a marked tendency to roll as the sea runs on the full reach.

Following a blow, the individual hosts which have been encountered are well marked, and even at a distance one can notice that Camponotus gracilis comes up a little more than 100 times. Near the native host, only only a few moments of boring, the ants are present for hours. Their movements are rapid, and they plainly show that they have not yet learned how to prepare themselves for the work of boring. They are not yet able to do this, and so their work of their method of boring during the last part of the recovery. They have to take the stroke before they are ready for it. They grow restless, and their boring work becomes a series of short strokes, and they begin to shorten the length of their stroke. They are unable to keep their stroke long not because they do not know how, but simply because they do not yet understand the advantages of a good stroke after they have moved on.

If the Harpers crew saw him, while at New London, to keep their own consciences clear, they should have taken the opportunity to tell him that he was a worthy of their best efforts, and one which they still have hard work to do.

DESPITE REPORTS TO THE CONTRARY, several exploited slaves of the latter day empire, the "cotton" capitalists still prize much more than they say that it was ever worth. The "cotton" capitalists still prize much more than they say that it was ever worth. The "cotton" capitalists still prize much more than they say that it was ever worth.

The Cornell Freshman, studying well, considering the severe changes in their make-up, owing to loss of nose, Headlin, who is now striking, shows remarkable endurance and energy for so slight a man. The general work of the crew is worthy of more experienced oarsmen, it is full of snap and determination. Shaw and Howard are probably the best of the lot, and some of the best in the West.

"HOW WOMEN SHOULD RIDE

lag in the face of the discouraging happenings of the current year. It is, indeed, too bad they cannot get on a par with either Harvard or Yale. The average weight and age of the three given here will do not bear out the impression that Cornell boats are filled by older and heavier men. Yale Freshmen—average age, 19, weight, 170. Harvard—age, 19, weight, 170. Cornell—age, 19, weight, 150.

THE FISHBONE RACES ON THE THAMES provide the only sports from the present outlook, to be a repetition of last year's. Cornell is much superior to Columbia, the latter's crew being considered the poorest the blue and white have ever had, and a long time ago. Cornell's crew is a fine one, and will, with a little training, be able to give the Yale crew a real year, which is saying a great deal. This will leave Yale and Cornell so much ahead of their respective opponents that the New London, which will probably be completed in the next few weeks, will be a very dry race. The country wants to know what good reason there is to offer why Yale and Cornell Presidents' races should not meet at New London this month. The Cornell and Columbia crews will be in the water on the 20th of May, and will be rowed on the 24th instead of the 26th or the 29th, and their Yale-Cornell race on the 26th, the day before the Yale-Yale-Yale-Yale struggle. It is only a question of whether

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA crew is not rowing as well as it should at this late day, and the work is not nearly as clean as that of Cornell's. The body work is fairly good, but the men are unquestionably clumsy in handling themselves, and the workmanship of the crew is watched generally spending, and particularly noticeable in the bow. The oars do not strike the water together, nor with the same level, while on the recovery they are "cocked" each one at a different angle and distance from the water; all this causes the shell to roll badly, and creates as much

The arrangement of the men has changed recently, and the effects of the Hollingsworths have been mixed. Barnard, who works in the office, is a former Marine and a craggy old-timer. The last lost boy, Hollingshead, was a substitute, and A. P. and J. H. Waggoners at 5 and 6 and Beck are new men, and without previous training. The experience with this year's "bushy" has demonstrated beyond a doubt how very essential is the Freshman crew to a university which hopes to support a "family tree." There is plenty of power in the first, but the men are working faithfully to correct the faults of the last year. The Hollingsworths are the only if the "Pennybags" variety ever comes to Gadsden again. Correll on Lake Meachum's crew did not do on Lake Cayuga.

Two more are human-made field lost socks and the well-known New York and Philadelphia socks. I am sure successful affairs of the kind ever given in this country. It was the intention to examine on these shows at the University of Pennsylvania. I am sure to be a credit to the space of the WEEKLY, besides the other division on this department, have made only the before-mentioned point, which is highly satisfactory to the writer to say that the New York socks are being the most important. Two more credit cannot be given to the handful of sportsman who have taken their pockets to cover the deficit. People all, began this year to realize what an encouragement to the breeds of the New York socks. There were twice as many spectators this year as last, and it did not require an expected eye to observe how, thoroughly the socks, generally speaking, were being worn. The socks were being worn by every man and woman that purchased a ticket received more than their socks' worth. The open air lawn show was a pleasure to the pleasure it depicts to spectators and the gifts to horses, and next year we shall see few empty

AS FOR THE accused, the display was exceptionally good, all the classes were well filled, and the quality of entries far surpassed anything I have seen elsewhere. I was particularly glad that I should not ask the judges of the former for what precedents their wiser Mr. Eugene Higgins Laundon, and especially over Mr. William's Lady Proton, which is as superior a ladies' back as any I have conceived? And how is it so many entries get into this class that have no likeness in the face to the model? I am sure that the judges of their male rivals snigger about it. It would be interesting to learn a definition from the judges as to what constituted "a good face" and "one of the right" type? The same is true in several of the poor looking entries in the "hair" class at all, for the way they were handled. There was a fine display of hair, but there should be some distinction made between the hair which is merely got over the crown of the head and height and a better. For instance, will any one say Mr. Popper's (possibly but never Miss) Jumper, Mass. is not a Popper? It does not follow that because a head is got over the crown of the head, it is a Popper. I have seen a change in the present classification before the next show at Warwick, which I saw last year, seemed the clearest and the fairest. I have seen a change in the present classification before the next show at Warwick, which I saw last year, seemed the clearest and the fairest. I have seen a change in the present classification before the next show at Warwick, which I saw last year, seemed the clearest and the fairest. I have seen a change in the present classification before the next show at Warwick, which I saw last year, seemed the clearest and the fairest.

[illegible]

—BY "C. DE HURST."—ILLUSTRATED.—PRICE, \$1.25

tically the same team wins a third in park fours, it's time some one took the judges aside, and whispered gently in their private ear.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

In the game on Saturday, Cornell won their third victory over Princeton, 6-3, by both hitting and good fielding, making only two errors, with 10 Princeton made six.

Notwithstanding the ground and the maples, Council never came because it rained, and finally boiled out the deerwood victory. These acted like medicine and amputated through out the crying contest. The umpire was St. Albans's selection, and, in fact, was the change pitcher of their own team, and certainly his work created confusion as to his position.

[illegible]

THE YAGARE OF LAWYERS were celebrated at New Haven last week when Chinese (Haiti) won the N. England championship from E. I. Hall—8-2, 5-2, 8-6, 6-4. Only two weeks in the Southern championship, Mallory took a defeat, and consequently it fell upon him to defend his title. He was already a champion, and he had eleven more for a couple of years as he did again, and it looks as if he was getting back into his 1860 form. The match was brilliant from the beginning. He lost the first set, but he was so strong that he won the second set often enough to make his opponent play a better game than he did all last year in his last tour, and his defence was the court were equal to the best Larned showed in New York.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1893.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



STAMFORD'S SOPRANO.—A SKETCH IN OUTLINE.

BY HOWARD FYLE.

TOM STAMFORD had just come from college. He was ambitious in the direction of journalism. He, and the immediate opening that presented was to do general back-work for the *Liberator*. The *Liberator* was a weekly journal modelled somewhat after the style of the *Spectator*, and Stamford's uncle Edith, who was that sort of a rich man who takes an occasional pot shot at a new venture, was a considerable stockholder in the paper. This gave Stamford some claim upon it; he wrote a good deal for it, and not all that he wrote was rejected.

In spite of the positiveness and consciousness of his name, the *Liberator* was at that time leading a rather pulled existence. But it was new, it was spending money, and it was very hopeful of meeting the import of solid experience and of surviving that encounter without going altogether to pieces. It was just then in what one might call the "cherry state" of existence, for the pencils of the office were of stained cherry, the office rail was of stained cherry, the new and shining desks were of stained cherry, the revolving best-wood seat on which the editor sat was

of stained cherry, and the torture-seat upon which his contributors sat to hear the fate of their contributions was also of stained cherry. A paper with money and great expectations is very apt to start in the state of existence.

The *Liberator* was at that time in the opposition, and was very positive in its position. It used to attack the administration and the Upper and Lower Houses of Congress with an air of impartiality and restraint that conveyed the idea to the reader of a tremendous but suppressed motive power behind, which if the editor only were dared to let it go, would smash, or at least seriously cripple, the Executive department of the United States.

Stamford at that time was a very young man. He also looked upon the *Liberator* through a rosy atmosphere of hope and of youth. He felt that it was destined to have a great future, and that by means of it he himself might also rise to a great future. So he used to write his lines and scraps of literary odds and ends, and a good many of these were published. He assumed an air of literary experience at that time, and used to speak of what he wrote as "stuff."

"I ran down home last Sunday, and sold a couple of

days to write up a lot of stuff for the *Lib*," as "I wrote a thousand words of stuff last night for the *Lib* about Brazil." (Stamford was just then the only in Boston.)

One day when Stamford went into the office to inquire the fate of some one of his manuscripts he found Mr. Odger, the editor, in a more expansive mood than usual. The editor began by saying, "I don't believe we are going to be able to use all this paper of yours, Mr. Stamford. You've gone manaciously into details. Maybe if you'd cut it down to eight or ten hundred words we might be able to do something with it." He tossed it out upon the desk as he spoke, and Stamford picked it up, trying to look as though he did not care. Then Mr. Odger resumed and lit the cold and dead end of a cigar that lay among the papers on his desk; then, taking in his chair and creaking his feet up on the desk, he yanked himself to a general expansive impulse to talk. "The fact is," said he, shifting his legs from one side of his mouth to the other, and smoking away the smoke that drifted into his eyes—"the fact is that you make the same mistake that all writers, particularly noviti-

(Continued on page 10.)



OUT FOR PLEASURE.



A RIDING-SCHOOL PUPIL.



AN AFTERNOON JOG.



A PARK POLICEMAN.



A TYPICAL GIRL.



A SELF-DEDICATED RIDER.



A FIRST LESSON.



RIDING-MASTER AND PUPILS.

SNAP SHOTS ON THE EQUESTRIAN PATH IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK CITY.—[See Page 603.]



THE UNITED STATES COAST-DEFENSE STEAMER "MONTEREY" AT ANCHOR.—From a Photograph by A. J. McDonald & Son, San Francisco.

also which a M. a four hour' examination was under forced draft began, the course of the vessel being southward and parallel with the coast. The four hours took her nearly sixty miles to the south, the log of the four hours run being as follows: Maximum speed attained, 12.8 knots; total distance covered, 51 knots; average speed, 13.13 knots; maximum steam pressure, 152 pounds in engine room, 160 pounds in fire-room; mean steam pressure, 150.2 pounds; maximum revolutions of engines per minute, 141; coal consumption, 9550 pounds per hour. It is unnecessary to say in this connection that the *Monterey's* boiler did not leak and put out the fire, but, on the contrary, did just what they were expected to do. The speed attained surpassed all expectations, since it was known that the ship's bottom was foul with weeds and green, which had effected a lodgment while the vessel had been lying at anchor at the Mare Island Navy yard. After the four hours' test run was concluded there was nothing to do but to go on standing, as the conditions of the trial trip required the ship to be kept at ten feet per hour eight hours. Nothing of special interest occurred until the next morning, when Captain Benham, who was in charge of the Board of Inspection, and Captain Knapp, commander of the *Monterey*, determined to fire the big gun with the ship under way, instead of running in to an anchorage, as had been planned.

When the orders were given to load to quarters, it may be imagined that the moment was as exciting if not as anxious one. "Big Bear" and "Sister Alice," the 12 inch rifles on the forward turret, are the heaviest guns in active, and neither had ever been fired outside the proving grounds, just after their completion. Their discharge from an shipboard was purely experimental, and therefore at



"BIG BEAR" AND "SISTER ALICE" THE 12-INCH RIFLES OF THE "MONTEREY."

From a Photograph by A. J. McDonald & Son, San Francisco.

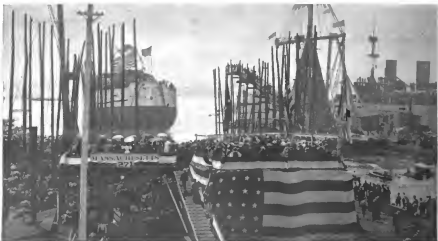
tended with some apprehension and intense interest. The 10 inch guns in the after turret were fired first, one with a charge of 200 pounds of powder and a 450 pound projectile, and the other with a full charge of 550 pounds of powder and a projectile of the same weight, and everything had passed off perfectly, as the order was given to load "Big Bear." The charge of 550 pounds of powder and an 850-pound shell were fed to the marine hoist, and then, while everybody held his breath, Lieutenant Nicholson, the old sailor officer of the *Monterey*, perched the lanyard, and the deed was done. There was a mighty roar and a flash of flame, and the shell went hurtling seaward, disintegrating

once and again until it sank in the waters of the ocean. But where was the mark of matter and the crash of shells that was to accompany the discharge? There simply was none. The entire recoil of the gun, fired with a full service charge, was only 11 inches, and there was not a piece of glass or crockery broken on the vessel, nor was a man injured or alarmed in any way by the concussion. Shock or vibration had gone by the board, and "Big Bear's" quality as a body of force and discipline been fully established.

There occurred the only unpleasant incident of the cruise, and it would not be worth mentioning had it not been misinterpreted by an imaginative reporter. "Sister Alice" had been fired with a reduced charge, and when the gun was spooled and hoisted out after the first fire the chamber was not completely clean, so that when a big shell was being put into the breach of the gun for a second discharge it stuck and had to be extracted, and this was all the foundation for the story of the inefficiency of one of the 12 inch rifles. The story told by the same reporter of the motion of the turret when the ship rolled was equally incorrect. The turret did not move, and when the 12 inch projectiles were fired the ship rolled as usual.

Such, in brief, is a sketch of the *Monterey's* first sailing. The vessel returned to San Francisco the next day, and thence to the navy yard, in such excellent condition in every respect as to be fit for active service, having her lack of armor, at a moment's warning. Her cruise was not a big one, but it was complete and exhaustive, and entirely satisfactory in proving that there is no more formidable fighting ship afloat than the *Monterey*.

MAXIM H. WILSON,
San Francisco.



THE LAUNCH OF THE "MONTEREY." THE BATTLE-SHIP LEAVING THE WAYS AT CRAMPTON YARD.—From a Photograph by WILLIAM H. DAY, PHILADELPHIA.



WRECK-FIGHTING OFF NAUTILUS.—DRAWN BY H. J. BROWN.—[See Page 604.]



"DON'T IT GETTY LATE FOR HOLLY?"

mediating between man, money, and heaven. A member of a previous committee had delighted in translating and adapting Latin hymns for Christmas and Easter, and in putting his hands into his pockets now and then to make good a small debt to the laity. Angels and his company were ready enough to put their hands into their pockets, but they were glad, one and all, to escape the details of administration.

It was here that McDowell stepped forward, he instantly acknowledged that religion must be made to play into the hands of business, and he justified himself in himself by many good arguments. The details of the new dispensation were arranged in a downtown office. McDowell had tried to convince that that office should be logical one; but the meeting was held, after all, in another hall where a black or two down the street, and finally himself was not present more than ten minutes. McDowell regretted this. He felt very well disposed towards logic. He would have done almost anything for him—for a communion.

But McDowell did not push this chair matter to the neglect of his own proper business. He was engaged at about this time with a new method of tea beyond the South Parks. He had brought up a tea-table, which he himself acknowledged to be rather low (that, and which his rivals, with an unusual disregard of the courtesy of the profession, did not hesitate to call an out and out swindle). He had several tables somewhat by means of a den and stairs, which, if it was a part of his maintenance on grounds lying lower still—older men's grounds; and on the direct and most accessible corner of his domain he had placed a portable one-story frame stair which had already done duty on other occasions, and altogether of it made a tall fair game which showed a house with his own name and number on it. This track, by the way, had absorbed some moderate portion of Ann Wilks's hoarded savings.

A week of noisy weather and then there would be a complete collapse on McDowell's operations in this quarter. The plank walks would float off in sections, the iron along his avenue would slip deeply into the snow and would stay stationary, in spite of their network of rusty wire, and the rollers of three or four unshod horses that he had carefully selected through this prevailing track would show ruts and ruts of exposure before reaching an unshodly water a foot deep. It was an appalling spectacle to one who realized the narrow margins upon which many of these enterprises were conducted, or who failed to keep in mind the depths of human folly and credulity they would.

"Oh, it's all right enough," McDowell would say. "It's going to dry up before long."
Occasionally it did dry up, and stay so for several weeks. Then, on bluish sunny afternoons, fully and credulity, in the shape of young married couples who knew nothing about marriage, but who vaguely remembered that it was a "good investment," would come out and would go over the ground—at first they were welcomed with a cynical friendliness by the young fellow whom McDowell paid fifty

dollars a month to hold the office there. He had an in-
tending manner, and frequently sold a lot with the open effect
of perpetrating a good joke.

McDowell sometimes joked about his customers, but never
about his lands. He stood upon them the transcending light
of the imagination, which is so useful and necessary in the
business of Chicago. Land generally—that is, calculated
and recorded land—was regarded as a serious thing. If not
looked as a black and holy thing, and his view of his own
landed possessions—emerged through they might be, and
so partly could be—was not only serious but idealistic.
He was able to ignore the pain whose rising and falling
befell the impacts of his sidewalks with a green olive,
and the tufts of weeds and rushes which appeared here and
there upon grasses out before his gaze in the solitude
of a stiff law. He was a post-in every real estate man
should be.

We of Chicago are sometimes made to hear the reproach
that the conditions of our land life drive us towards the so-
called out of the materiality. Now, the most vital and typical
of our human pretensions is the real estate agent. In he
certainly found his own way to earth-bound power?

"You fellows," said Floyd to McDowell, during one of
their Ann Wilks's sessions, "are the greatest lot I ever struck."
He spoke a half cynical, half admiring way, and showed
some effort to handle the language with the Western ease and
freedom of those to the matter both. "Do you know,
when I had been here three or four months ago, I found
look me with them to the banquet of the Real Estate Board.
Well, it was an eye-opener. I never saw anything like it.
It was Chicago—all Chicago. Heavens! how the town was
labeled and subdivided! It was wonderful!"

"That's right," said McDowell.
"And glorified!"
"Of course."
"—and deified—"

"Why not?"
"Why not indeed?" cried Ann Wilks. "I haven't been
around much yet, but you strike me as the most imaginative
lot of people I ever saw."

"Whenever Chicago is involved," amended Walworth.
"Sure."

"How you idealize it?" cried Ann, enthusiastically.
"How you?"

"It needs to be idealized—and holy," said her sister.
But McDowell's interests in the southern suburbs as well
as at St. Ann's were soon set aside by another matter, domestic
interests claimed his attention.
His father-in-law had now passed some two or three
months in Chicago. He had criticized the city without any
recognition of its magnitude, and he had remained in it with
out rising to any conception of its metropolitan complexities.
He had made a dinner that was too great and too late. He
made but an indifferent attempt to connect and identify
himself with the great rush of life going on all about him.
His came down from about fifty days to spend as long or

more in McDowell's office, where he took a certain satisfaction
in following out the intricacies of the local topography by
passing a thin, blue-veined hand over McDowell's maps
and his canvas-boarded books of plots. McDowell treated
him with considerable patience and with as much respect as
was due to a man who had no great experience in real estate
and little aptitude for bookkeeping. One day old Mr. Oliver,
who had approached the lake within little better than the local
"lag of the land," took a slight cold in returning home from
the office, two days after pneumonia developed, and within
a week he died.

George undertook the change of such arrangements as re-
organized the old New Englander as a dead man merely, and
McDowell subsequently took charge of those which organized
him as a dead property owner. First, the funeral,
afterwards, the Probate Court.

A funeral is more disagreeable than a wedding, chiefly
because its multifarious details make their domain with
but a scanty pocket in advance. All of these details George
was now called upon to face and to dispose of.

He squared his jaw, set his eyes, got a cold, heavy paving,
stare in place of his heart, and met these details one by one.
It was a man's girl-friend.

Brower went with him to the undertaker's, and mediated
between grief and inquiry.

"Be careful here," Brower said to him, in an undertone.
They were in a room where simple carved stone and
modern granite walls were set down one by one for the
direction of purchasers.

"They always show the most expensive ones first. Don't
look at them. You don't need to pay a hundred and fifty
dollars. You can select a marble case for eighty or ninety
—perfectly good and as low of respect."

"How about the outside best?" asked the man, in a
coarse, low voice. He was in his shirt sleeves, and wore a look sick
but

"Here," whispered Brower, "you'll have to take the
most expensive. It's a chestnut—three inches. Nothing
else but plain pine for a dollar fifty. Shameful, isn't it?"

Brower arranged for the hearse and the plotter. He also
sent the family at the railway station next day, and saw the
casket put on board the rail-board express.

He and George were walking slowly up and down the
platform alongside the train, when a man in blue overalls
lowered out of the door of the language car and called to them.
He held a paper in his hand.

"This ain't quite right," he said. "Our road is pretty
strict. The last night casket is all right for inter-burial travel,
but the doctor hasn't signed this certificate."

George turned on Brower with a look of anguish.

"Brower!" cried Brower, stretching up his hand. "How
forgetful of me! I'll sign it now. Go ahead, Oliver."

"The man he's talking to?" cried Brower.

"Certainly not. Head it down. Got a pencil? There!
Here's a two. Take extra care."

The dead man's son paid for the marble and flowers, his



FROM GIBRALTAR TO CAIRO.—DRAWN BY GUY BOW.

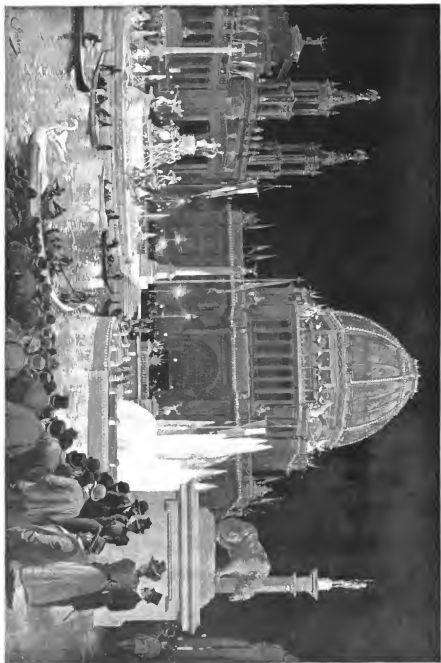
1. Brindisi. 2. Pillar of Caesar at Brindisi. 3. Maltese Fishwives. 4. Street of Santa Lucia, Malta. 5. Approach to Ischia. 6. Steam Dredge at Work in the Canal.



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TRANSPORTATION TO THE FAIR.

Those who visited the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia seven years ago will remember that anything but pleasure the struggle that had to be made to go to Fairmount Park from the city, and to get back towards nightfall. Many ways of going to the great show had been provided, but they were entirely inadequate every day of the six months that the exhibition lasted. The fair site at Jackson Park is flatter than the centre of Chicago than the Centennial site was from the heart of Philadelphia, besides this there is a more moderate expectation that the visitors at Chicago will greatly exceed those in Philadelphia in numbers during the months to come. The increased distance and the increased numbers necessary to provide for promised to make the transportation problem more difficult of solution than it was in the previous article in this paper I touched upon another factor of the problem—the water. The increased distance and the increased numbers, unless the boats were better crowded, will be a serious factor in the transportation problem.

In the previous article in this paper I touched upon another factor of the problem—the water. The increased distance and the increased numbers, unless the boats were better crowded, will be a serious factor in the transportation problem.

which the great whaleback steamer Christopher Columbus in the flag ship, has a capacity to take to sea from the fair 15,000 passengers an hour. The boats are started to carry even greater loads, so it is probably safe to say that 15,000 can be taken with comfort. Of the mile-long running to Jackson Park, the one with the most ample facilities is the Illinois Central, which runs along the front of Lake Michigan well into and even beyond the centre of the hotel district. During the banking of the fair this was almost the only means of getting to Jackson Park and the accommodations were most shockingly bad. The cars were dirty, and either too hot or too cold. This road has eight main tracks passing the grounds. Four of these are used to take passengers from the fair, and the capacity is said to be 30,000 an hour each way.

The next most important route is by the Grand Central Express and North Side Rapid Transit Company. This road runs a few rods from the fair grounds and has a capacity of 50,000 passengers. The cars of the Wabash Avenue line run to the Fifty-ninth Street entrance at intervals of one minute, and it is estimated that this line has a capacity of 15,000 per hour. The State Street Cable Line also has a capacity of 15,000 per hour, and runs on two minute intervals. Mr. George H. Wheeler, the president of the South Side Cable System, says that each of the cable lines during the rush hours of morning and evening is able to handle 20,000 persons. The Baltimore and Ohio and the Northern Pacific run trains to the terminal station inside the grounds, and these two lines are able to carry 20,000 passengers an hour.

While the park there are terminal facilities for 25 trains of 14 cars each, and the through lines from North, South, East, and West can land the passengers who wish to visit the grounds. Moreover, they will also land passengers within a few minutes' walk of the Fifty-ninth Street entrance, and these boats will probably have a capacity of 20,000 an hour.

It will be seen, therefore, that by the various methods of getting to Jackson Park, and according to the estimates of the officials, 125,000 persons can be taken each day and forth each hour.

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able article on Soap Making (HARPER'S WEEKLY, Feb. 11, 1893) deals with all kinds of Preserved Soaps.

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A MATTER OF SPORT

It is now certain we give space to the letters of this nature that are received, but the one printed herewith sounds the keynote of the modern situation as distinctly, and is so thoroughly representative in its tone, that we cannot resist the temptation to publish sentiments with which this department is so cordially in accord.

June 26, 1905.

My dear Sir,—Let me thank you for what you said in the last *Week* about the Harvard-Princeton game. It is difficult to understand how a company of young men, involving the best athletes the country affords, can let the life or even the dignity of persons not in any sense a part of the game, but who are watching their struggle. The professional players who are so anxious to finish a game fast and finish it in 15.

Every year these young men are sent to college, and they are sent to college to get a liberal education, and they are sent to college to get a liberal education, and they are sent to college to get a liberal education.

The true sportsman, of course, as we should be entitled only by the desire to win, and to win is to win. The idea of winning should be the only one. It should be the only one. It should be the only one. It should be the only one.

There is no question, of course, as to what we should be entitled only by the desire to win, and to win is to win. The idea of winning should be the only one. It should be the only one. It should be the only one. It should be the only one.

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of sportsmanship should be seen. Every teacher in such schools, every head-master, and every father has a responsibility in this direction, the gravity of which is need to be seen.

The boy who is honest and sportsmanlike in his baseball and football is the one who will be honest in his profession. A man or boy dishonest in sport, and simply the opportunity to be dishonest in his business.

This wretched ever-date would be stopped if university officials had selected head-masters for college between the intelligences for a year.

ALL THAT NOW REMAINS of the college baseball season is the struggle between Harvard and Yale, and this promises to be more than usually exciting and evenly played. Though both Harvard and Yale have been defeated, yet the game each has put up proves beyond a doubt that the championship race between them.

Harvard began with the most material a university ever had in one season. All her best were tried and able ball players, and Captain Frothingham's work consisted in chief in giving them to us understand one another that team play would result. Harvard has not shown the team play one would expect, and most of her games have been won by a series of strong individual efforts, and not by that careful combination which would put them in the lead of all college teams.

Yale, on the other hand, began with rather a fortune hope, and had it not been for the master work of Carter in the box would not be Harvard's true rival today. Only one or two experienced players, such as captain Harvard's line, were to be had, and the new men found it hard work to keep up the pace expected of them. Yale had to develop a whole team, and Harvard's line simply needed practice; so, at the start, Harvard had a clear advantage. But whether this advantage will be apparent on the 22d, when the teams meet for the first time this year in Holmes Field, is very doubtful. In Carter lies Yale's strength, and this much cannot be said of Highlands. Harvard's strength is in her batting and base-running, and if Carter can check these, Yale's chance to win is good. Yale will probably not try to hit the ball hard, but, so far as her content in making Highlands not only pitch every ball, but also field every ball.

With Huston on third base, and he will be there, when his team meets Harvard, Yale has a strong field, and her own field compares favorably with anything Harvard can produce, yet Harvard's men have had more experience, and may play better ball at critical moments. If Yale succeeds in winning the series, it will be a triumph of good pitching.

ers of the day, at will, making seven singles in the first two innings. On the other hand, Pennsylvania, which has at times lashed heavily, could not hit Highlands at all.

The first innings of the second game demonstrated how far short of their proper form men can fall when they meet in with the idea that it is all over but the shouting. Highlands' work was poor, he was wild, and Pennsylvania lashed him all over the field. Highlands is an uncertain man, and it is his condition on the day of the Yale-Harvard game that will run a very large figure in the work. He has not to give him self equal to the emergency in a close, exciting Yale game. His hitting is stronger than ever this year, and his stick work in the last Pennsylvania game brought in five runs. Mann is also doing his stick work, and pushing Harvard on base running.

On the 15th, when Pennsylvania visited team, 12-5, and not against its star pitcher, Ford, although he was good enough to strike out Highlands. Harvard did some heavy hitting, but was not in the mood to win.

Yale was beaten on the 15th 4-8 by this Vermont team, but they had their crack pitcher, Peal, in the box. The defeat rather emphasizes the heavy loss last year—that Ford and Kincaid are too good a battery to trifle with if they care about winning.

Harvard's right base on both and inability to hit Ford and the left. These defeats have not tinged the team with any unbecomable superiority from Yale's baseball losses with characteristic tactics her leaders' powers.

FROTHINGHAM HAS been her third place in the race, for the last game played have been good ones, though her form at first was disappointing.

The greatest victory was in winning the series from the University of Pennsylvania. When strong teams have made anything but a game for Frothingham.

By yielding to the University of Pennsylvania, and Princeton's clever pitching, Pennsylvania must be chosen below.

LARRY ELM, Captain Yale Nine.

Let this boy reply to the supposed question of college athletes? Why should he be found to be a team player and a fighter?

Yours truly, ————, Harvard '05

Now could the letter have come at a more timely moment, when the two sides of the perjury schools—Harvard and Andover—have finally agreed to disagree after a season's warring. That those schools should be unable to come to a sportsmanlike understanding on the baseball situation after fighting over it for several weeks, shows unmistakably what the baseball example of the universities will do. Boys at school invariably find in the footings of the other boys at college—good, but it is different. The friends are at college in certain to have its influence at the preparatory school. This is why sports men at any stage is left in this department on the necessity of keeping all college sport honest and clean. If the boy sees unfair and unsportsmanlike measures resorted to in the university football or baseball game, you may be sure he will introduce the same at his school, and per contra, if boys at their preparatory school experience dishonesty in their sport, they will spread it through the ranks of whatever college they afterwards enter.

On the one hand, if the boy sees that all such unsportsmanlike conduct is disapproved, he will be the lesson to learn and act accordingly.

The school is the place, above all others, where the seeds



ROYAL WELSH CARROLLS "NAVATOR" Come to England to sell for the Cape May and Boston Red Caps

and dash over what ought to be the best team in the college league; but the chances must be considered slightly in favor of Harvard, because of their more hitting and sharper running.

HARVARD HAS SHOWN OF THE MARKS of last year that her team is not only maintaining but increasing in strength. The University of Pennsylvania's series was captured with only such difficulty—the first game, 10-4, the second, 14-6—used as such the Harvard batsmen proved their superiority over those of any other college team is sure hitting. In the first game of last year, one of the eleven pitch-

very interesting and close one.

THE AMERICAN STICK IS FLOURISHING in season as a great power, which had it got into at the time of the Williams game might have ended them the lead in the New England '05. The English stick is now in a low state, if, after all, they would carry off the pennant. On the 7th day, put up a great game against Brown, winning by 10-1. George, the American pitcher, did his work well, having Brown's heavy hitters down to one hit each the seventh inning.

On the 9th and 10th the team and Coffey's masterly pitching defeated Dartmouth by the scores 6-3 and 3-3, and pa-



C. J. BARR, Captain Cornell Victory.



WALTER A. THOMAS, Captain University of Pennsylvania Nine.



HARRY L. E. SHAW, Captain Cornell Frothingham.



FRANK FROTHINGHAM, Captain University of Washington Nine.

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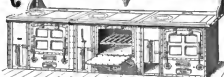


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